Complete

Vol. III

CLIO and EUTERPE

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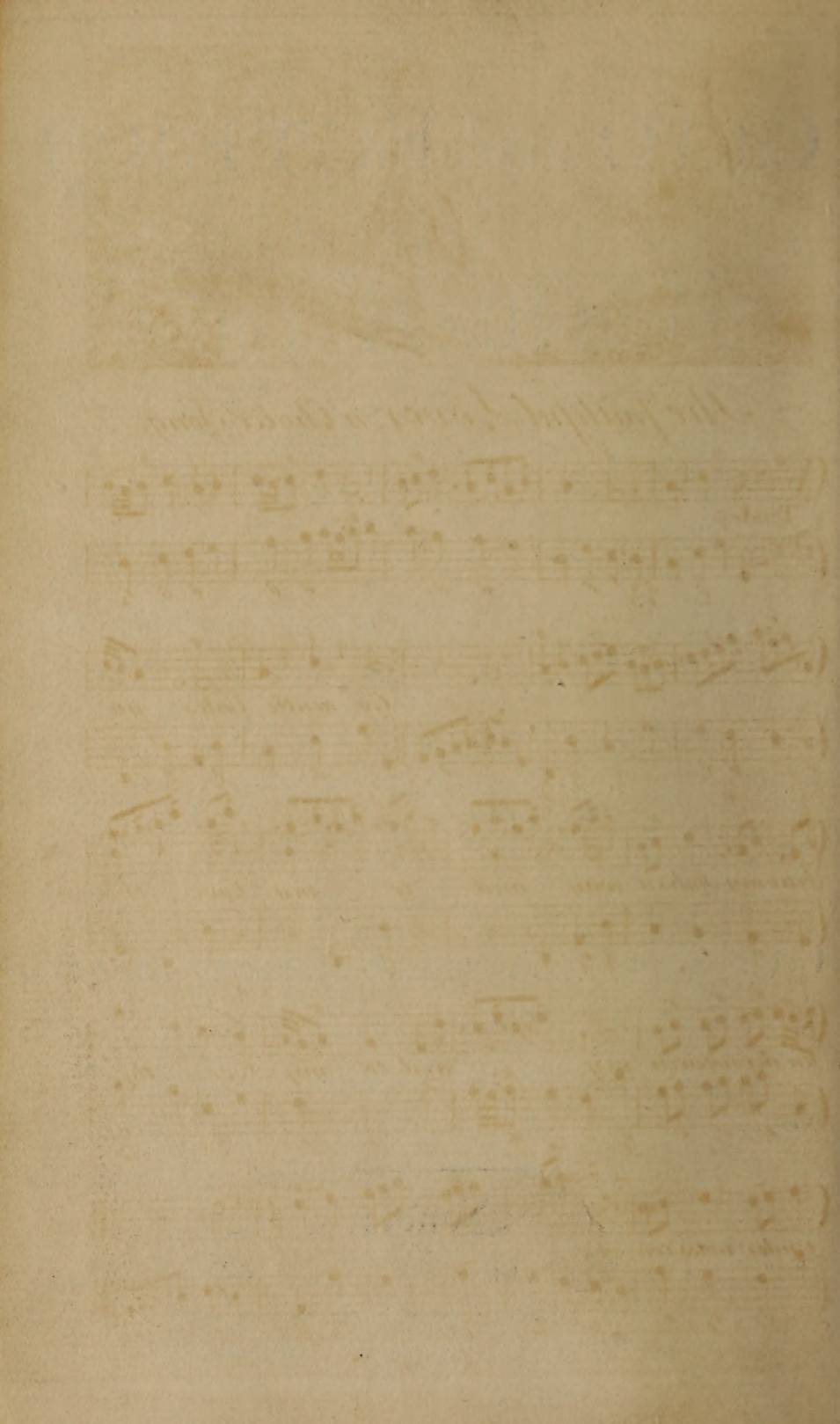


The faithful Lover. a Choice Song.

Tender

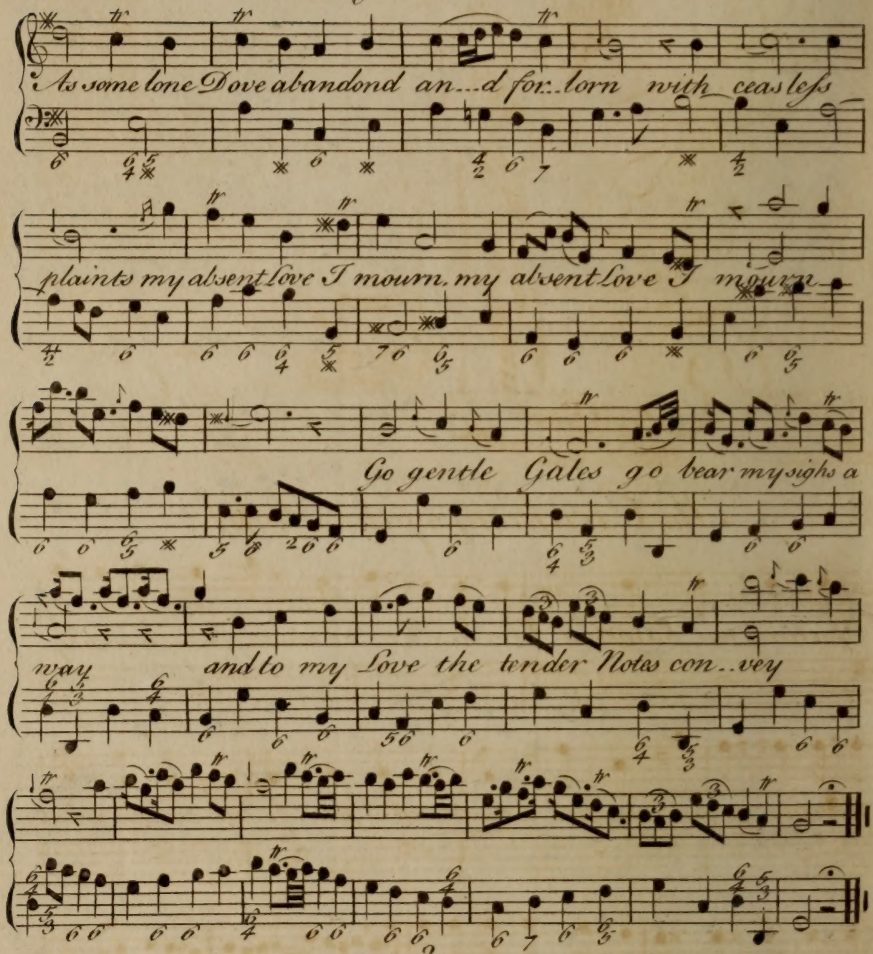
Go gentle Gales go

bear my Sighs a way and to my Love the

ten der notes con vey and to my Love the

ten der notes con vey.

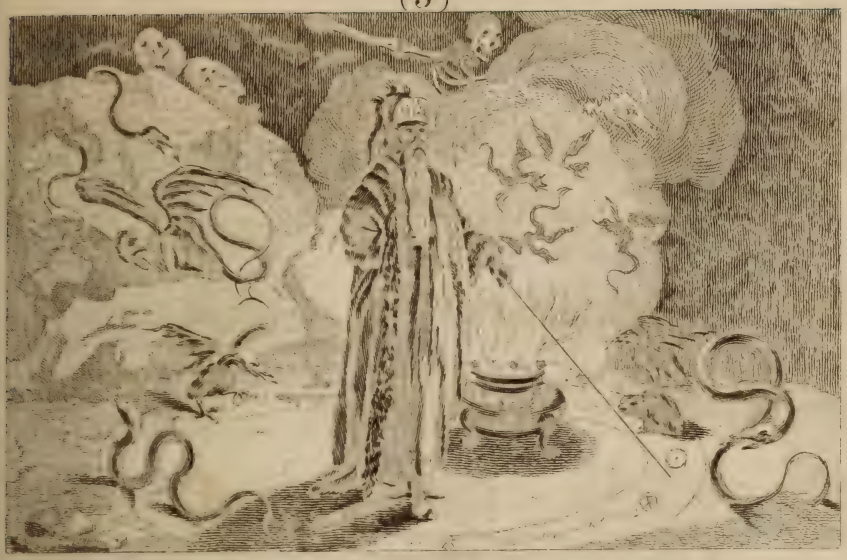
Set by D.r Arne.


As some lone Dove abandond an...d for..lorn with ceasles
plaints my absent Love I mourn, my absent Love I mourn
Go gentle Gales go bear my sighs a
way and to my Love the tender Notes con..vey

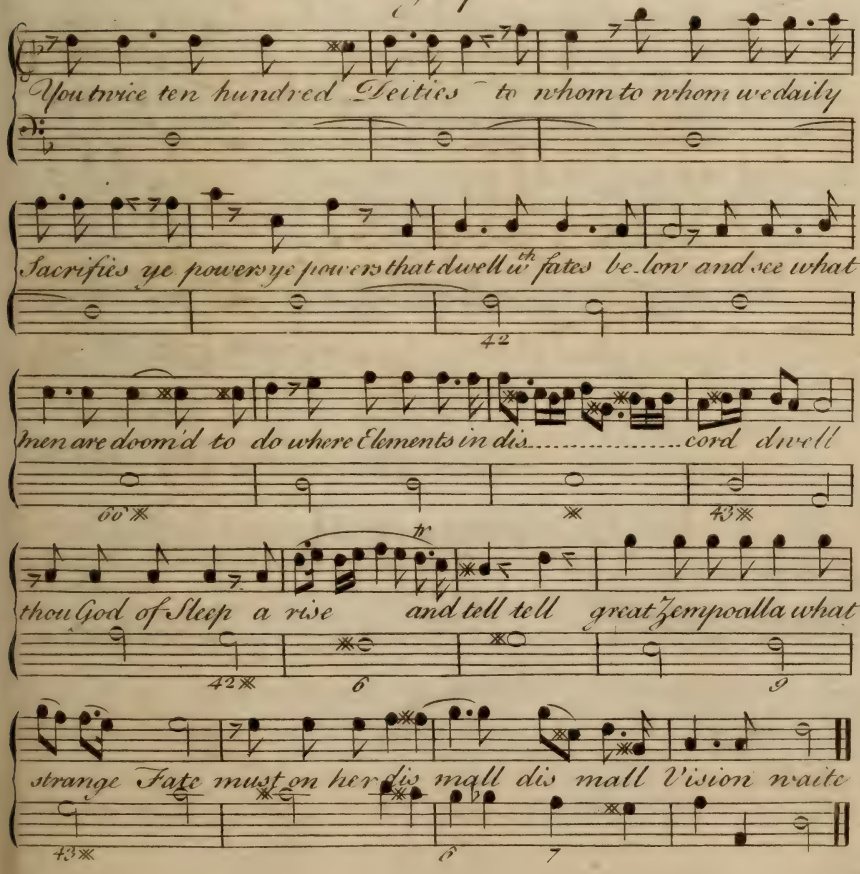
2

Blow Zephyrs blow, and bear my sighs along;
The Birds shall cease to tune their Evning Song,
The Birds &c
The Winds to blow, the waving Woods to move
And stream to flow, eer I shall cease to Love,
eer I shall cease to Love.

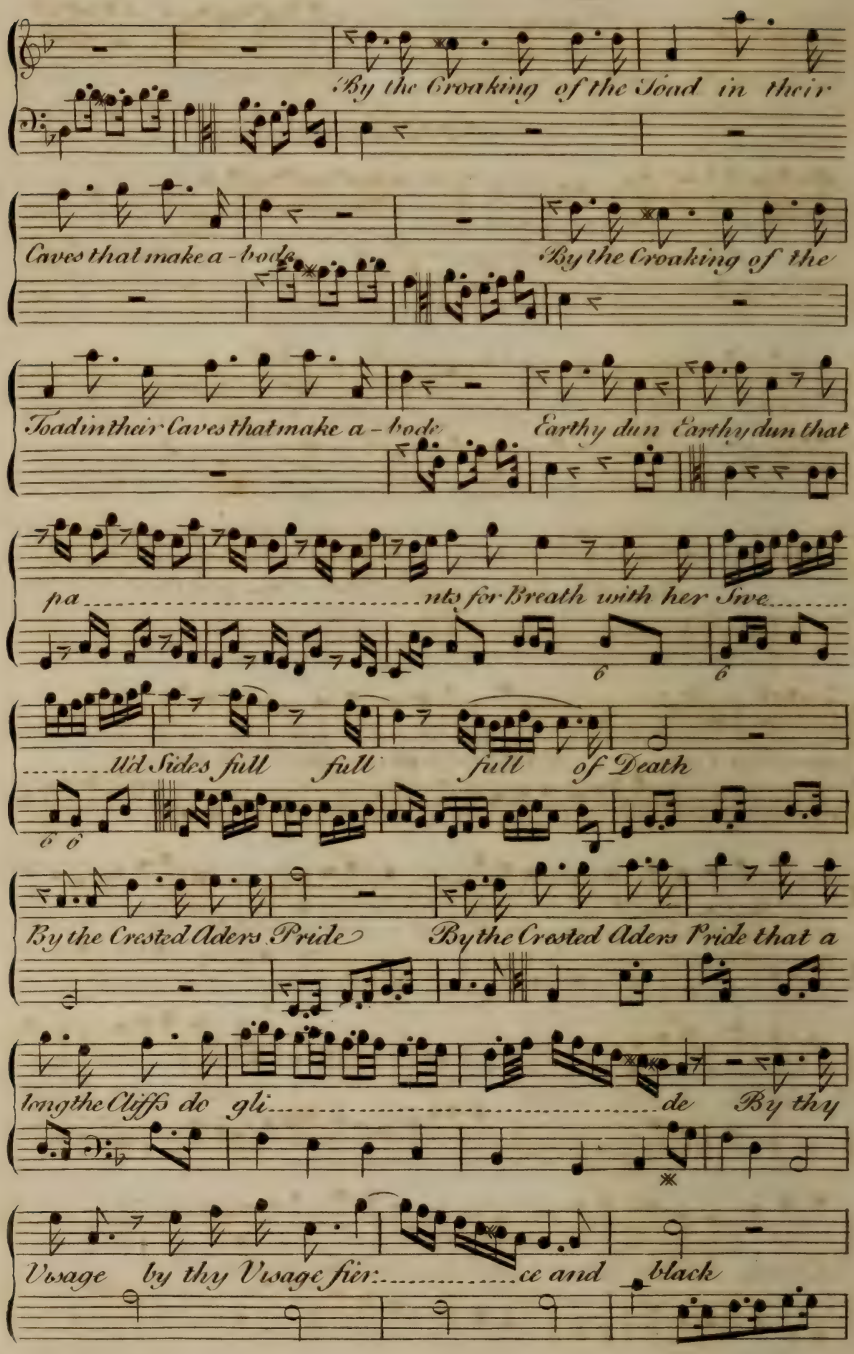
Go gentle Gales &c 3
Not bubling Springs, unto the thirsty Swain,
Nor balmy sleep, to Labrers spent with pain,
Nor balmy &c
Not Showrs to Larks, nor sunshine to y.e Bee,
Are half so sweet, as thy dear sight to me,
As thy dear sight to me.
Go gentle Gales &c



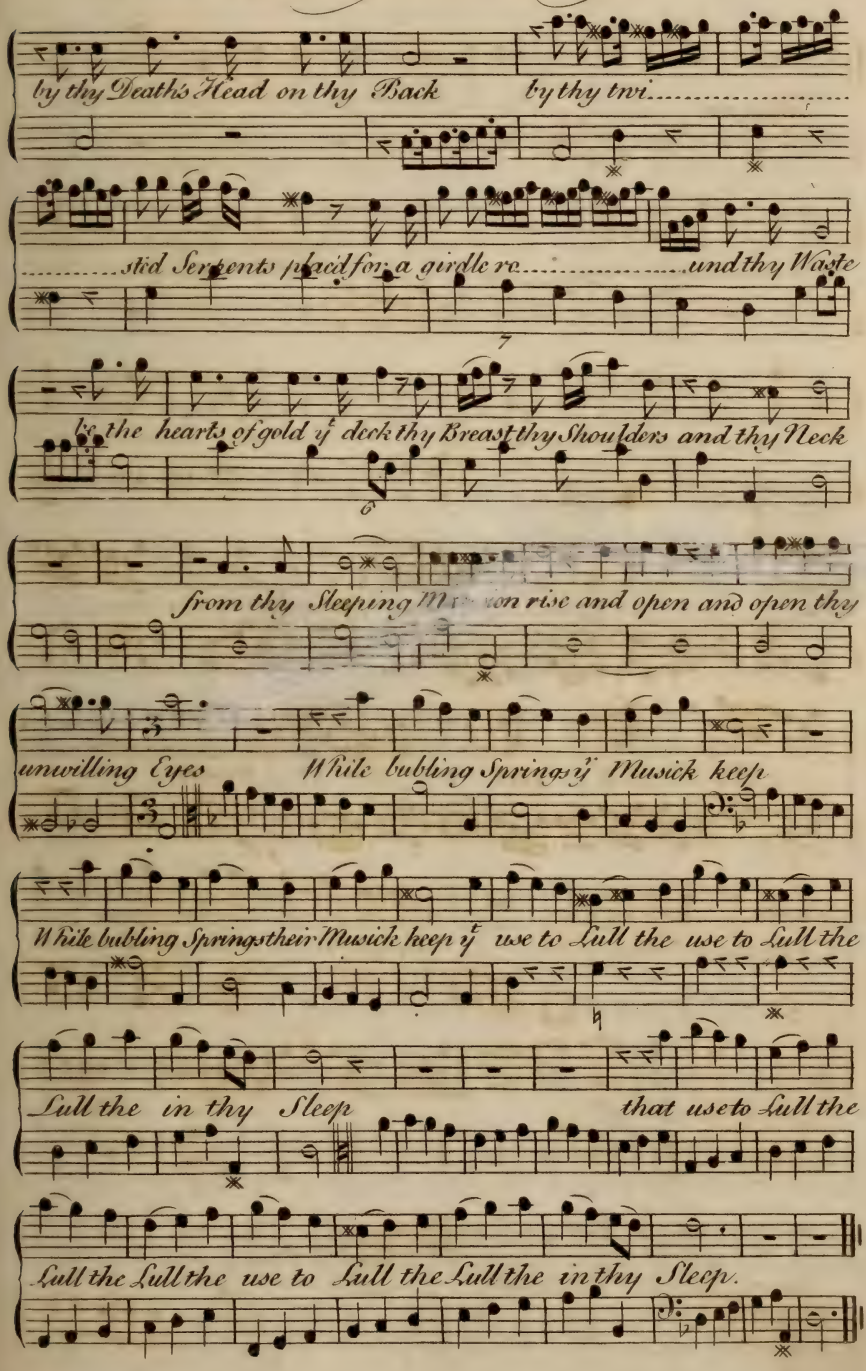
The Croaking of the Toad.


You twice ten hundred Deities to whom to whom we daily
Sacrifies ye powers ye powers that dwell th fates be low and see what
42
men are doom'd to do where Elements in dis cord dwell
60
43
thou God of Sleep a rise and tell tell great Zempoalla what
42
6
9
strange Fate must on her dis mall dis mall Vision waite
43
6
7

A Favourite Song.


By the Croaking of the Toad in their
Caves that make a-bode
By the Croaking of the
Toad in their Caves that make a-bode
Earthy dun Earthy dun that
pa nts for Breath with her Sive
Old Sides full full full of Death
By the Crested Aders Pride
By the Crested Aders Pride that a
long the Cliffs do gli de By thy
Visage by thy Visage fier ce and black

Set to Musick by Mr Henry Purcell.


by thy Deaths Head on thy Back
by thy tri
.....sted Serpents plaid for a girdle ro.....und thy Waste
& the hearts of gold y^t deck thy Breast thy Shoulders and thy Neck
from thy Sleeping M[illegible]on rise and open and open thy
unwilling Eyes
While bubling Springs y^t Musick keep
While bubling Springs their Musick keep y^t use to Lull the use to Lull the
Lull the in thy Sleep
that use to Lull the
Lull the Lull the use to Lull the Lull the in thy Sleep.

Cloe's Resolves. Set to Musick by D.r Green.

As Clo[illegible]n Flowers recline oer the
Streams she sighd to the Breeze & made Colin her Theme tho
Pleasant y Stream & tho cooling the Breeze & the Flowers tho
fragrant she panted for Ease and the Flowers tho fragrant she
panted for Ease.

2

The Stream it was fickle and hasted away,
It kiſs'd the sweet Banks but no longer would stay,
Tho' Beauteous Inconstant and Faithleſs tho Fair;
Ah Colin look in and behold thyself there.

3

The Breeze that so sweet on her Bosom did play,
Now rose to a Tempest and darkned the Day,
As soft as the Breeze and as loud as the wind,
Such Colin when Angry and Colin when kind.

4

The Flowers when gatherd so Beauteous and sweet,
Now fade on her Bosom and die at her Feet,
As fair in their Bloom and as foul in Decay,
Such Colin when Present and Colin away.

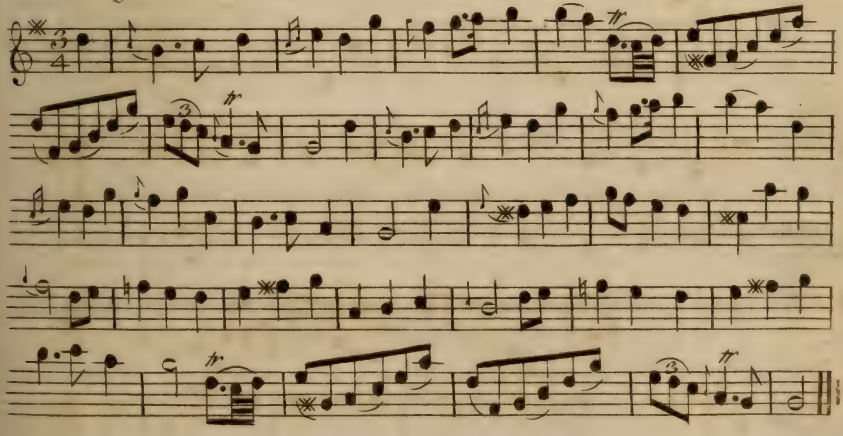
5

In Rage and dispair from the Ground she arose,
And from her the Flowers so faded she throws,
She weeps in the Stream and she sighs to the wind,
And resolves to drive Colin quite out of her mind.

6

But what her resolves when her Colin appeard,
The Stream it stood still and no Tempest was heard,
The Flowers recoverd their beautiful hue,
She found he was kind and believ'd he was True.

For the German Flute.



Colinet and happy Bet, Set by D.r Arne

He

Now ij happy Knot is tyi'd Betsy is my charming Bride, Ring ij Bells and

fill the Bowl Revel all with out controul Revel all with out controul

Who so Fair as love ly Bet Who so bless'd as Colin et Who so fair as

lovely Bet who so blest as Colinet.

She

Now adieu to Maiden Arts
Angling for unguarded Hearts
Welcome Hymens lasting Joys
Lisping wanton Girls & Boys
Girls as fair as lovely Bet
Boys as sweet as Colinet

He

2

Tho ripe Sheaves of yellow Corn
Now my plenteous Barn adorn
She I've decked my Myrtle Bow'rs
With ij fairest sweetest Flow'rs
Riper fairer sweeter yet
Are the charms of lovely Bet

She

4

Tho on Sundays I was seen
Dress'd like any May day Queen
Tho six Sweethearts daily strove
To deserve thy Betty's love
Them I quit without regret
All my Joys in Colinet

He

3

Strike up then the rustic lay
Crown w.th sports our Bridal day
May each Lad a Mistress find
Like my Betsy fair & kind
And each Lass a Husband get
Fond and true as Colinet

6

Ring the Bells and fill the Bowl
Revel all without controul

Both

May the Sun neer rise or set
But with Joy to happy Bet
But with Joy to happy Bet
And her faithful Colinet

A Favourite Air Set by D.r Arne

Gently

Long had I borne of Love the Pain and

long in silence dragd his Chain with Resolution ne'er to tell the Love I

bore to Isabel the Love I bore my Isabel.

The Fire she kindled in my Breast
Philosophy would have suppress'd
But in that Breast Love took it's Stand
Triumphant with a burning Brand.

Dear Isabel thou much lov'd Maid
Bring to a bleeding Heart thine Aid
Thou hast the Fountain thou the Pow'r
To quench a Flame that would devour.

To ease me of the thrilling Smart.
To wrench the Dagger from my Heart;
And to apply a Hand divine.
O! Goddess of my Soul is thine.

A Choice Song

Lively

Wer't thou yet fairer than thou art which lyes not

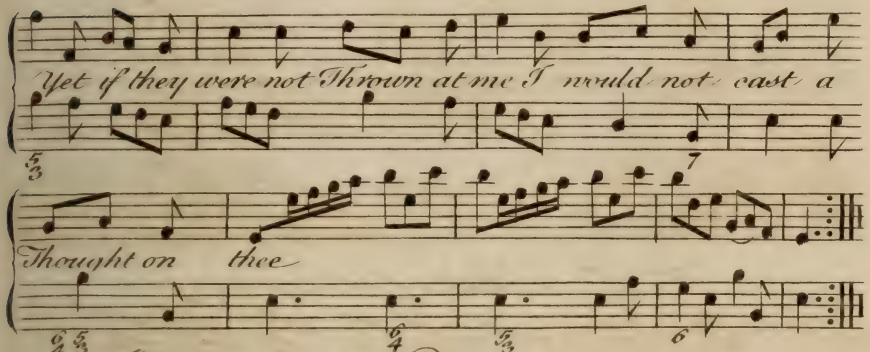
in the Pow'r of Art Or hadst thou in thine Eyes more Darts than

Cupid ever shot at Hearts

Yet if they were not Thrown at me I would not cast a

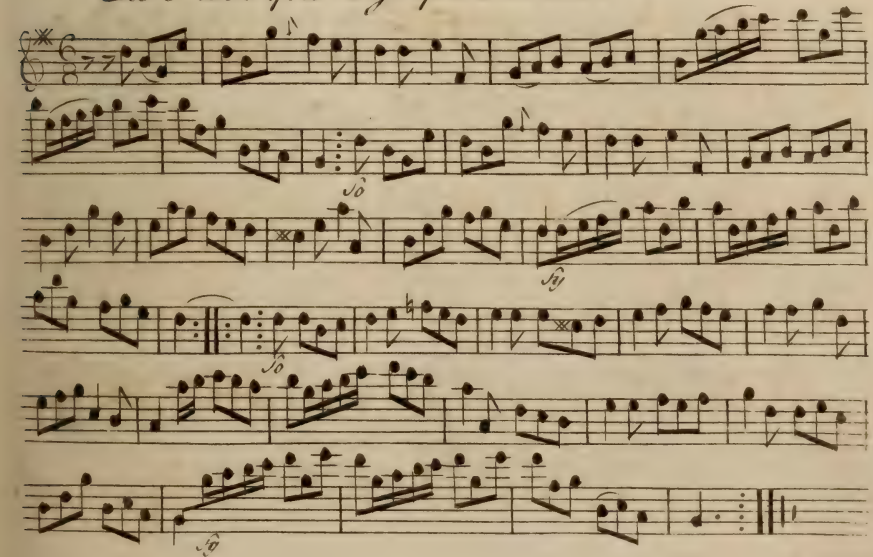
Thought on thee I would not cast a Thought on thee

Set to Musick by Mr Defesch



I'd rather marry a Disease,
Than court the Thing I cannot please;
She that would cherish my Desires,
Must court my Flame with equal Fires;
What Pleasure is there in a Kiss,
To him that doubts the Heart's not his.
To him that Ve:
What Pleasure is there in a Kiss,
To him that doubts the Heart's not his.

I love thee not cause thou art fair,
Softer than Down, Smoother than Air;
Nor for the Cupids that do lye,
In either Corner of thine Eye;
Would you then know what it may be,
Tis I love you, cause you love me,
Tis I Ve,
Would you then know what it may be?
Tis I love you cause you love me?



A Favourite Song.

Who'd know the sweets of Liberty 'Tis to

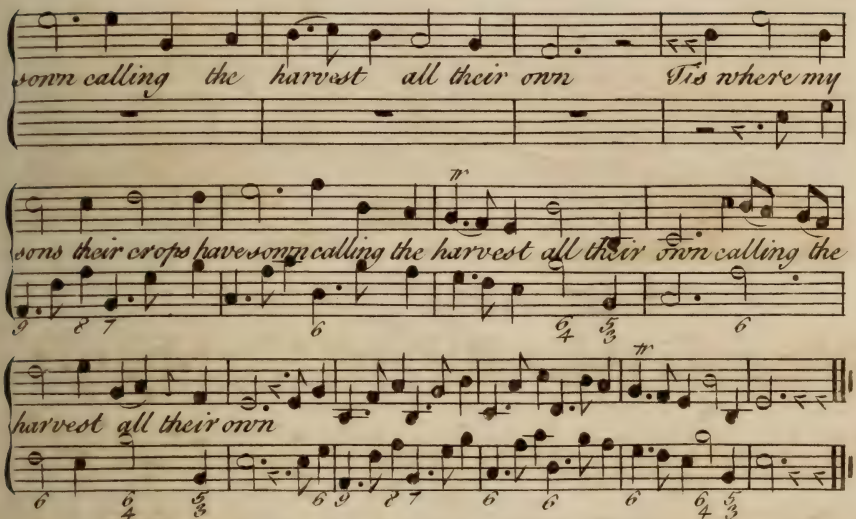
clime the Mountains brow Thence to discern rough Industry at the

harrow or the plough Thence to discern rough Industry at the

har row or the plough at the harrow or the plough

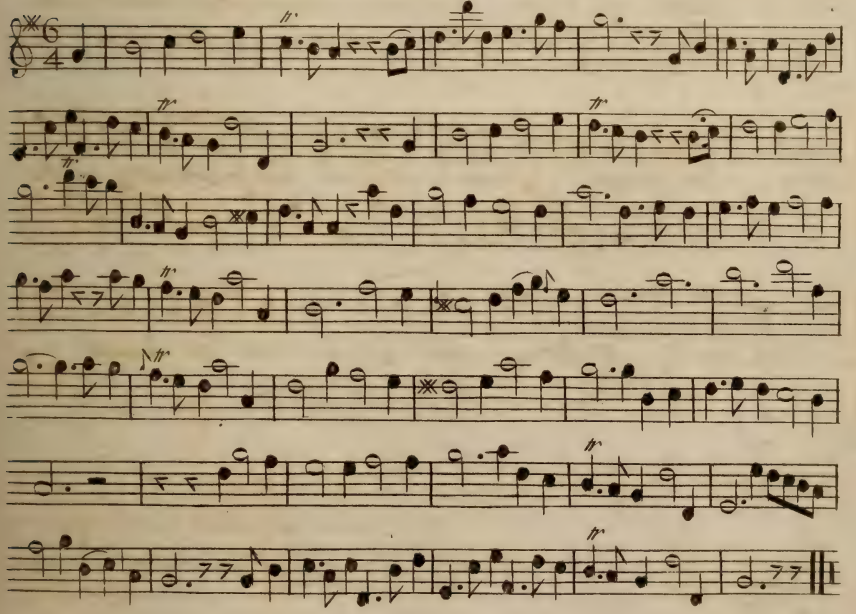
'Tis where my Sons their crops have

in the Opera of Eliza


sonn calling the harvest all their own 'Tis where my
sons their crops have sonn calling the harvest all their own calling the
harvest all their own

'Tis where the Heart, to Truth ally'd,
Never felt unmanly fear;
'Tis where the Eye, with milder pride,
Nobly sheds sweet pity's tear,
Such as Britannia yet shall see,
These are the sweets of liberty.

For the German Flute



'Tis Time Enough Yet

A Term full as long as the

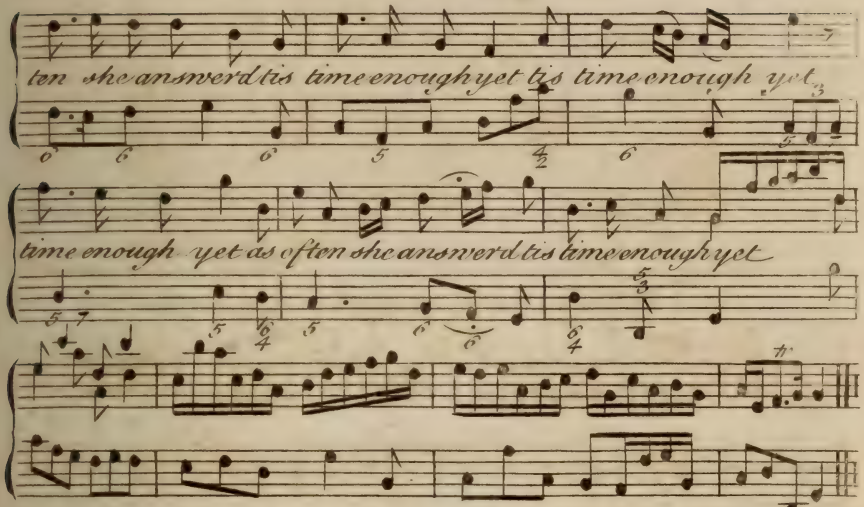
Siege of old Troy To win a sweet Girl I my time did employ To

win a sweet Girl I my time did employ

Oft urg'd her the Day for our

Marriage to set as often she answer'd 'tis time enough yet as of

A New Song



I told her, at last, that her Passions were wrong,
And more that I scornd to be foold with so long,
She burst out a laughing at seeing me fret,
And humming a tune, cryd, tis time enough yet,
Time enough yet &c.

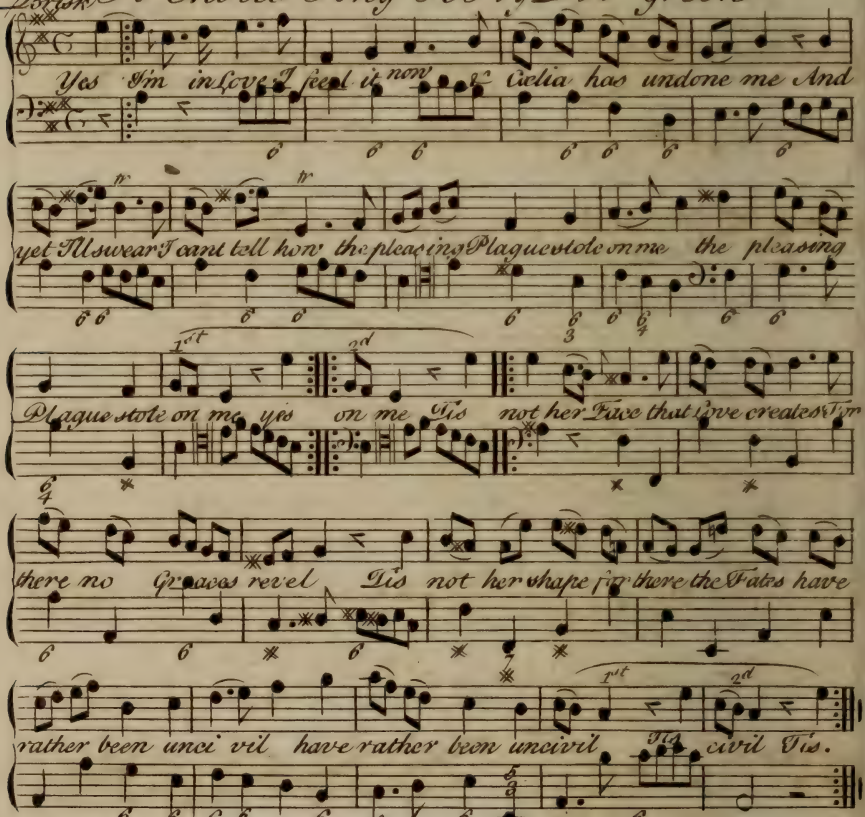
Determind by her to be laughd at no more,
I flew from her presence and bounced out of door,
Resolvd of her usage the better to get,
Or on her my Eyes again never to set,
Never to set &c.

To me the next Morning her Maid came in haste,
And beggd for Gods sake I'd forget what was past,
Declard her young Lady did nothing but fret,
I told her I'd think on't twas time enough yet,
Time enough yet &c.

She next in a Letter as long as my Arm,
Declard, from her Soul she intended no harm,
And beggd I the Day for our Marriage would set
I wrote her an answer tis time enough yet
Time enough yet &c.

But that was scarce gone when a Message I sent,
To shew in my Heart I began to relent,
I beggd I might see her together we met,
We Kist and where Friends again so we are yet,
So we are yet &c.

Brisk. A Choice Song Set by Doc.r Green


Yes I'm in love I feel it now Celia has undone me And
yet I'll swear I can't tell how the pleasing Plague stole on me the pleasing
Plague stole on me yes on me 'Tis not her Face that Love creates Tyr
there no Graces revel 'Tis not her shape for there the Fates have
rather been uncivil have rather been uncivil 'Tis civil 'Tis.

'Tis not her Air, for sure in that,
There's nothing more than common;
'Tis not her Sense, for thats but Chat,
Like any other Woman:
Her Voice, her Touch, might give the alarm.
'Tis both perhaps, or neither:
In short, 'tis that provoking Charm,
Of Celia altogether.

A favourite Air Set by D.r Boyce

:S:

You say at your feet that I wept in despair And

vow'd that no Angel was ever so fair how could you believe all my Nonsence I spoke What know we of

Angels I meant it in Joke I meant it in Joke What know we of Angels

I meant it in Joke.

I next stand indicted for Swearing to Love
And nothing but Death could my Passion remove,
I've lik'd you a Twelve-month a Calender Year.
And yet not Contented have Confidence my dear!

The Non-pariel

Gently

:S: Tho

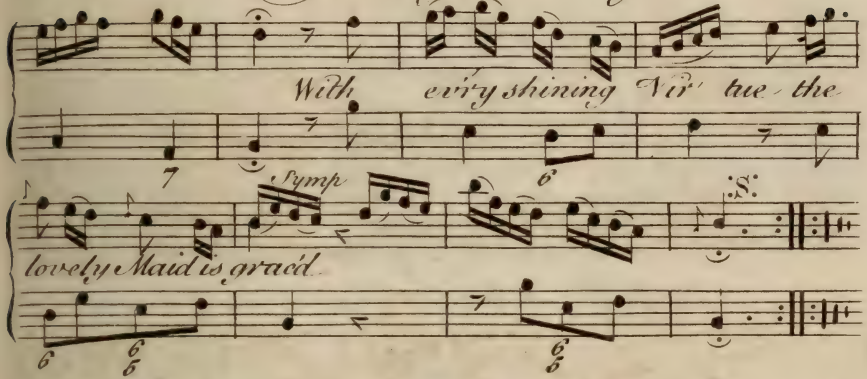
Chloes out of Fashion Can blush and be sincere Id

toast her in a Bumper if all the Belles were here What

tho no Diamonds sparkle about her Neck and Waist with

evry shining Virtue The lovely Maid is gracid

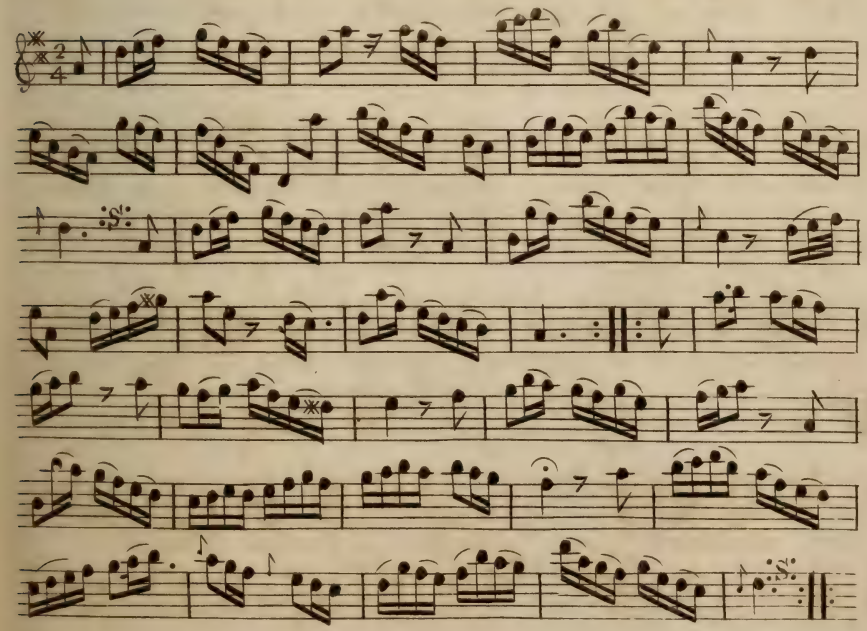
Set to Muſick by D.r Boyce



In modest plain Apparel,
No Patches, Paint, or Airs.
In Debt alone to Nature,
An Angel she appears:
From gay Coquets high finish'd,
My Chloe takes no Rules,
Nor envies them their Conqueſts
The Hearts of all the Fools.

Who wins her must have merit,
Such merit as her own,
The Graces all poſseſsing,
Yet knows not she has One;
Then grant me gracious Heaven
The Gifts you most approve,
And Chloe, charming Chloe,
Will bleſs me with her Love.

For the German Flute



The Fond Appeal

Slowly

Pia For

Pia Por Pia For

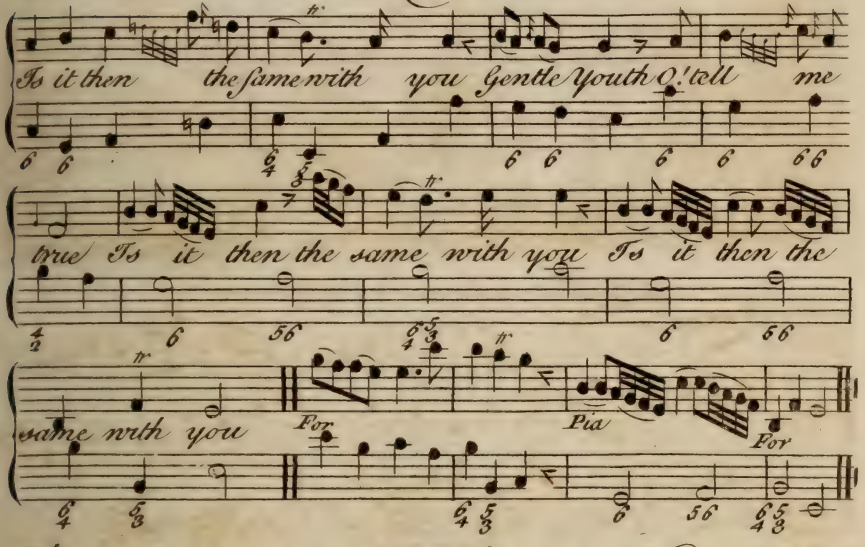
Gentle Youth O tell me why Tears are starting

from my Eye When each Night from you I part

Why the Sigh that rends my Heart why the Sigh that

rends my Heart Gentle Youth O tell me true

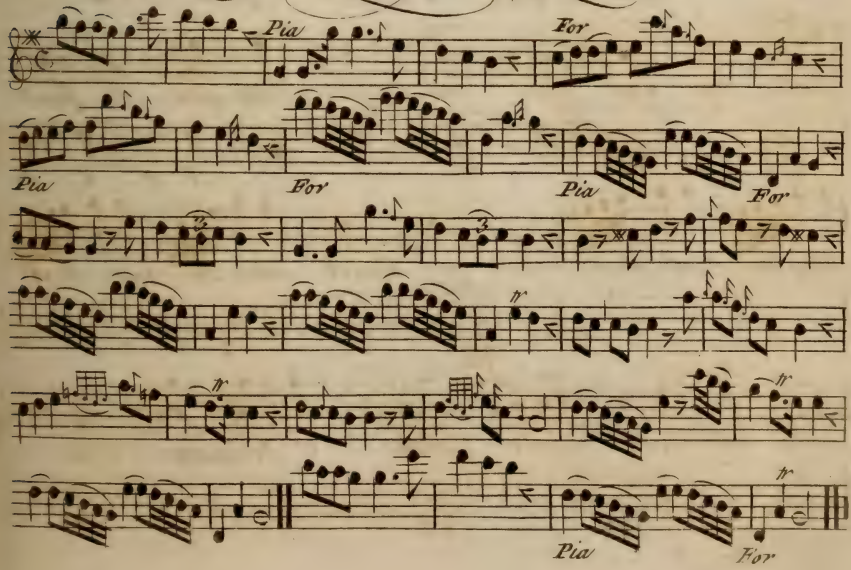
Set to Musick by D'Arne



Tell me when the appointed Hour
Calls us to the secret Bow'r
Blushing trembling why I run
Early as the rising Sun
Gentle Youth O! tell me true
Is it then the same with you

Tell me when the Pains I feel
Pungent as the Wounds of Steel
When I feel the thrilling smart
Why I bless the pointed Dart
Gentle Youth O! tell me true
If it is the same with you

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



A Favourite Song

Easely.

As when the Dove Laments her Love All on the naked

Spray

As when the Dove Laments her Love All

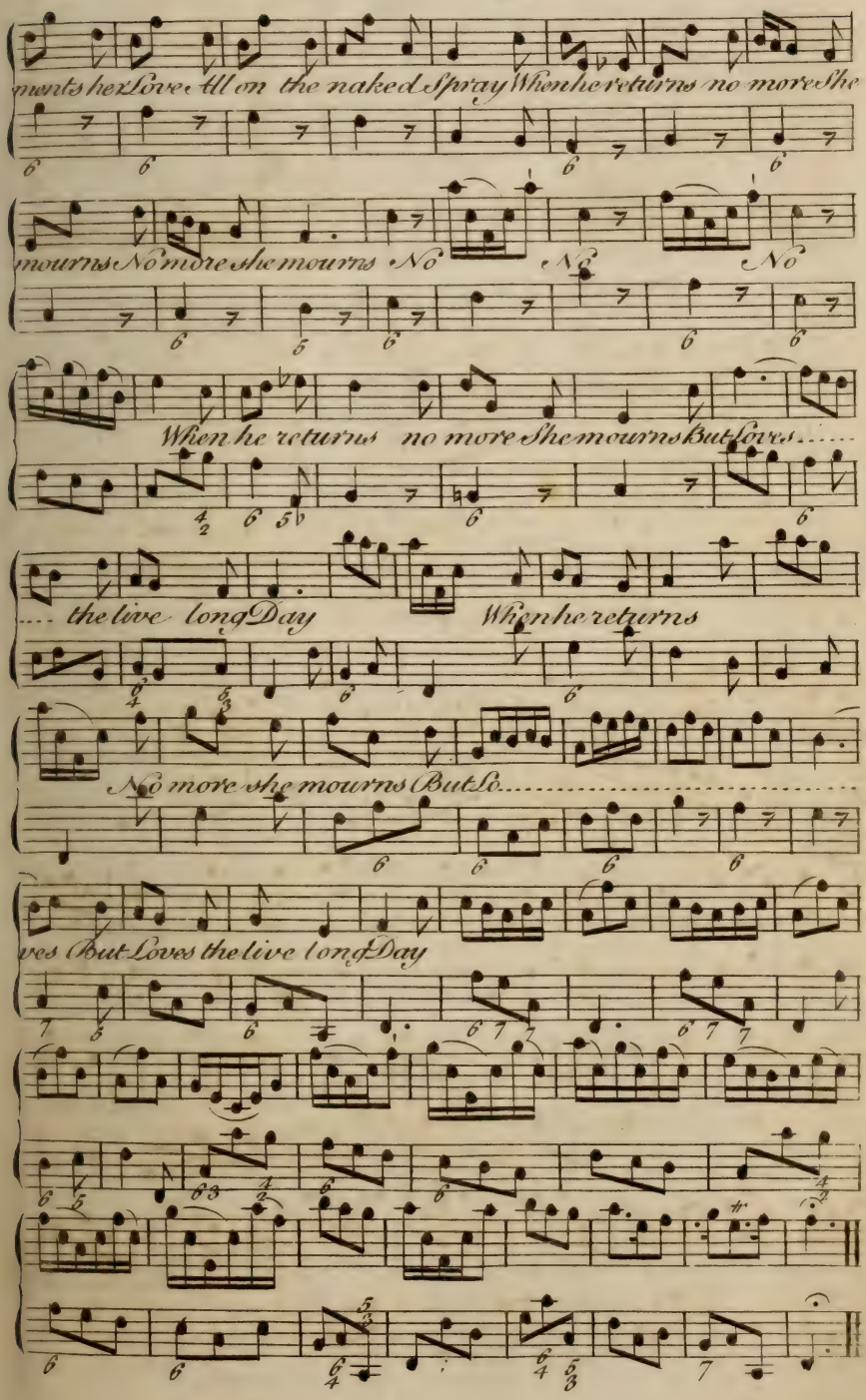
on the naked Spray when he returns no more She mourns But Lo

Sym

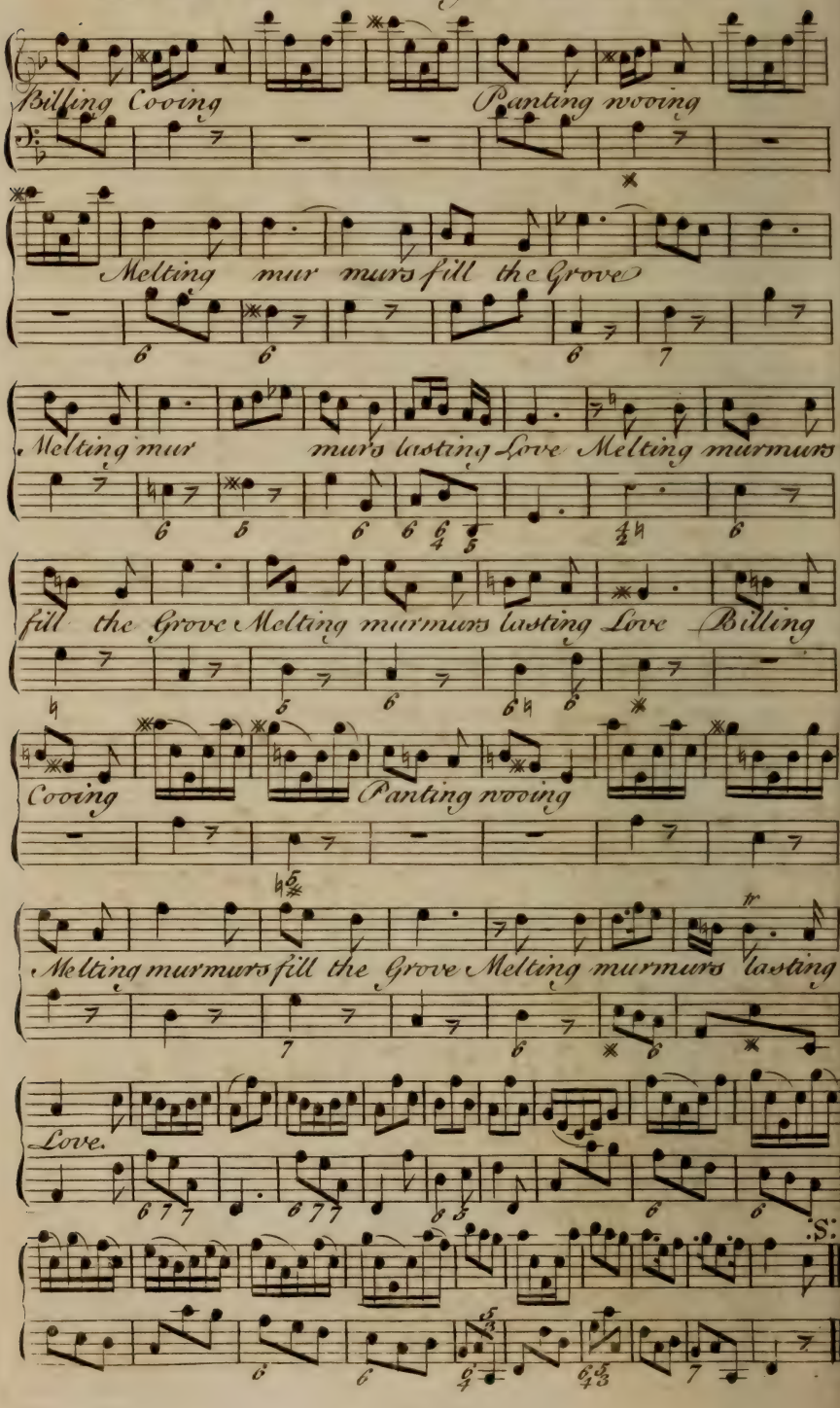
ves the live long Day But Loves the live long Day

As when the Dove La

in Acis and Galathea.


ments her Love All on the naked Spray When he returns no more She
mourns No more she mourns No No No
When he returns no more She mourns But Loves
.... the live long Day When he returns
No more she mourns But Lo
ves But Loves the live long Day

Set to Musick by Mr. Handell



A Drinking Song Set by Mr. Howard

'Tis Wine makes us Love and Love makes us Drink and
each does the other improve All Mortals must know who
feel or can think no Pleasures like Drinking and Love
Pleasures like Drinking and Love Then Join em my Boys make the
Blessings divine For Men must be Gods when they've Women and Wine

Then bring us of both and double each Joy,
I hate to be languid and Cold;
I'll think my self Jove, while these I enjoy,
Nor own my self Mortal till Old

Cho. Then join 'em &c.

When Old I am grown and toying is past
In Wine I must place all my Joy;
And tho' I'm unfit for Love to the last
Yet still I can Drink till I Dye

Cho. Then join 'em my Boys, make the Blessings Divine,
For Men must be Gods when they've Women and Wine.

The fair English Rose

Moderately

The Lillies of France & the fair English

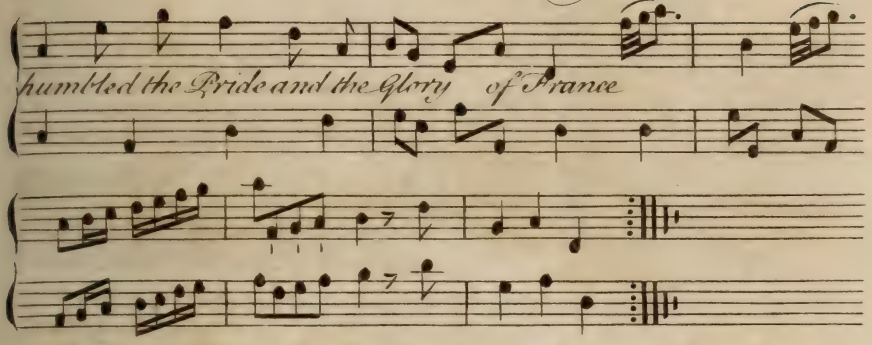
Rose could never agree as old History

shows But our Edwards & Henrys those

Lillies have torn & in their rich Standards such Ensigns have

borne to shew that old England beneath her strong Lance has

A Favourite Song



What woud these Monsieurs woud they know how they Ran
Why look at the Annals of Glorious Queen Ann
We beat 'em by Sea and we beat em by Land
When Malborough and Russel enjoy'd the Command
Well beat them again Boys so let 'em advance
Old England despises the Insults of France.

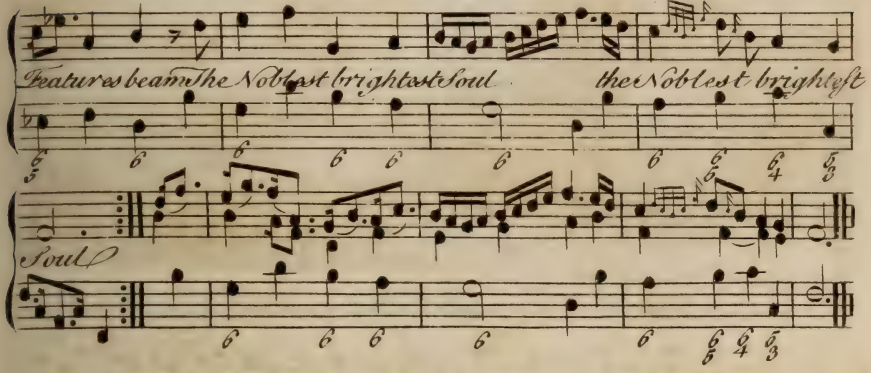
Why let the Grand Monarch assemble his Host
And threaten Envasions on Englands fair Coast
We bid them Defiance so let them come on
Have at 'em their Business will quickly be done
Monsieurs we will teach ye a new English Dance
To our Grenadiers March that shall frighten all France.

Lets take up our Muskets and gird on our Swords
And Monsieurs you'll find us as good as our Words
Beat Drums Trumpets sound and Huzza for our King
Then Welcome Bellisle with what Troops thou canst bring
Huzza for old England whose strong pointed Lance
Shall humble the Pride and the Glory of France.

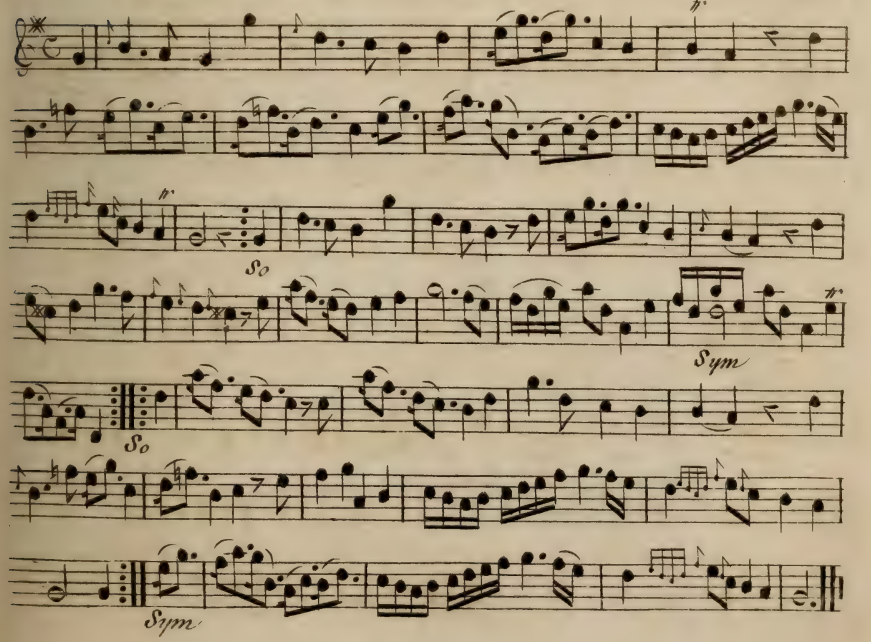
The Rover reclaim'd

Moderate

My roving Heart has oft with Pride dissolved Loves silken Chains The wanton Deity defy'd and scorn'd his sharpest Pains and scorn'd his sharpest Pains But from thy form restless stream such Charms as must controul In thee the fairest

Set to Musick by Dr Arne

Pleas'd in thy Converse all the Day
Life's Sand unheeded runs
With Thee I'll hail the rising Ray
And talk down Summer Suns
Our Loves Congenial still the same
With equal Force shall shine
No cloy'd desires can damp the Flame
Which Friendship will refine.

For the German Flute

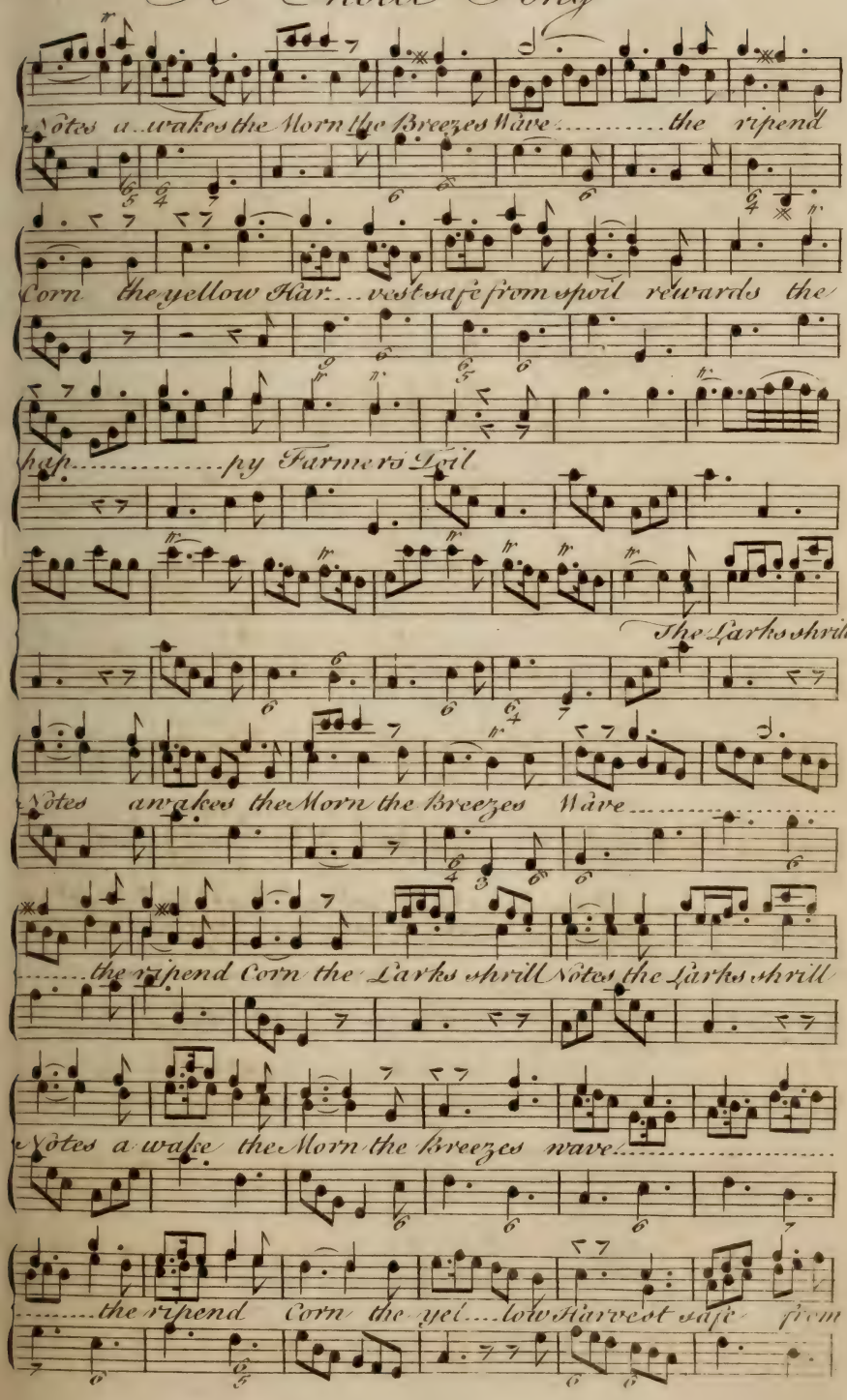


The Lark's shrill Notes

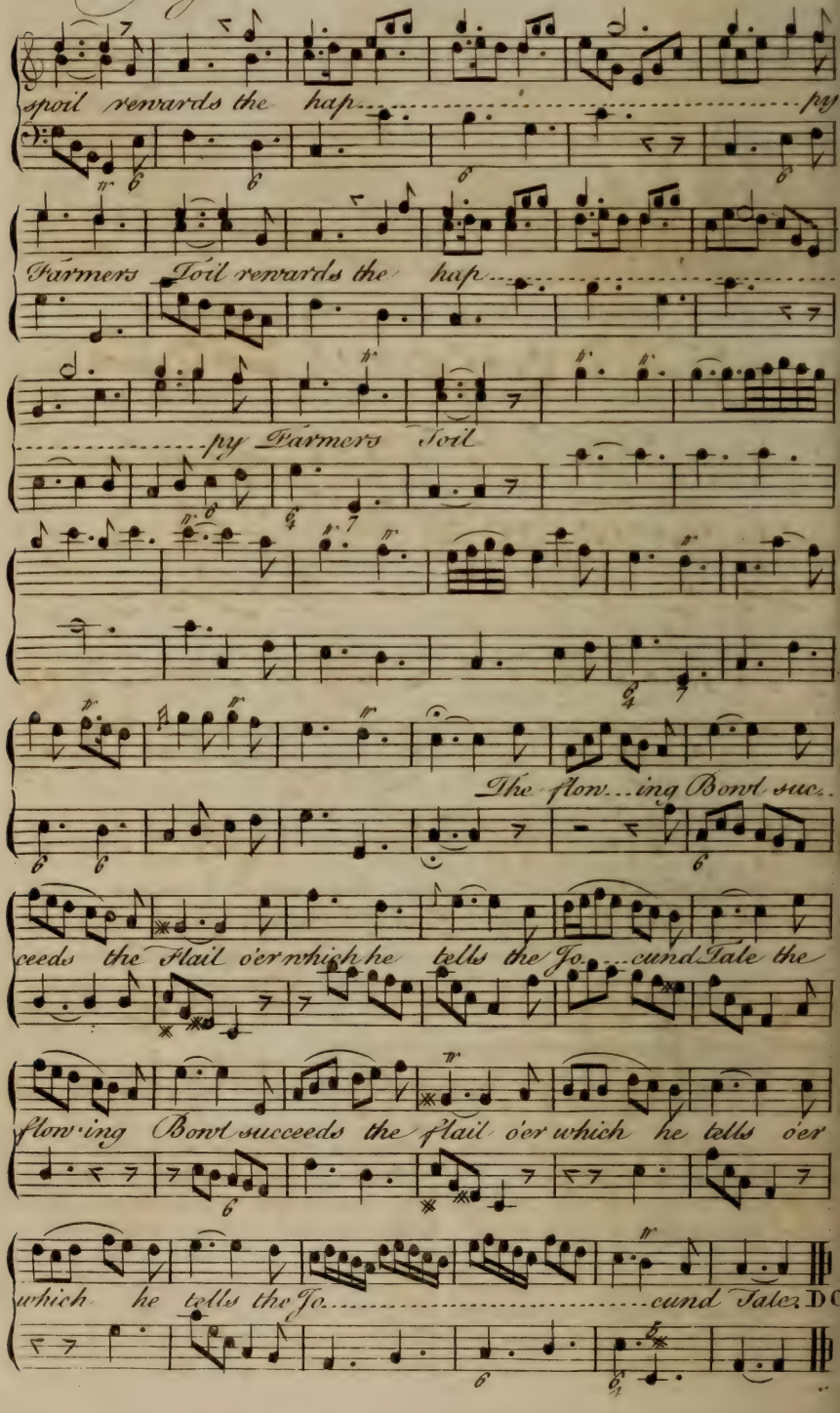
Slowly

The Larks shrill

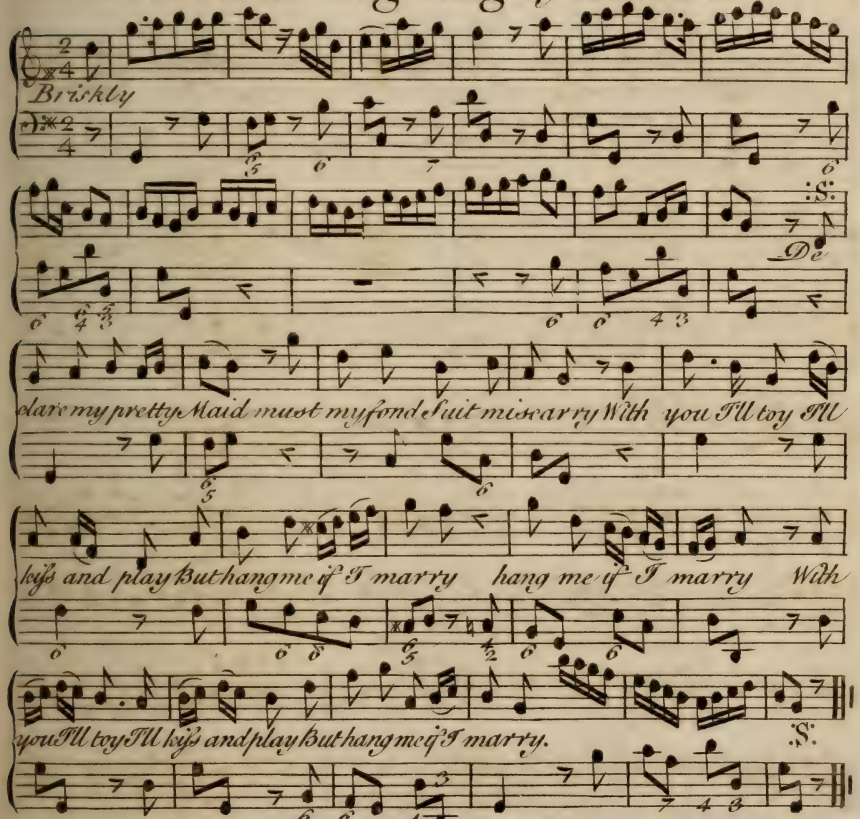
A Choice Song


Notes awakes the Morn the Breezes Wave ..... the ripend
Corn the yellow Har.... vest safe from spoil rewards the
hap..... py Farmers Toil
The Larks shrill
Notes awakes the Morn the Breezes Wave .....
..... the ripend Corn the Larks shrill Notes the Larks shrill
Notes awake the Morn the breezes wave .....
..... the ripend Corn the yel.... low Harvest safe from

Sung by Mrs Vincent at Vaux Hall


spoil rewards the hap.....py
Farmers Toil rewards the hap.....
.....py Farmers Toil
The flow...ing Bowl suc.
ceeds the Flail o'er which he tells the Jo....cund Tale the
flow'ing Bowl succeeds the flail o'er which he tells o'er
which he tells the Jo.....cund Tale
D.C.

A Favourite Song Sung by M^r Beard


Briskly
D.S.
Dᵉ
clare my pretty Maid must my fond Suit miscarry With you I'll toy I'll
kiss and play But hang me if I marry hang me if I marry With
you I'll toy I'll kiss and play But hang me if I marry.
D.S.

Then speak your mind at once,
Nor let me longer tarry;
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss, & play,
But hang me if I marry.

Tho Charms and Wit assail,
The Stroke I well can parry;
I love to kiss, and toy, and play,
But do not choose to marry.

Young Molly of the Dale,
Makes a mere Slave of Harry,
Because when they had toy'd & kiss'd
The foolish Swain woud marry.

These fix'd Resolves, my Dear,
I to the Grave will carry,
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss, and play,
But hang me if I marry.

The Invitation

Briskly

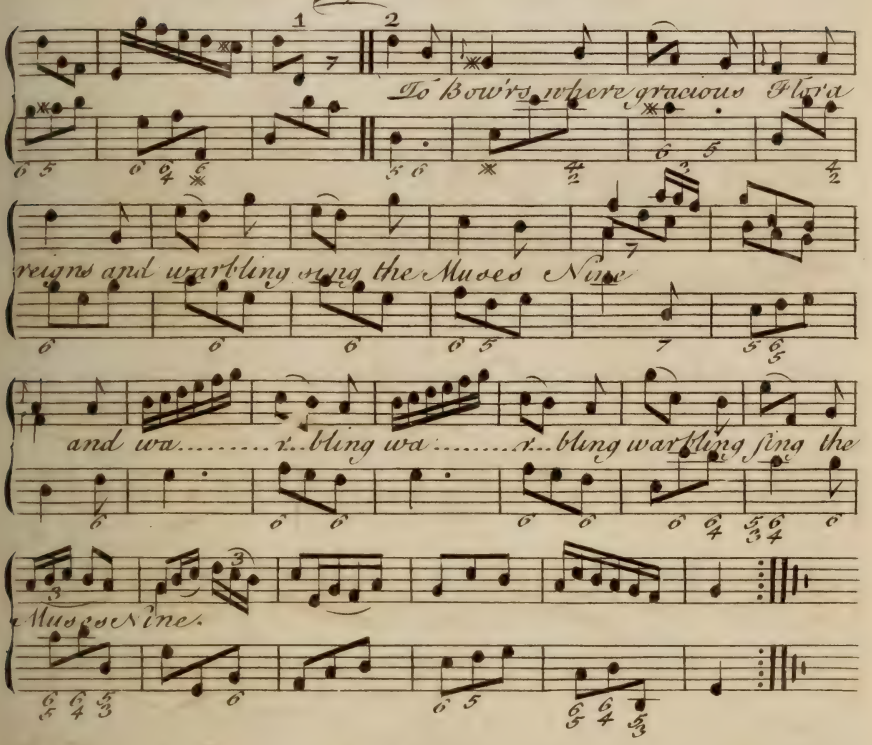
Come Myra Idol of the Swains

advance with Majesty divine

advance with Majesty divine Come Myra Idol

of the Swains advance with Majesty divine

Set by Dr Arne


To Bow'rs where gracious Flora
reigns and warbling sing the Muses Nine
and wa.....r..bling wa.....r..bling warbling sing the
Muses Nine.

Come ev'ry Sprightly Joy to taste
That Rural art and Nature boast
Fly hither with the Lightnings haste
And be the Universal Toast.

A Scene so beautious cant be shown
Though thou shouldst ev'ry Realm survey
As all where e'er thou comest must own
The Graces hear unriva'ld Sway.

A Choice Song Sung by Mrs Vincent

'Tis Liberty &c. dear Liberty alone &c. that

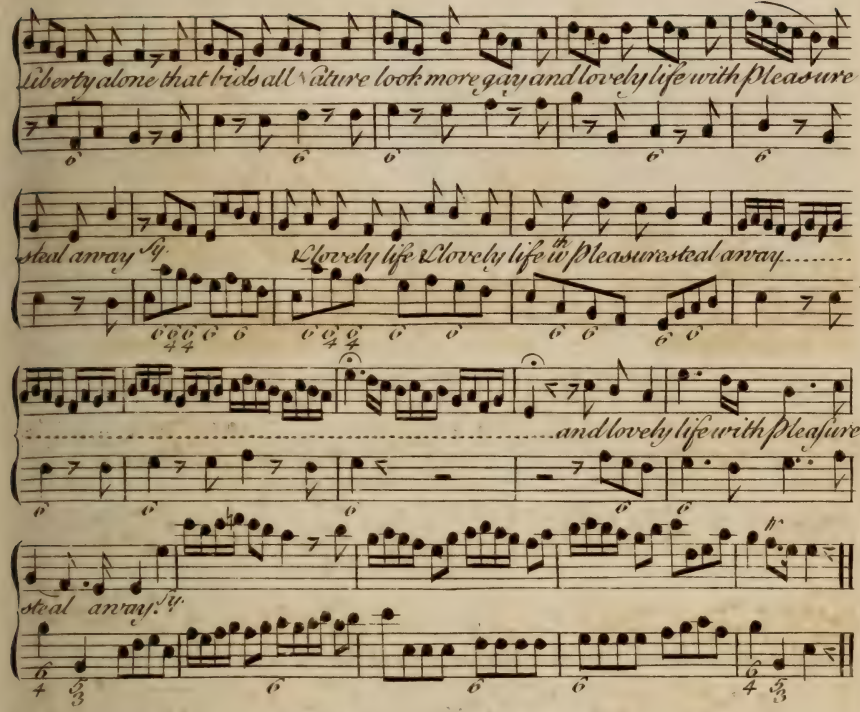
gives fresh beauty to the Sun that gives fresh beauty to the Sun &c.

'Tis Liberty 'tis Liber...ty dear Liberty alone

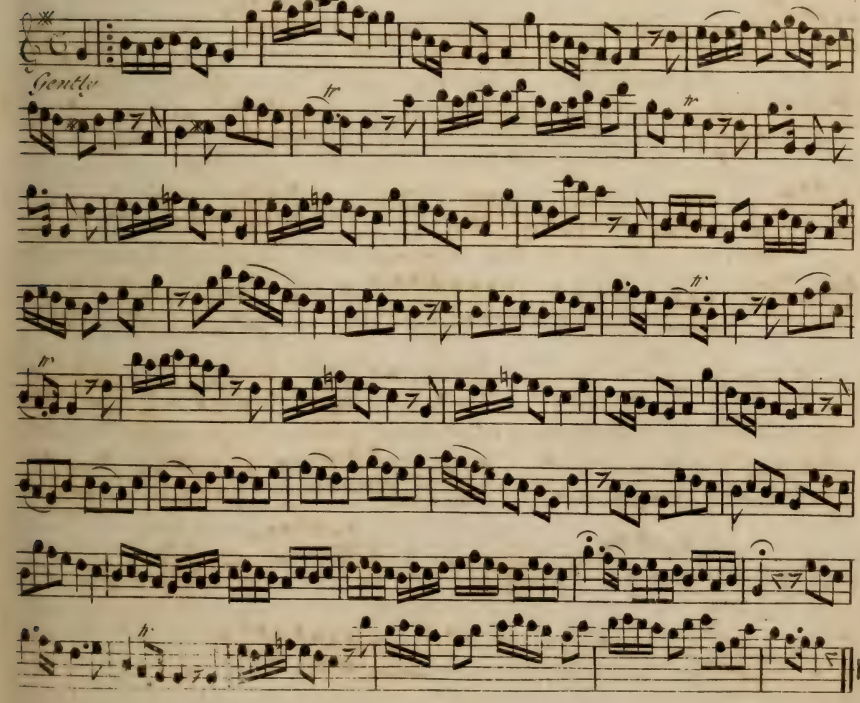
That bids all Nature look more gay and lovely life with pleasure steal a

way and lovely life with pleasure steal away and lovely life with Pleasure

steal away &c. 'Tis Liber.....ty &c. dear Liberty alone dear


Liberty alone that lends all Nature look more gay and lovely life with pleasure
steal away &c.
Lovely life Lovely life &c. pleasure steal away.....
.....and lovely life with pleasure
steal away &c.

For the German Flute



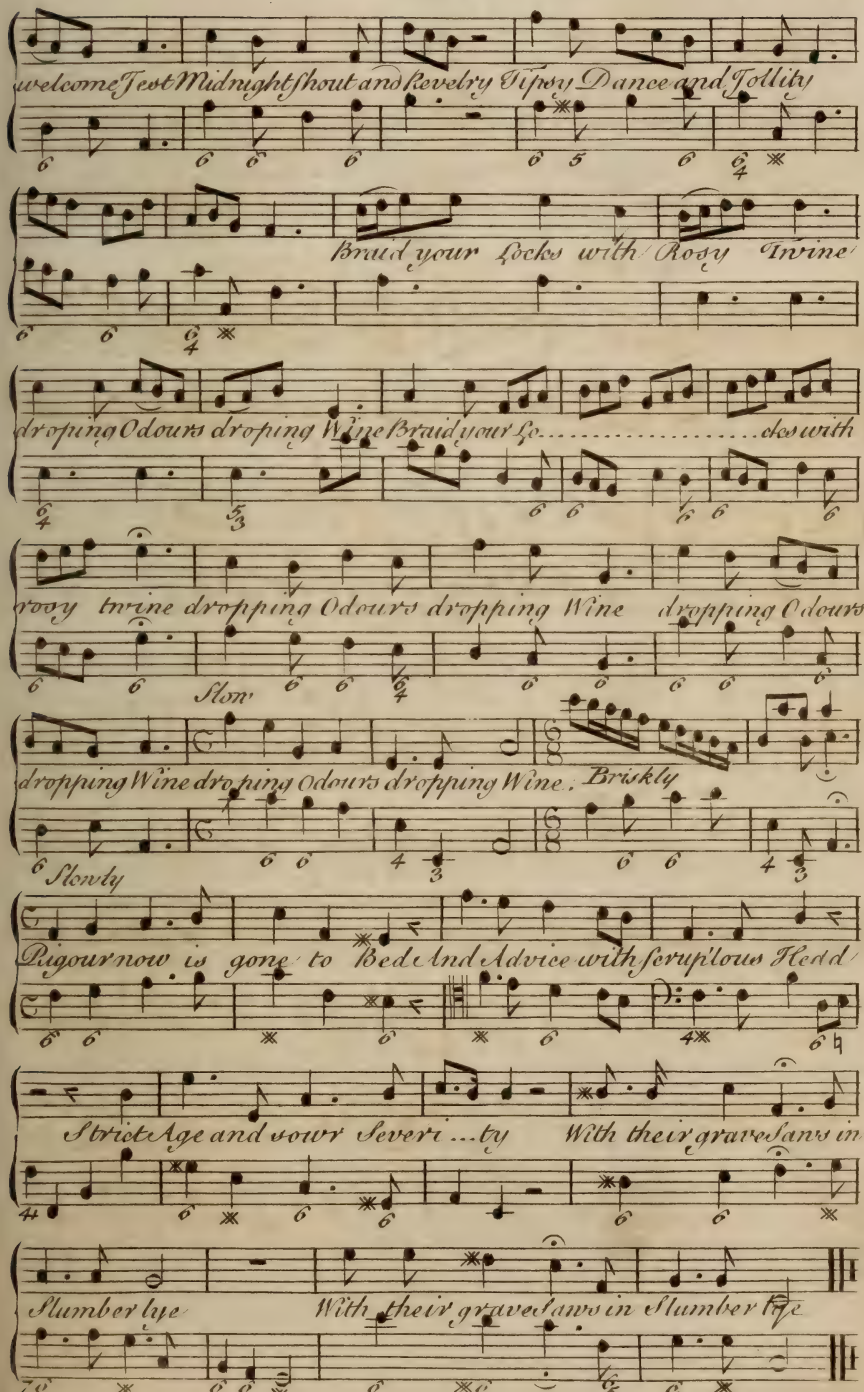
A favourite Song

Briskly

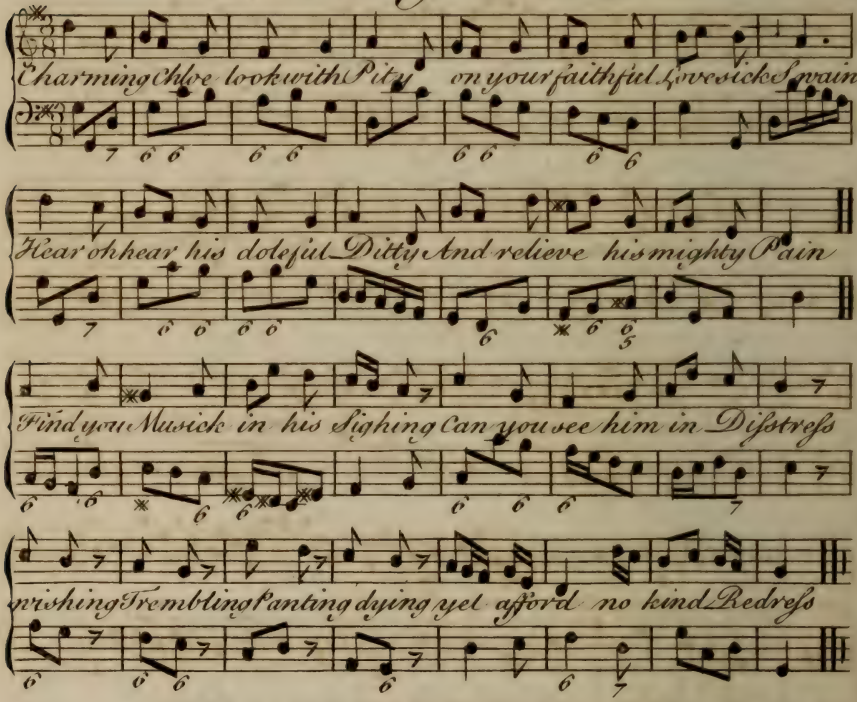
Now Phebus sinketh in the West welcome Song and welcome Jest Midnight Shout and Revelry Tipsy Dance and Jollity Midnight shout and Revelry Tipsy Dance and Jollity

Sym. Now Phebus sinketh in the West Welcome Song and

IN COMUS


welcome Jest Midnight shout and Revelry Tipsy Dance and Jollity
Braid your Locks with Rosy Twine
droping Odours droping Wine Braid your Lo.....cks with
rosy twine dropping Odours dropping Wine dropping Odours
Slow
dropping Wine droping Odours dropping Wine. Briskly
Slowly
Rigour now is gone to Bed And Advice with scrupulous Head
Strict Age and sowr Severi...ty With their grave Saws in
Slumber lye With their grave Saws in Slumber lye

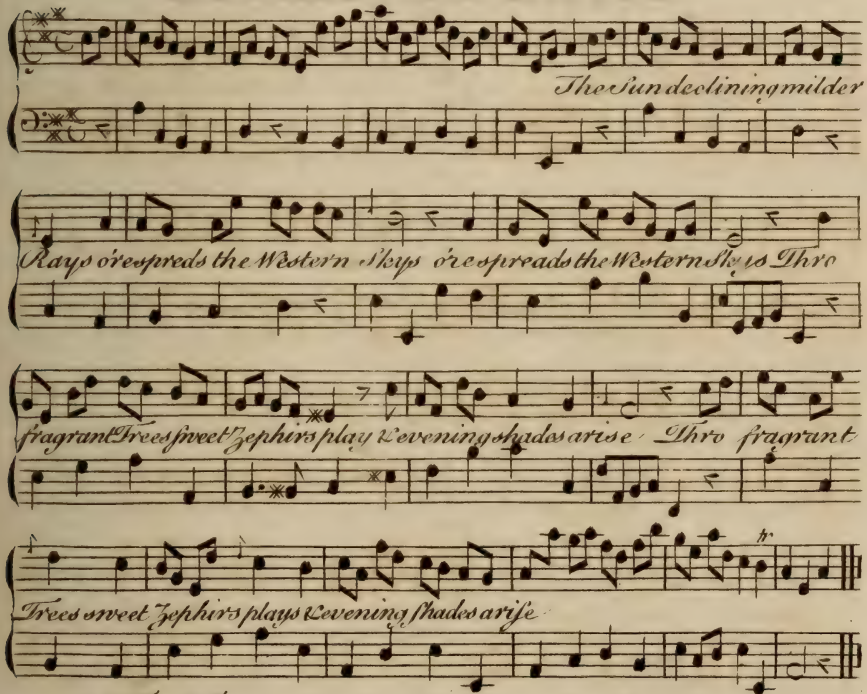
Charming Chloe


Charming Chloe look with Pity on your faithful Love sick Swain
Hear oh hear his doleful Ditty And relieve his mighty Pain
Find you Musick in his Sighing Can you see him in Distress
wishing Trembling Panting dying yet afford no kind Redress

Strephon wood by lawless Passion
For no favour rudely sues
All his Flame is out of Passion
Antient Honour for him woos
Love for Loves sake Swains ambition
But if that is deem'd too great
Pity pity his Condition
Say at least you do not hate.

Should you fonder of a Rover
Practic'd in the art of Guile
Slight so true and kind a Lover
Chloe might not Strephon smile
Yes well pleas'd at thy undoing
Vulgar Lovers might upbraid
Strephon conscious of thy Ruin
Soon would be a silent Shade.

ALEXIS and LAURA


The Sun declining milder
Rays o're spreads the Western Skys o're spreads the Western Skys Thro
fragrant Trees sweet Zephirs play Evening shades arise Thro fragrant
Trees sweet Zephirs plays Evening shades arise

The Flowers reviving raise ther heads
Refresh'd with Silver dew
The Evening primrose gaily spreads
And beautious scenes renew.

Come Laura then these charmes partake
In yonder rosy Bower
Come thy Alexis happy make
This is the appointed hour.

There talk of Love whilst free from care
We both are kind and true
Come let us to the shades repair
And seal our Vows anew.

Chloe Genrous as Fair

Moderately Slow.

S.

When

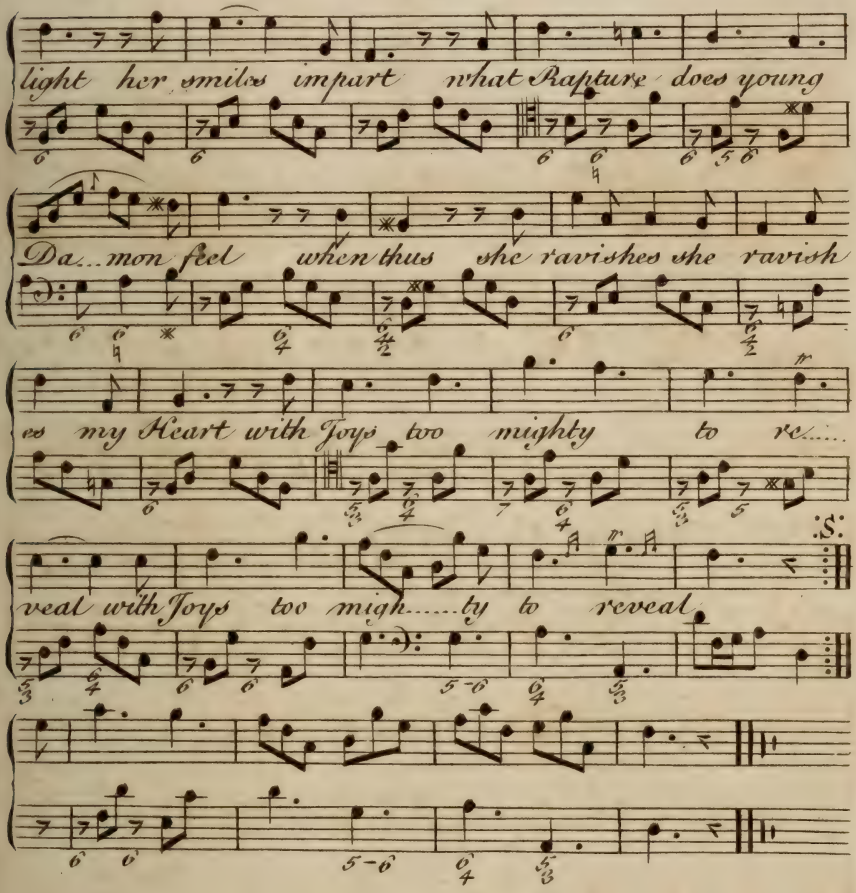
Chloe shines Serene.....ly Gay O

how Loves Goddess she out vies How on her

Lips the Gra ces play and Cupids wan....

ton wanton in her Eyes What soft de...

Set to Musick by Dr Arne


light her smiles impart what Rapture does young
Da...mon feel when thus she ravishes she ravish
es my Heart with Joys two mighty to re.....
veal with Joys two migh.....ty to reveal
S.

The vain conceited of her Son
Treat with contempt the Lovers Pain
Fondly delight to teaze perplex
And triumph o'er a dying Swain
But Chloe has a Heavnly mind
A Soul that's gen'rous great and brave
Who conquers only conquers only to be kind
And makes it her delight to save

A Favourite Song in

Gently

Come ever smiling Liberty and with the bring thy

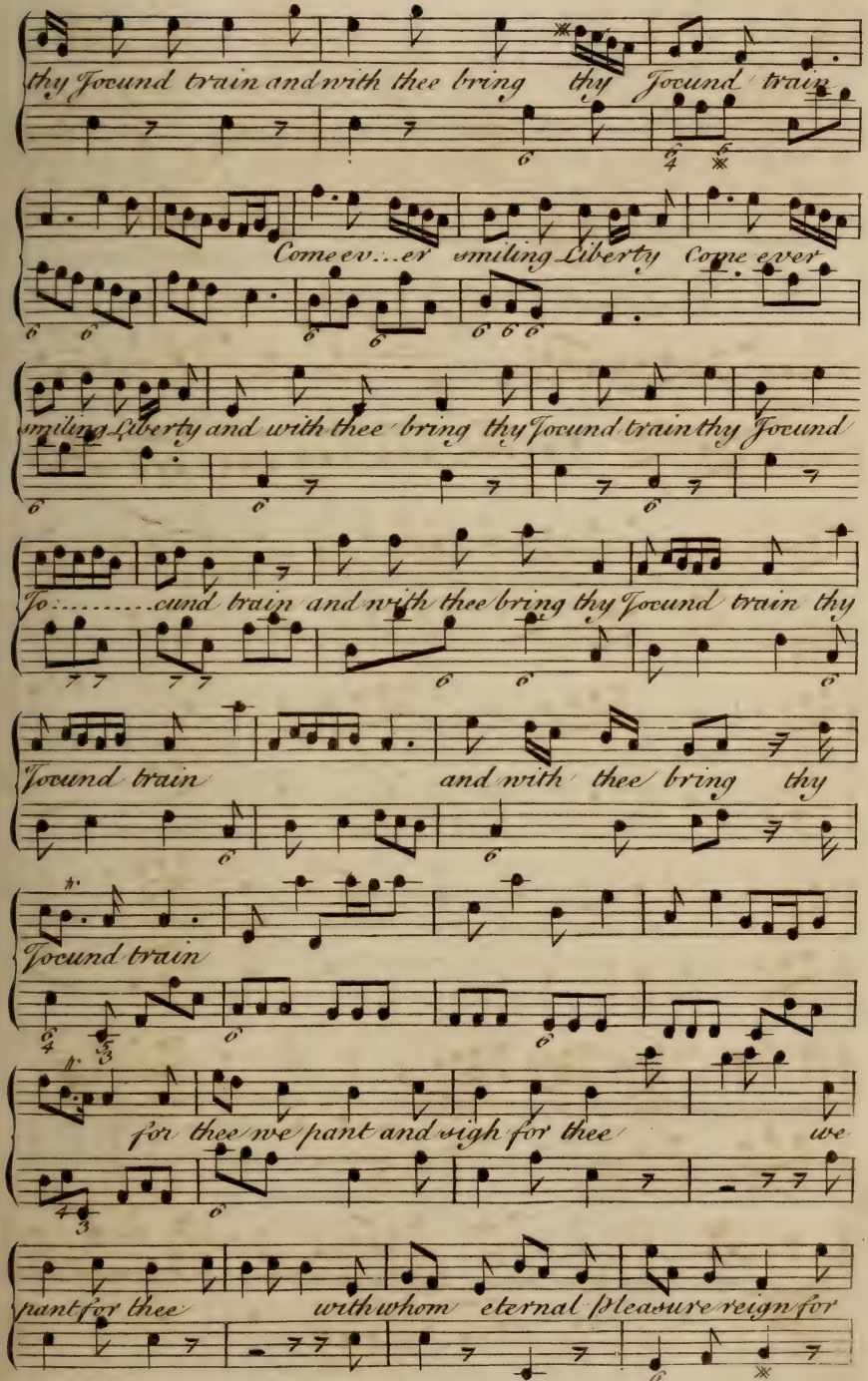
Jocund train Come ever

smiling Liberty and with thee bring thy Jocund train

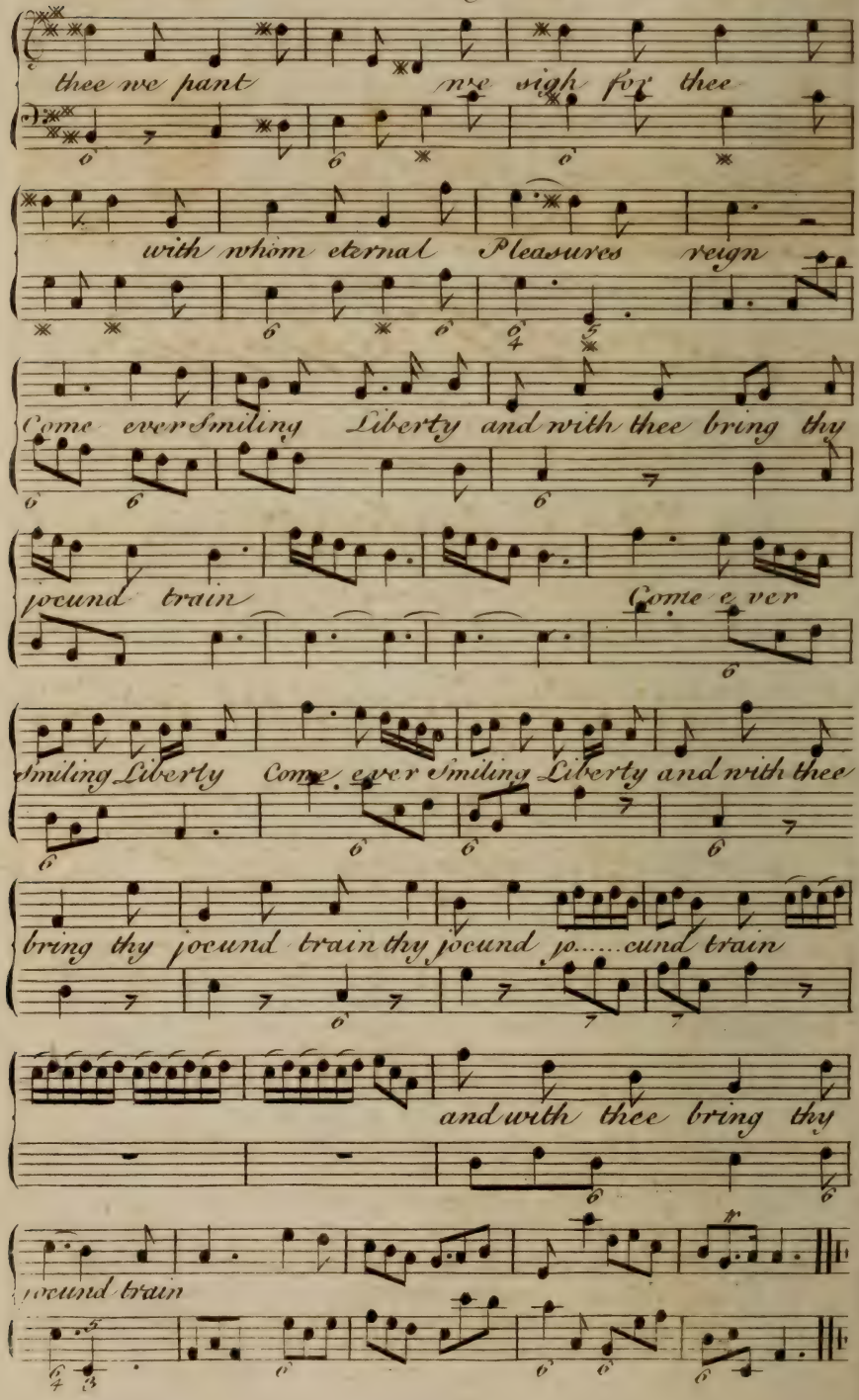
Come ever Smiling smiling Liberty and with thee bring thy Jocund

train and with thee bring thy Jocund train thy Jocund train

Judas Maccabeus


thy Jocund train and with thee bring thy Jocund train
Come ev...er smiling Liberty Come ever
smiling Liberty and with thee bring thy Jocund train thy Jocund
Jo.....cund train and with thee bring thy Jocund train thy
Jocund train and with thee bring thy
Jocund train
for thee we pant and sigh for thee we
pant for thee with whom eternal Pleasure reign for

Set to Musick by Mr Handell


thee we pant
we sigh for thee
with whom eternal Pleasures reign
Come ever Smiling Liberty and with thee bring thy
jocund train
Come ever
Smiling Liberty
Come ever Smiling Liberty and with thee
bring thy jocund train thy jocund jo.....cund train
and with thee bring thy
jocund train

A Favourite Song Set by Dr. Boyce

Quick. From flow'r to flow'r his joy to change flits yonder wanton Bee from Fair to Fair thus will I range and I'll be ever free From fair to fair thus will I range & I'll be ever free I'll be ever free

Pastora Yon little Bird attentive view,
That hop from Tree to Tree,
I'll copy them, I'll copy you,
For I'll be ever free.

Damon While Tempests shake the nodding Grove,
And Plough the foaming Sea.
While Hawks pursue the flying Dove,
So long will I be Free.

Pastora Till on the Bush the Lily grows,
Till Flocks forsake the Lea;
Till from the Rock bursts forth the Rose,
You'll find me blith and free.

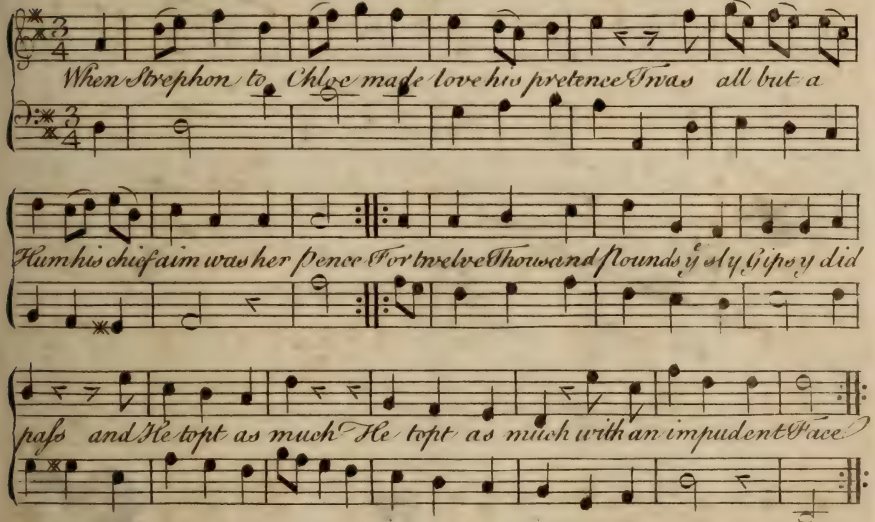
The Linnet

Slowly

The warbling Linnet from his Mate ensnarld bewails his
wretched fate his plaints no pity bring his plaints no
pity bring his Jaylor still applauds his woe and
hears well pleas'd those accents flow which from his Tortures Spring

Thus Love did my poor Heart ensnare
With subtil Spring of Chloes Hair
And to her bore the Prize
She trifles with it as a Toy
Its am'rous Moans promote her Joy
And Sport She makes of Sighs

The Modern Hum


When Strephon to Chloe made love his pretence 'Twas all but a
Hum his chief aim was her pence For twelve Thousand Pounds ỹ sly Gipsy did
pass and He topt as much He topt as much with an impudent Face

And thus for a while, they both lay on the catch,
Till at length they consented & struck up a Match,
But soon to their cost, for all their deep wit,
He found himself hum'd, she found herself Bit.

Such Wedlocks a banter, the Wise make no doubt,
And those that get in, would be glad to get out:
'Twas ever confess'd, since the World first began,
Your Fortunes are bites, and so bite as bite can.

Soldier, and Citizen, Lawyer, and Squire,
Both Sexes for Money, each other admire,
All spread out their Snares, in hopes to trapan,
The World's all a cheat, so cheat as cheat can.

A favourite Song

Gently

Hear me gallant Sailor hear me while your Country

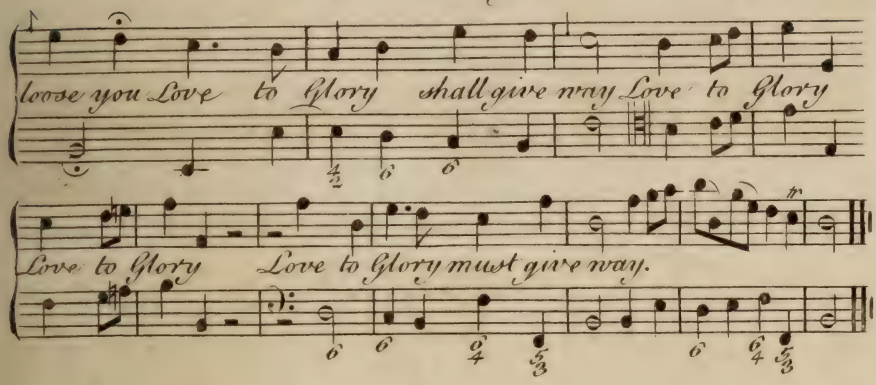
has a Foe He is mine too never fear me I may weep

but you must go I may weep I may weep I may weep

but you shall go. Though this flowry Season

woos you to the peacefull sports of May and Love sighs so long to

Set to Musick by Dr. Arne



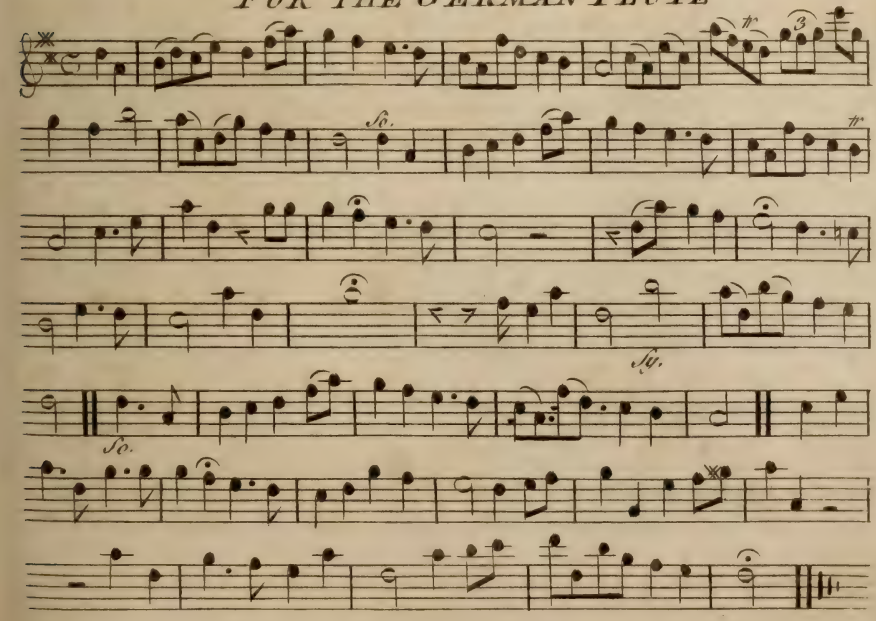
Sailor.

Can the Sons of Britain fail her,
While her Daughters are so true,
Can the Sons of Britain fail her,
While her Daughters are so true
Your soft Courage must avail her
We love Honour loving you;
We love Honour loving you,
We love Honour loving you.

Boatswain.

War and Danger now invite us,
Blow ye winds auspicious blow,
War and Danger now invite us
Blow ye winds auspicious blow
Every gale will most delight us,
That can waft us to the Foe,
Every gale will most delight us
That can waft us to the Foe.

For the German Flute



A favourite Song.

with Spirit

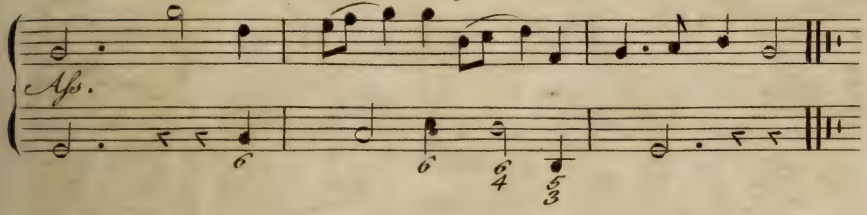
Bushabout the brisk bowl twill inliven the

Heart while thus we sit round on the Grass The

Lover who talks of his Sufferings and smart deserves to be

reckon'd an' Aso an Aso deserves to be reckon'd an'

Set to Musick by Dr. Boyce



The Wretch who sits watching his ill gotten Pelf,
And wishes to add to the Mass,
Whate'er the Curmudgeon may think of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass &c.

The Beau who so smart, with his well powder'd Hair,
An Angel beholds in his Glass;
And thinks with Grimace to subdue all the Fair,
May justly be reckon'd an Ass &c.

The Merchant from Climate, to Climate, will roam,
Of Crœsus the Wealth to surpass,
And oft while he's wandring my Lady at home,
Claps the Horns of an Ox on an Ass &c.

The Lawyer so grave, when he puts in his Plea,
With Forehead well cover'd with Brass:
Tho he talk to no Purpose, he Pockets your Fee,
There you my good friend are the Ass &c.

The formal Physician, who knows every Ill:
Shall last be produc'd in this Class,
The sick Man a while, may confide in his skill,
But Death proves the Doctor an Ass &c.

Then let us Companions, be Jovial and gay,
By turns take our Bottle & Lass;
For he who his Pleasure puts off for a Day,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass &c.

A FAVOURITE SONG in COMUS

Quick

:S:

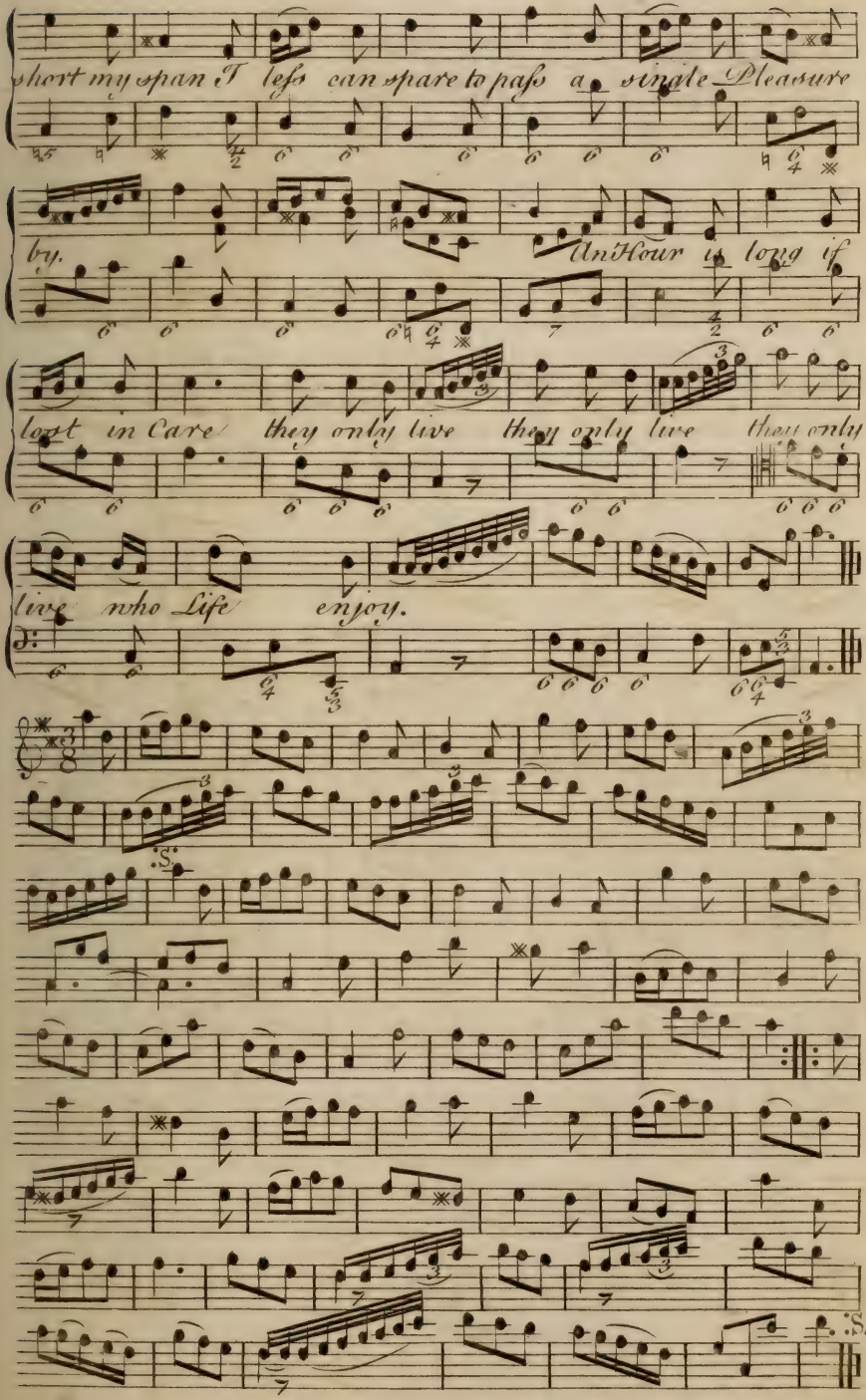
Preach not me your musty Rules Ye Drones that

mould in Idle Cell The Heart is

wiser than the Schools the Senses allways

reason well If

Sung by Mrs Clive


short my span I lefs can spare to paſs a single Pleasure
by. An Hour is long if
loſt in Care they only live they only live they only
live who Life enjoy.

Palæmon and Pastora

Set by Dr Boyce

Quick

S.

Farewell my Pastora no longer your Swain quite sick of his

Bondage can suffer his Chain nay a rival not if Brow with such haughty disdain my

Heart leaps with Joy to be free once again Sing tol derol derol derol derol derol de

S.

rol Sing tol derol derol derol derol

I'll live like the Birds, those sweet Tenants of May,
Who always are sportful, who always are gay,
How sweetly their Sonnets, they carol all Day,
Their Love is but Frolick, their Courtship but Play.
Sing tol derol

If struck by a Beauty, they never saw before,
In chirping soft Notes, they her Pity implore,
She yields to intreaty, and when the Fits over,
'Tis Twenty to one that they never meet more, Sing tol

A favourite Song Set by Dr. Boyce

Moderately

Three Goddesses standing together this puzzled young Paris one day Can

I judge the Value of either Can I judge the Value of either Where both Bear so equal a

Sway Where both Bear so equal a Sway

Pastora

Consider my Wit and Condition
Consider my Person likewise
I never was us'd to Petition
But prythee make use of your Eyes
prythee make &c.

Laura

No Merit I plead but my Passion
'Twere needless to mention your Vow
Reflect with a little Compassion
On what this poor Bosom feels now.
On what this &c.

Damon

Some Genius direct me or Deamon
Or else I may chance to choose wrong
You're part of the Goods of Palæmon
I leave you to whom you belong. I leave you &c.

A Favourite Song

Come all ye brave Britons let no one complain Bri
tannia Britannia once more rules the Main with
Bumpers o'erflowing well Jovially Join And tell the high
deeds of the Year fifty Nine with Bumpers o'erflowing well
Jovially Join and tell the high deeds of the Year fifty Nine

The Negroes of Senegal know how we fought
And the Monsieurs of India what wonders were wrought
But Minden O Britons that glory was thine
There France learnd a Dance in the Year fifty Nine

on the Memmourable Year Fifty Nine

De la Clue with his Squadron so nimble & light
On meeting Boscawen like a Frenchman took fright
But running too fast on some mighty design
He lost both his Legs in the Year fifty Nine.

When Montcalm in Canada drew forth his Men
Secure in his numbers to fight on the Plain
With true British Spirit we broke ev'ry Line
And Conquer'd Quebec in the Year fifty Nine.

Niagara Crown Point Ticonderago too
What cannot bold Britons with courage subdue
Such Conquest so Noble so great & so fine
Must add to the glory of the Year fifty Nine.

Whilst Rodney and Hawk watch the flatbottomd Boats
At Paris Belliste cut poor Englishmens Throats
There Lewis with Pompa drink Burgundy Wine
To drown in oblivion the Year fifty Nine.

At last like a Thief Bully Conflans stole out
Believe you a Frenchman surprizingly stout
The best Man got foremost to lead of their line
As none lik'd to fight in the Year fifty Nine.

But soon overtaken with troubles so dire
That spite of Conflans set the great Sun on fire
Hawke Burnt them & Sunk them & twas mighty fine
To see how they ran in the Year fifty Nine.

Bless King George then kind Heavn we ardently crave
Him Britons united with Courage will Serve
And we'll shew the whole World that no period of time
Can e'er be compar'd to the Year fifty Nine.

Kindness preferd to Beauty

Brisk

'Tis not the Liquid brightness of those Eyes

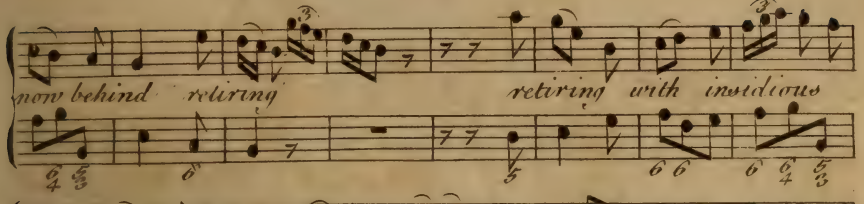
That swim with Pleasure and delight Nor those fair Heav'nly

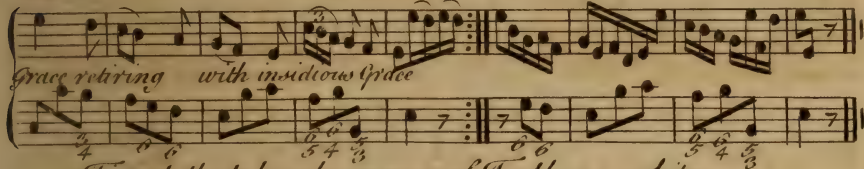
Arches which arise o'er each of them to shade their Light Light

'Tis not that Hair which plays with every wind and

loves to wanton round thy face Nor straying o'er thy Forehead

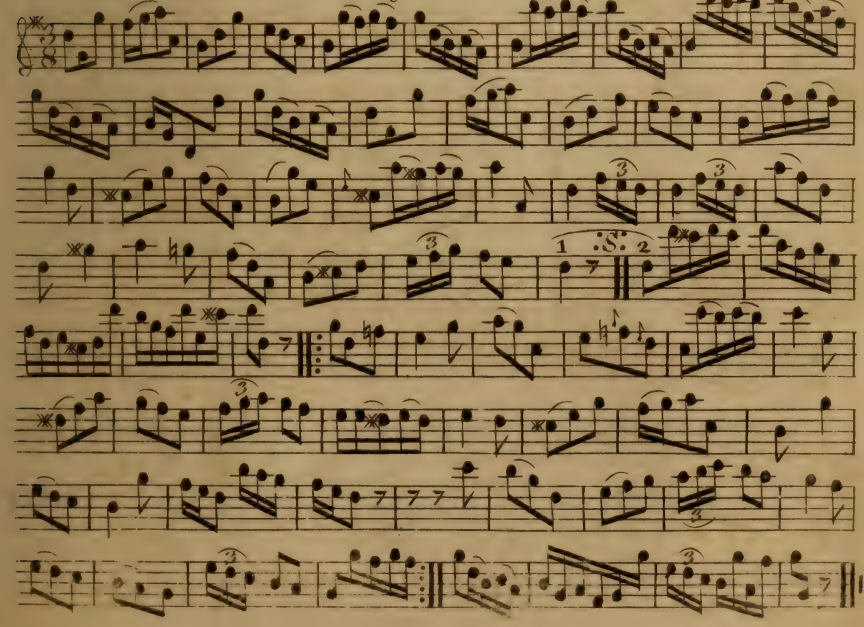
Set to Musick by Dr Arne.





'Tis not that lovely range of Teeth as white,
As new shorn Sheep, equal and fair,
Nor even that gentle smile, the Hearts delight,
With which no smile, could ere compare;
'Tis not that Chin so round that Neck so fine
Those Breasts that swell to meet my Love,
That easy sloping waste, that form divine,
Nor ought, nor ought, below, nor ought above,
Nor ought below, nor ought above.

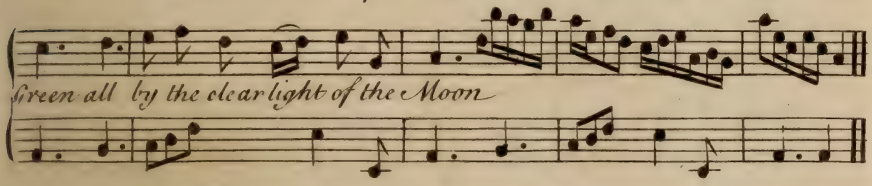
'Tis not the living Colours over each,
By natures finest pencil wrought,
To shame the fresh blown Rose, and blooming Peach,
And mock the happiest Painters thought
But 'tis that gentle mind, that ardent Love,
So kindly answering my desire,
That Grace with which you Look, and speak, and move,
That thus, that thus, have set my Soul on Fire,
That thus have set my Soul on Fire.



A Favourite Song.

When Faires dance round on the Grass and revel to
Nights awful Noon O say will you meet me sweet Lass all
by the clear Light of the Moon My Passion I seek not to screen
Then can I refuse you your Boon I'll meet you by twelve on the
Green All by the clear Light of the Moon I'll meet you at twelve on the

in the Pantomime of Queen Mabb Set by Mr Smith



The Nightingale pearch'd on a Thorn
Then charms all the Plains with her Tune
And Glad of the absence of Morn
Salutes the pale Light of the Moon.

How sweet is the Jessamine Grove
And sweet are the Roses of June
But sweeter the language of Love
Breath'd forth by the light of the Moon.

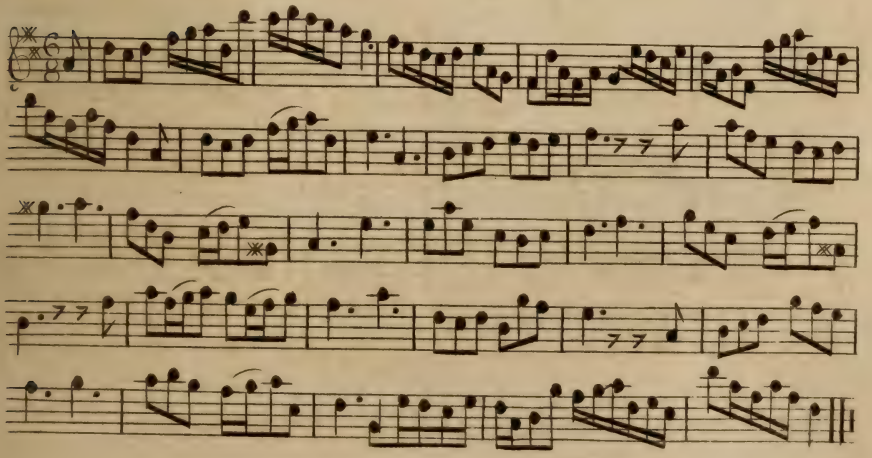
Too slow rolls the Chariot of Day
Unwilling to grant me my Boon
Away envious Sunshine away
Give place to the Light of the Moon.

But say will you never deceive
The Lass whom you conquer'd too soon
And leave a lost Maiden to grieve
Alone by the Light of the Moon.

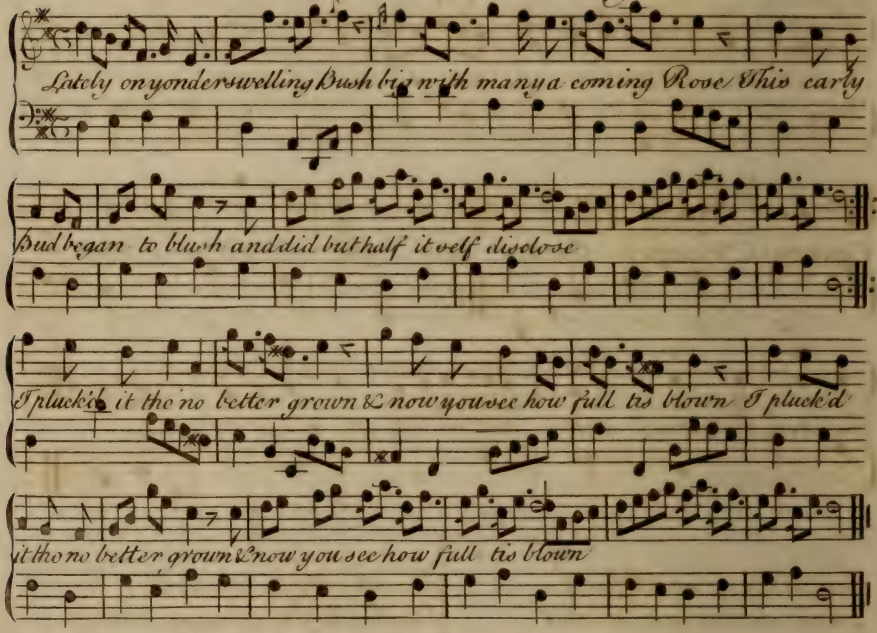
The Planets shall start from their Spheres
Ere I prove so fickle a Loon
Believe I'll banish thy Fears
Dear Maid by the Light of the Moon.

Our Loves when the Shepherds shall view
Thus they their Pipes shall attune
While we our soft Pleasure renew
Each Night by the light of the Moon.

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



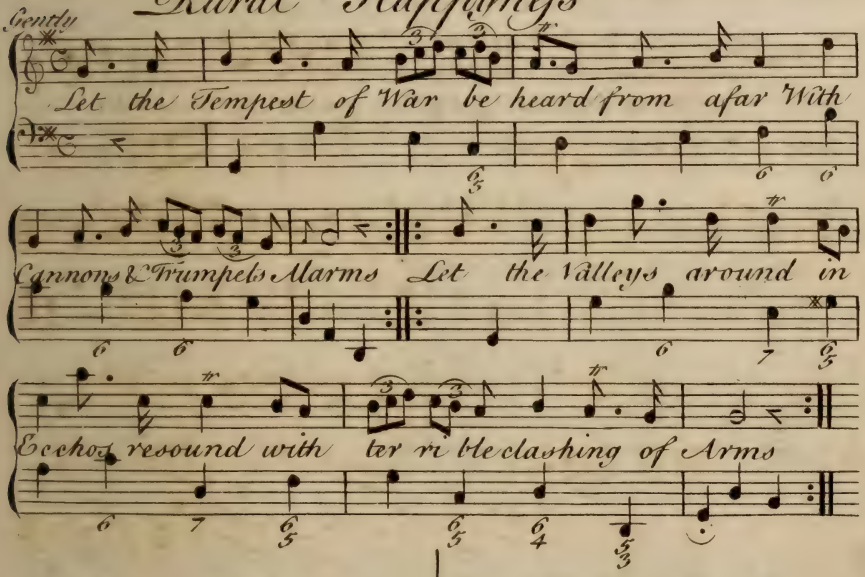
A Favourite Song


Lately on yonder swelling Bush big with many a coming Rose This early
Bud began to blush and did but half it self disclose
I pluck'd it tho no better grown & now you see how full tis blown I pluck'd
it tho no better grown & now you see how full tis blown

Still as I did the Leaves inspire,
With such a purple Light they shone,
As if they had been made of Fire,
And spreading so would flame anon:
All that was meant by Air or Sun,
To this young Flow'r my Breath has done.

If our loose Breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of Love,
Of purest Love and Musick too?
When Flavia it aspires to move,
When that which lifeless Buds perswades,
To wax more soft her Youth invades.

Rural Happiness


Gently
Let the Tempest of War be heard from afar With
Cannons & Trumpets Alarms Let the Valleys around in
Ecchos resound with ter ri ble clashing of Arms

Let Rivers of Blood
Run down in a Flood
While Mortals are gaping for breath
Let the Brave if they will
By Valour and Skill
Seek Honour in Conquest or Death

To live sole and retire
Is what I admire
Of Flocks & my Cloe poss'ess'd
From them I obtain
True Peace without Pain
And lasting Enjoyment of Rest

In a Cottage or Cell
Each Shepherd may dwell
Without Interruption at ease
For our peaceable Lives
Are blest with good Wives
That study their Husbands to please

What a Blessing below
Can Heaven bestow
Excelling such Quiet as this
No Afflictions come here
Or Griefs interfere
To lessen our Measure of Bliss.

A Choice Song Sung by Mr Champness

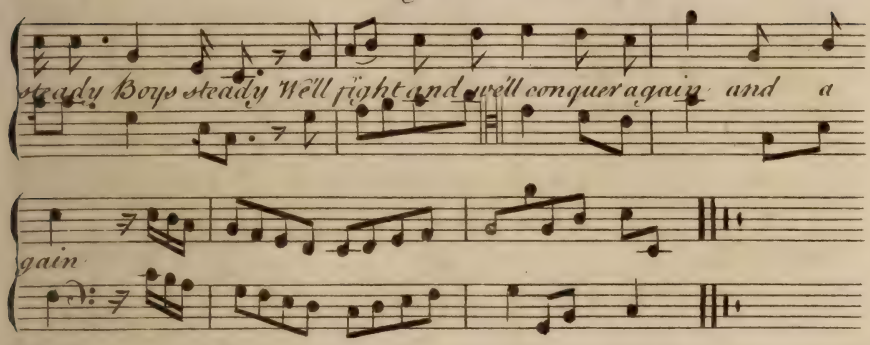
Brisk

Come cheer up my Lads 'tis to Glory we steer To
add something more to this wonderful Year To Honour we
call you not press you like Slaves for who are so free as we

Chorus

Sons of the Waves Heart of Oak are our
Ships Heart of Oak are our Men We always are ready

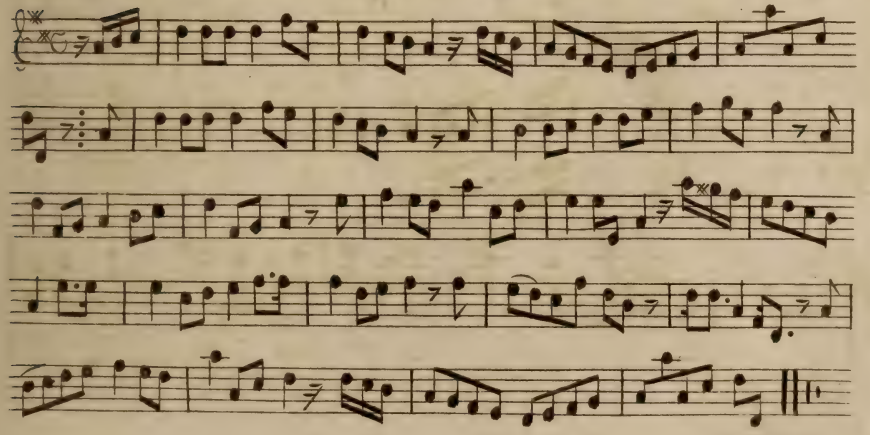
Set to Musick by Dr. Boyce



We ne'er see our Foes but we wish 'em to stay,
They never see Us but they wish us away,
If they run why we follow and run 'em ashore
For if they wont fight us we cannot do more.
Heart of Oak &c.

They swear they'll invade us these terrible Foes,
They frighten our Women our Children & Beaus,
But should their Flat bottoms in Darkness get o'er
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore,
Heart of Oak &c.

We'll still make 'em run and we'll still make 'em sweat
In spite of the Devil, and Bruſsels Gazzette,
Then cheer up my Lads with one Heart let us sing,
Our Soldiers our Sailors our Statesmen and King
Heart of Oak &c.



My faith and truth

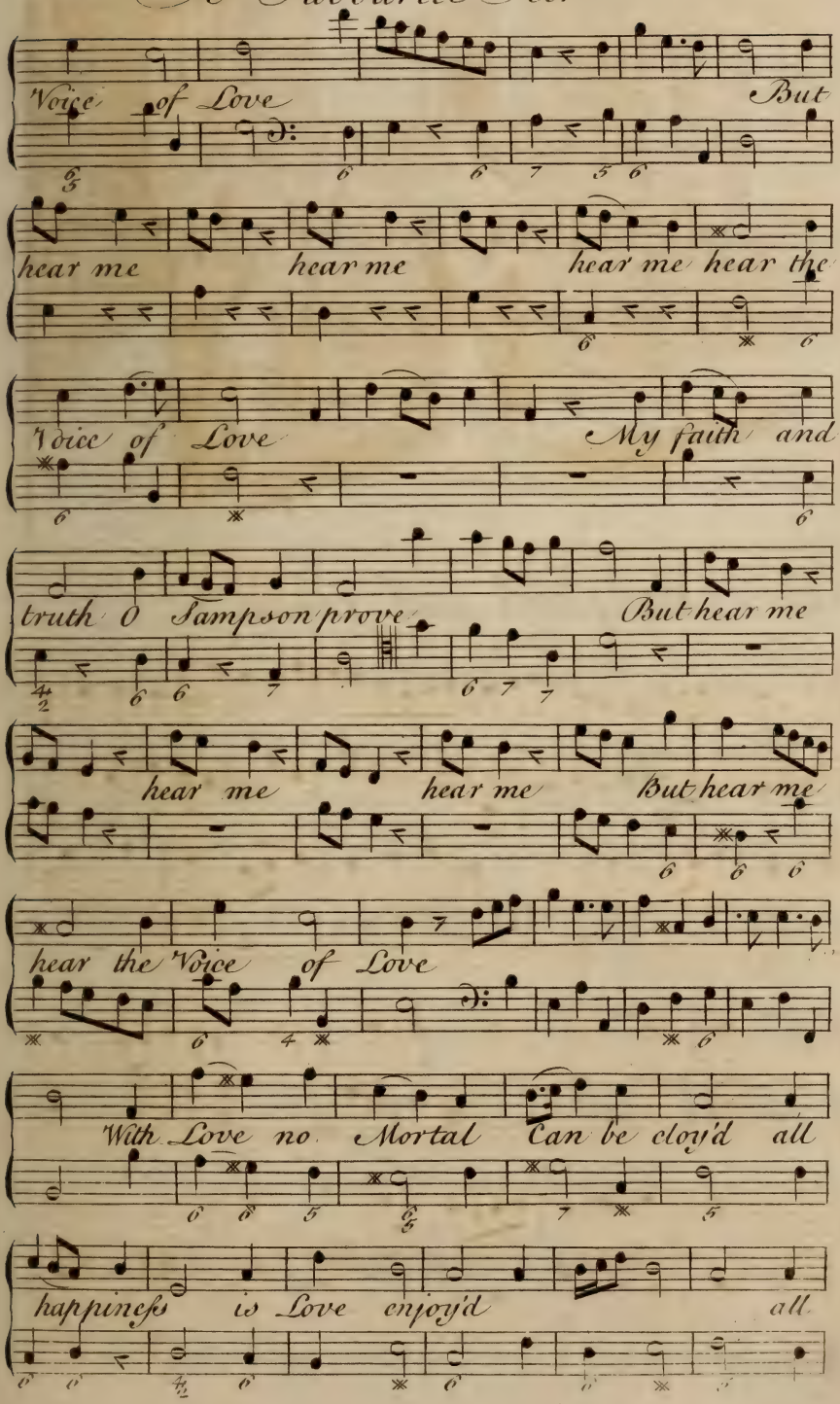
Gently

My faith and truth O Sampson prove But hear me

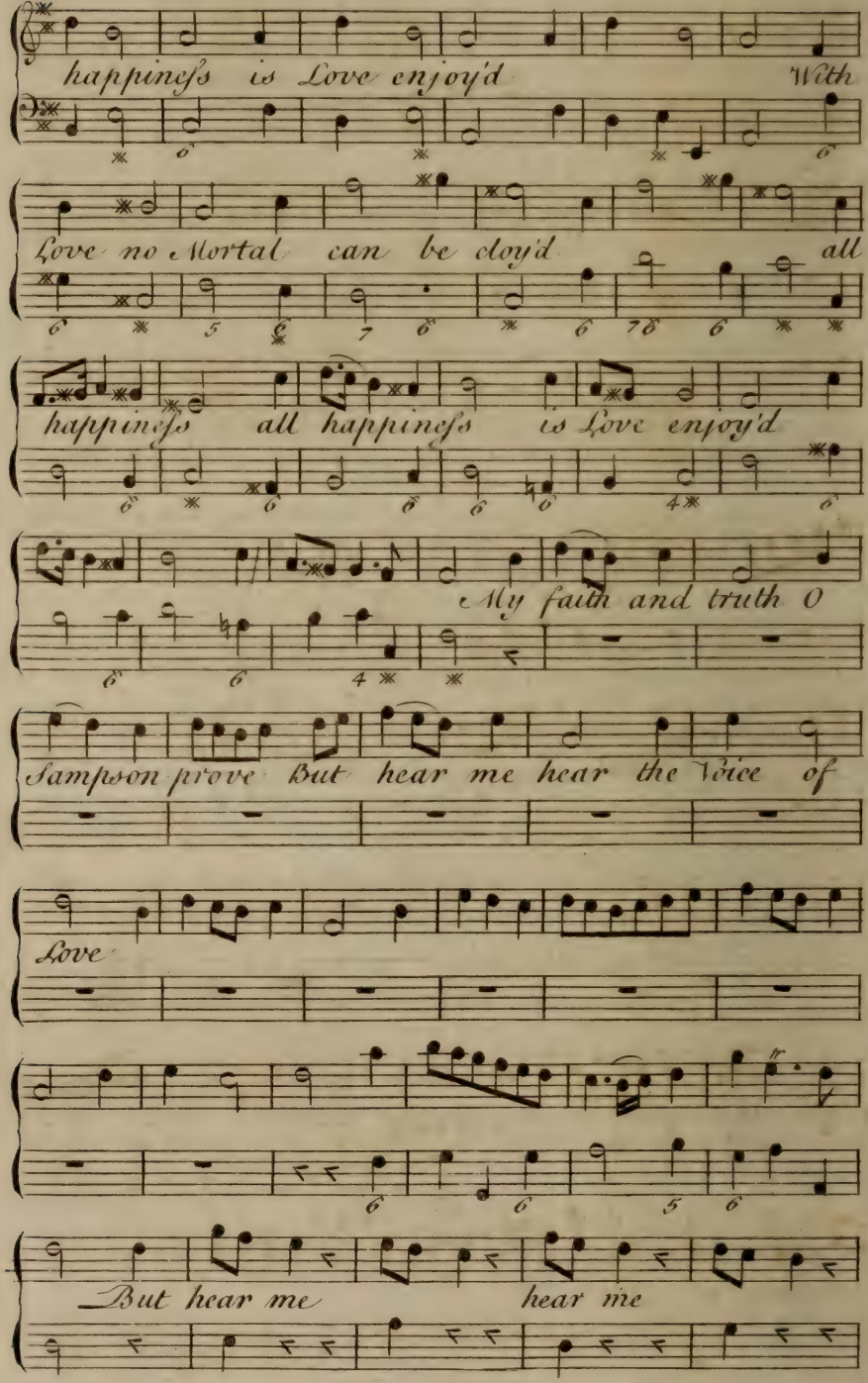
hear the Voice of Love My faith and

truth O Sampson prove But hear me hear the

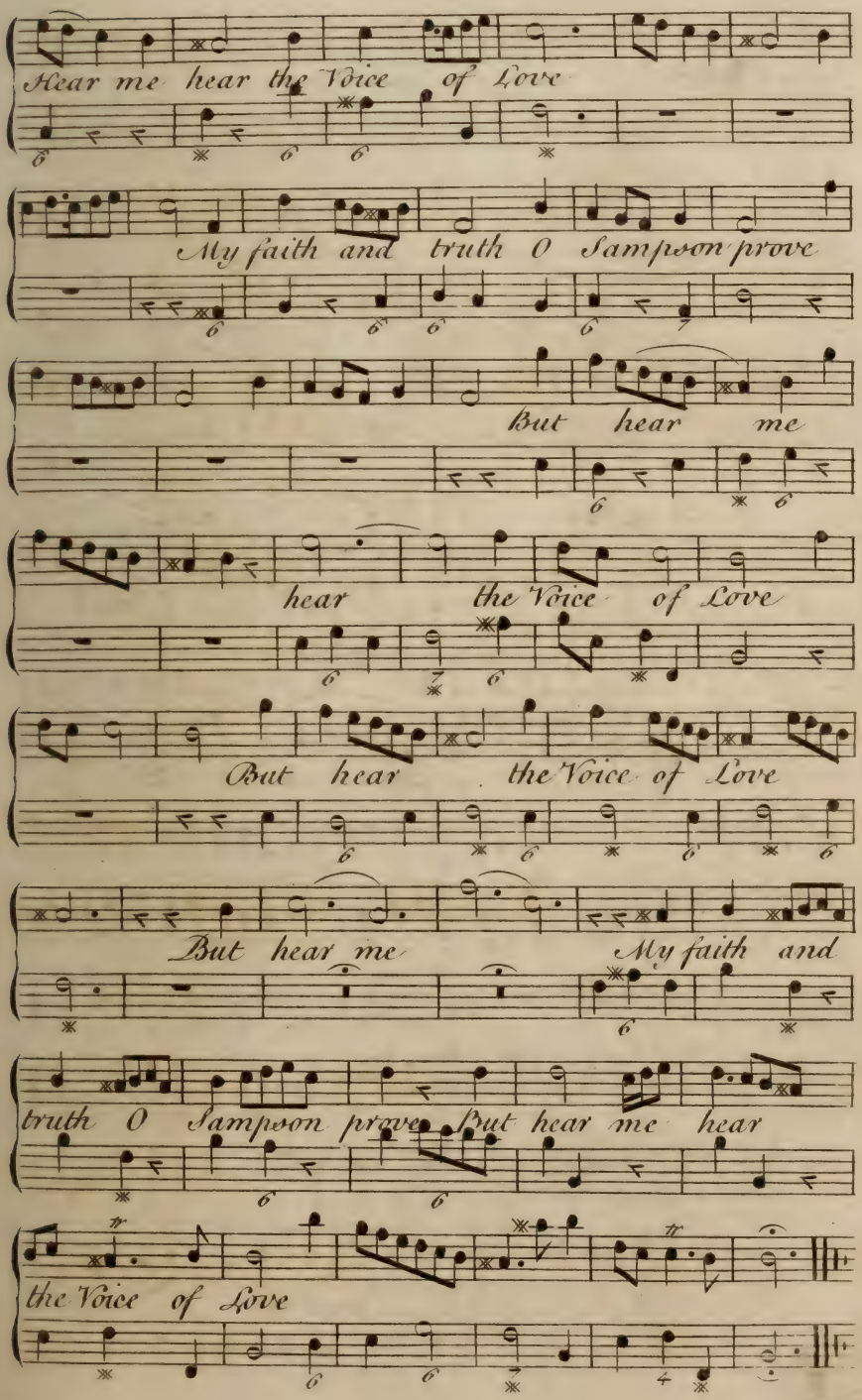
A Favourite Air



in the Oratorio of Sampson


happiness is Love enjoy'd With
Love no Mortal can be cloy'd all
happiness all happiness is Love enjoy'd
My faith and truth O
Sampson prove But hear me hear the Voice of
Love
But hear me hear me

Set to Musick by Mr Handell


Hear me hear the Voice of Love
My faith and truth O Sampson prove
But hear me
hear the Voice of Love
But hear the Voice of Love
But hear me My faith and
truth O Sampson prove But hear me hear
the Voice of Love

A favourite Air Set by Dr Boyce

Briskly

S.

In vain I try my every Arts And can I fix a single Heart yet I'm not Old or ugly

Yet I'm not Old or ugly Let me consult my

faithful Glass A face much worse then this might pass Methinks I look full smuggly

S.

Methinks I look full smuggly

Yet bless'd with all these powrfull Charms
The young Palæmon fled these Arms
That wild unthinking Rover
Hope silly Maids as soon to bind
The Rolling streams the flying Wind
As fix a rambling Lover

But hamper'd in the marriage Noose
In vain they struggle to get loose
And make a mighty Riot
Like Madmen how they rave and stare
A while they shake their Chains & swear
And then lie down in quiet

The smiling Dawn

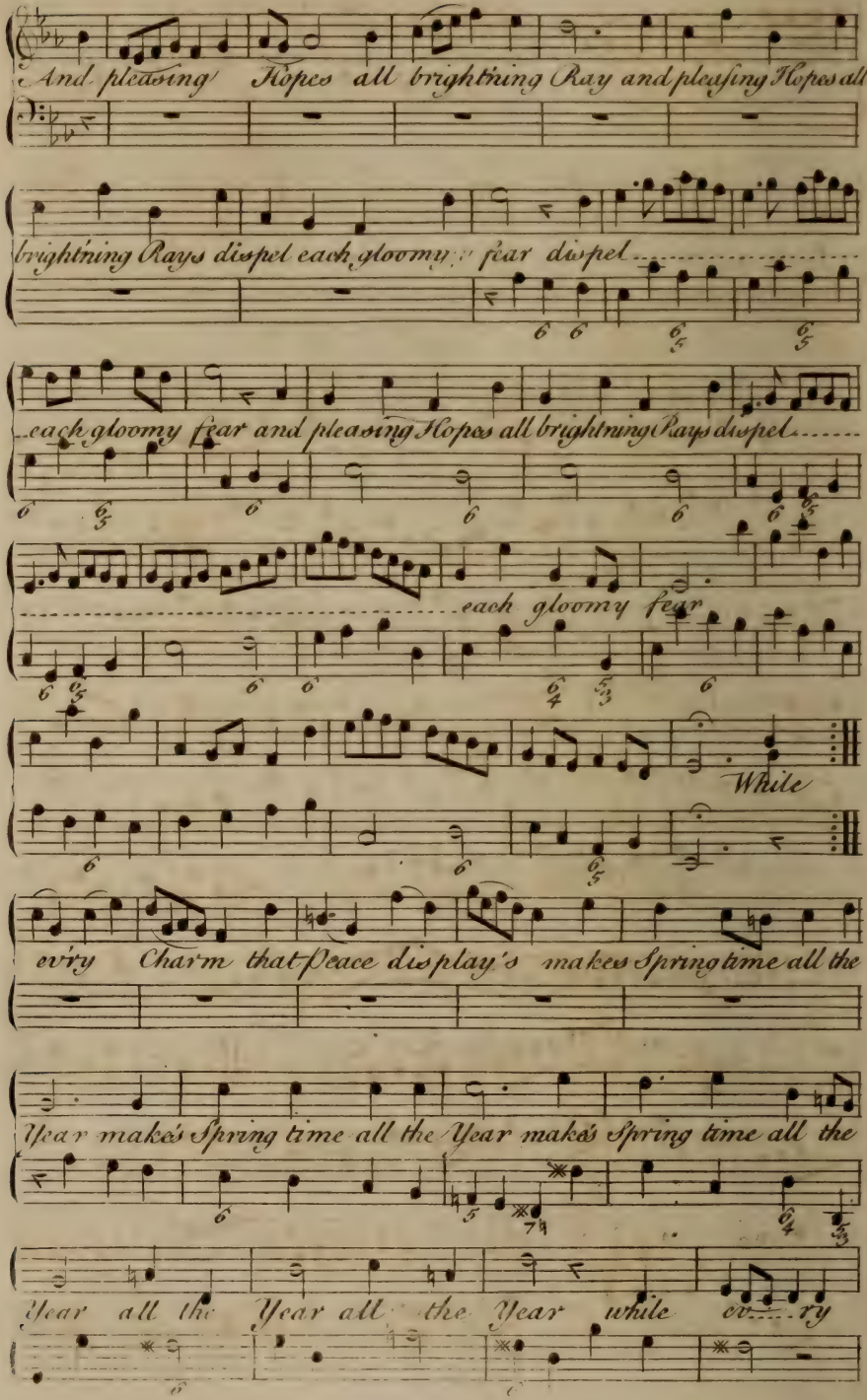
Moderately Brisk

The smiling Dawn of happy Days pre

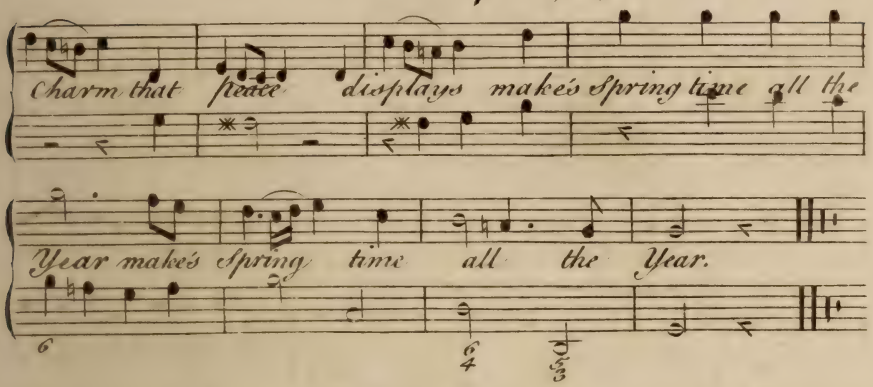
sents a prospect clear presents ..... a prospect

clear presents a prospect clear

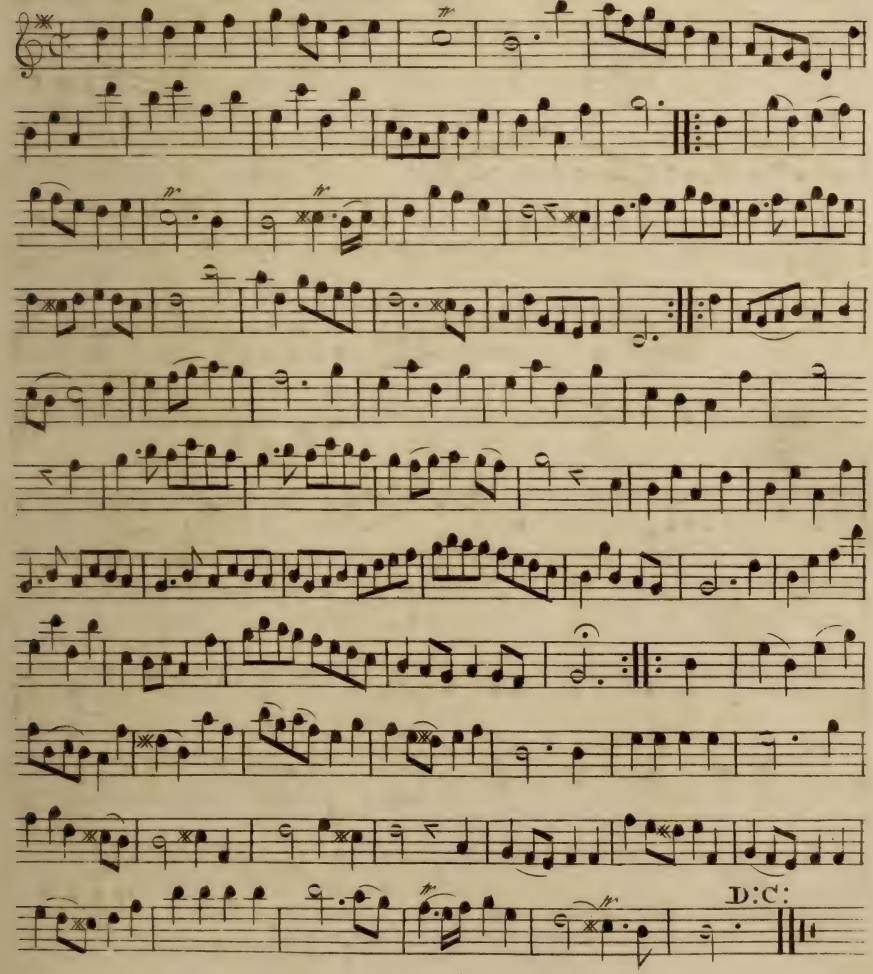
A Favourite Air Set by Mr Handell


And pleasing Hopes all brightning Ray and pleasing Hopes all
brightning Rays dispel each gloomy fear dispel
each gloomy fear and pleasing Hopes all brightning Rays dispel
each gloomy fear
While
every Charm that Peace display's makes Spring time all the
Year makes Spring time all the Year makes Spring time all the
Year all the Year all the Year while ev.....ry

in the Oratorio of Jeptha



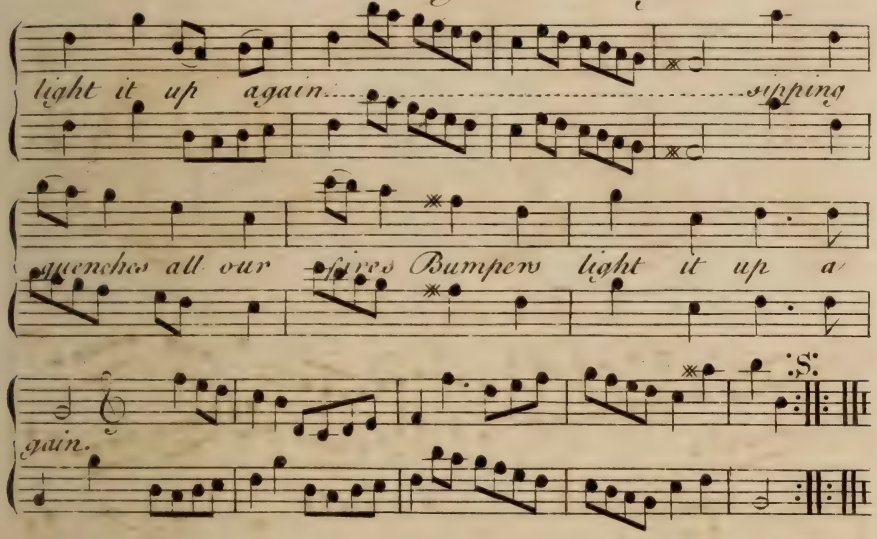
For the German Flute



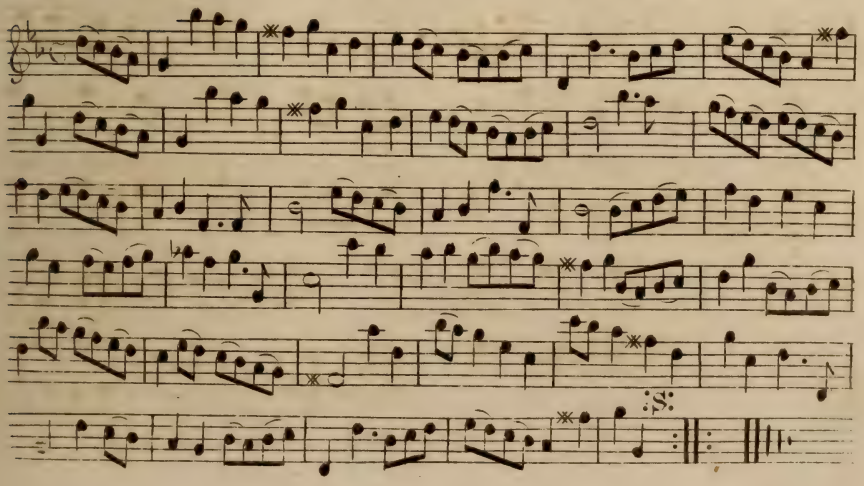
A Choice Song

S.

Rail no more ye learned Asses Gainst the joys the
bowl supplies Sound its depth and fill your glasses Wisdom
at the bottom lyes Fill them
higher and still higher shallow draughts perplex the
brain sipping quenches all our fire Bumpers

Set to Musick by D Boyce

Draw the scene for wit and pleasure
Enter Jollity and Joy
We for thinking have no leisure
Manly mirth is our employ
Since in life theres nothing certain
We'll the present hour engage
And when death shall drop the curtain
With applause well quit the stage. And when &c.

For the German Flute



A Choice Song

The Merchant to secure his Treasure conveys it in a borrowd

Name Euphelia serves to grace my Measure but Cloe is my re al

Flame Cloe is my real Flame My softest Verse My darling Lyre up

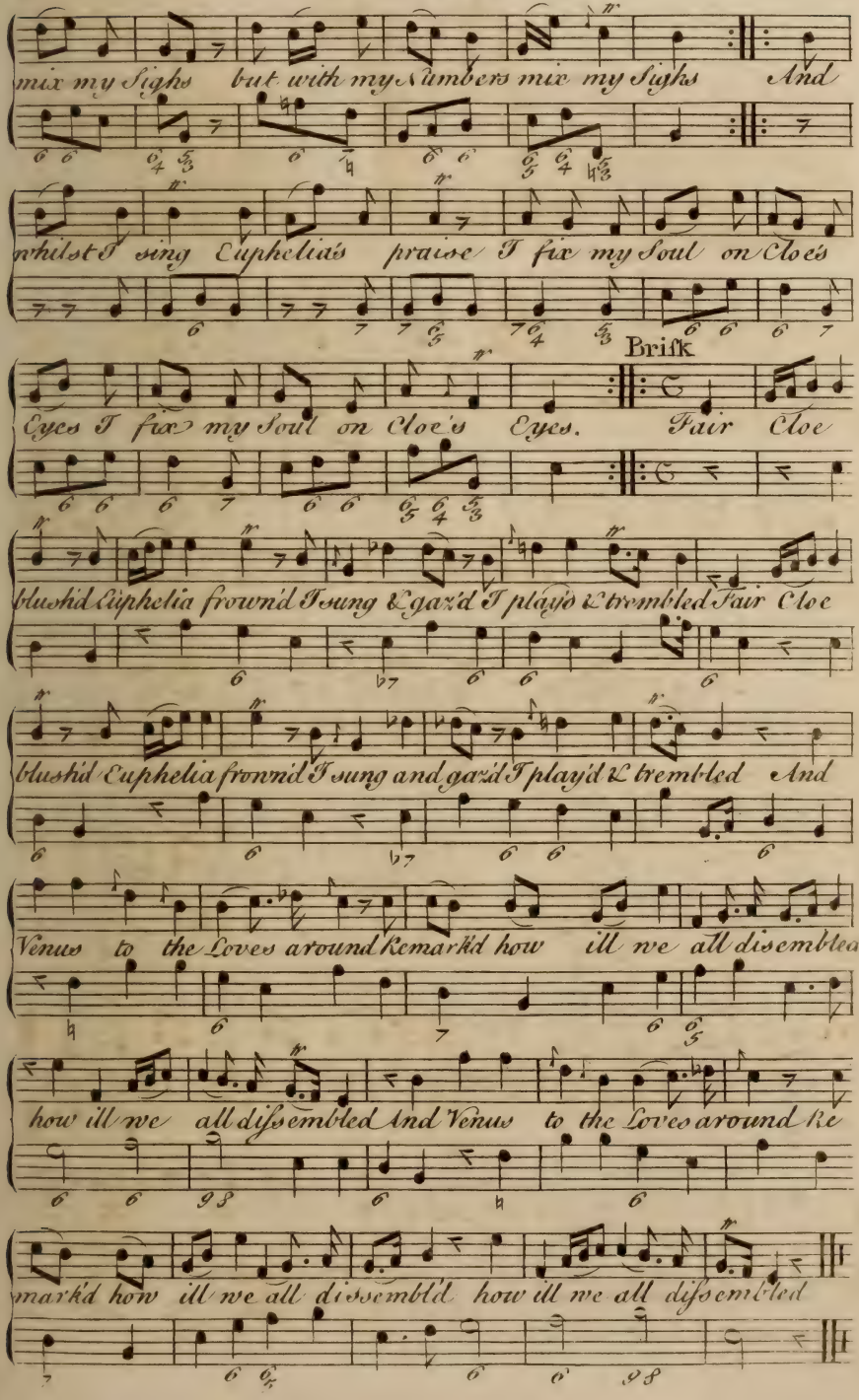
on Euphelia's Toy let lay when Cloe noted her desire that

I should sing that I should play that I should sing that I should play

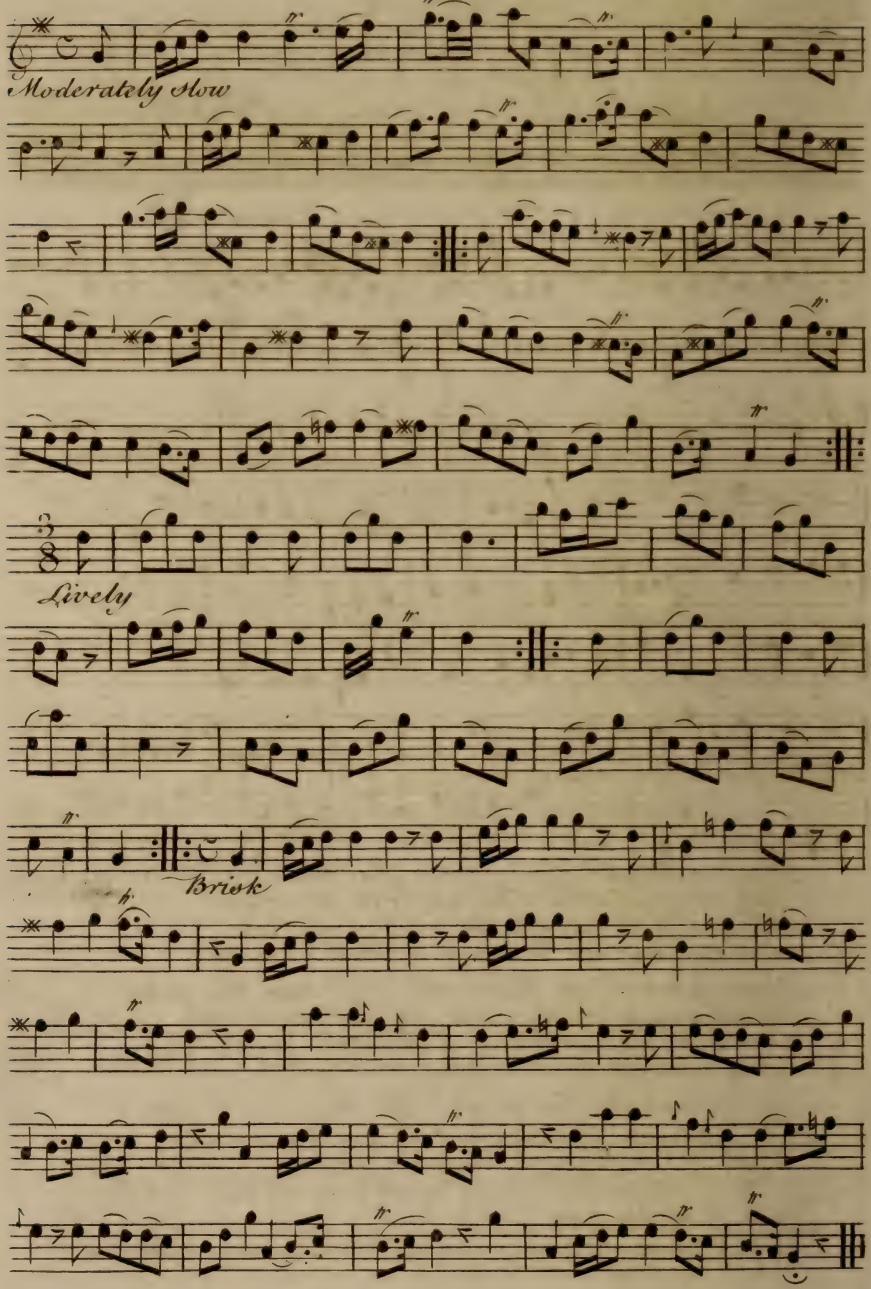
My Lyre I tune my Voice I raise But with my Numbers

Sprightly

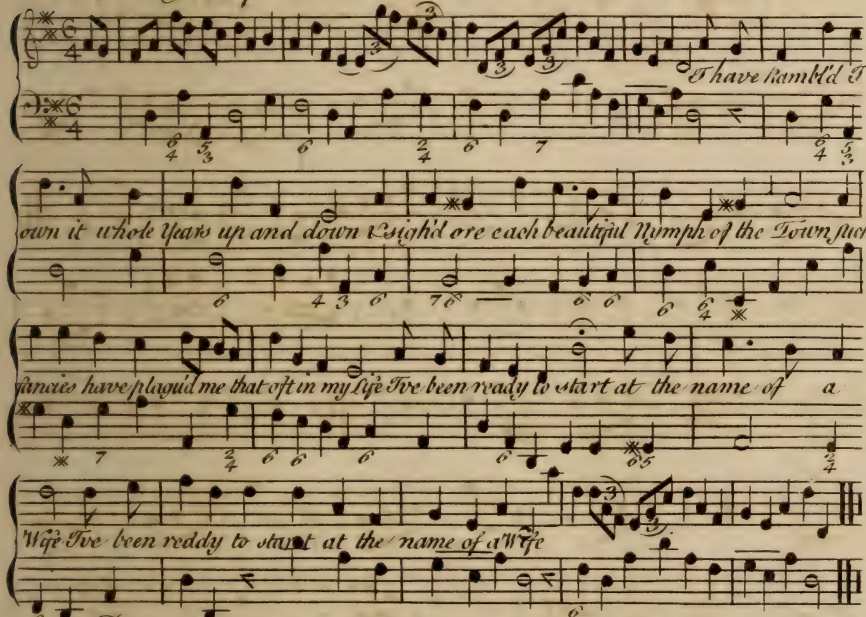
Set to Musick by Dr. Green


mix my Sighs but with my Numbers mix my Sighs And
whilst I sing Cuphelia's praise I fix my Soul on Cloe's
Brisk
Eyes I fix my Soul on Cloe's Eyes. Fair Cloe
blush'd Cuphelia frown'd I sung & gaz'd I play'd & trembled Fair Cloe
blush'd Cuphelia frown'd I sung and gaz'd I play'd & trembled And
Venus to the Loves around Remark'd how ill we all dissembled
how ill we all dissembled And Venus to the Loves around Re
mark'd how ill we all dissembl'd how ill we all dissembled

For the German Flute



Sung by Mr Lowe at Vaux Hall


I have Ramb'd T
own it whole Years up and down I sigh'd ore each beautiful Nymph of the Town such
fancies have plagu'd me that oft in my Life I've been ready to start at the name of a
Wife I've been ready to start at the name of a Wife

But asham'd of my fears that have oft broke my Rest
And wearied with Roving both cloy'd and unblest
I'll try to be happy the rest of my Life
And venture tho' late yet at last on a Wife

Then farewell the Tilt & the Fool and the bold
I quit you with pleasure before I grow Old
One Girl of my Heart I will take to for Life
And enough of all conscience I hold is one Wife

I'll search the Town over this Fair one to find
Not fickle nor Jealous nor false nor unkind
Whose wit and good humour may hold out for Life
And then if she'll have me I'll make her my Wife

Tis time that the follies of Life had an end
And soon may this Instant I'm ready to mend
What wonder there'll be at so alter'd a Life
If your wife you like me will resolve on a Wife

A favourite Song in the Way to keep Him

Attend all ye Fair and I'll tell ye the Art To bind every Fancy with Chains in your Chains To hold in soft Fetters the conjugal Heart And banish from Hymen his Doubts and his Pains

Set to Musick by Mr Smith

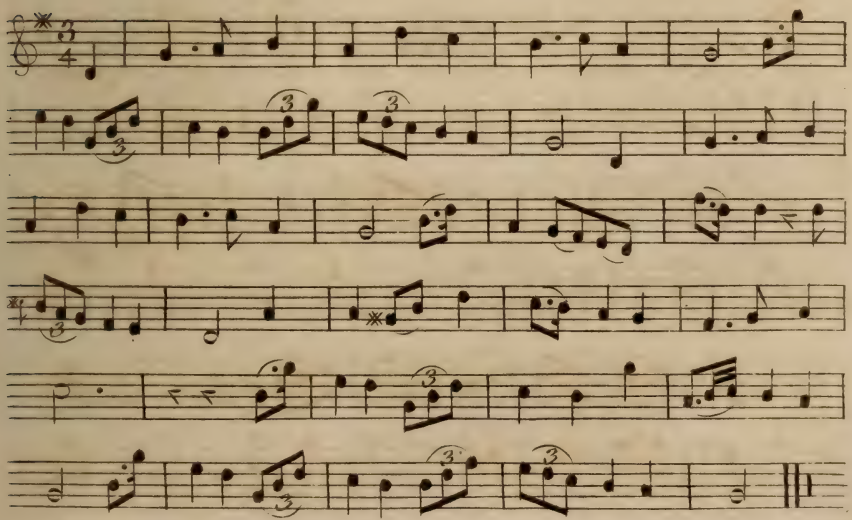
When Juno accepted the Cestus of Love,
She at first was but handsome; Charming became:
It taught her with skill the soft Passions to move,
To kindle at once, and to keep up the flame;

Tis this Magic secret gives the Eyes all their Fire,
Lends the Voice melting Accents, impassions the Kiss:
Gives the Mouth the sweet smiles, that awaken Desire,
And plants round the Fair each Incentive to Bliss:

Thence flows the gay Chat more than Reason that charms,
The eloquent Blush that can Beauty improve:
The fond Sigh, the fond Vow, the soft Touch that alarms,
The tender Disdain the Renewal of Love:

Ye Fair take the Cestus and practice its Art,
The Mind unaccomplish'd, mere Features are vain:
Exert your sweet Power, you conquer each Heart,
And the Loves, Joys and Graces, walk in your Train.

German Flute



A favourite Song

Lively

Vain is ev'ry fond endeavour To resist the

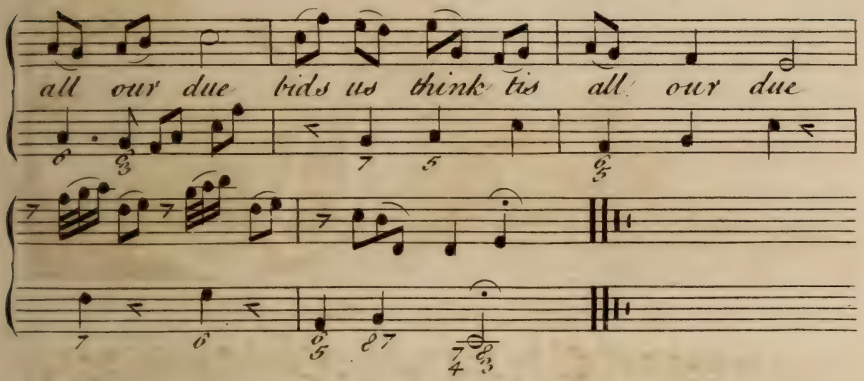
tender Dart for examples move us never We must

feel to know the Smart When the Shepherd

swears hes dying And our beauties sets to view

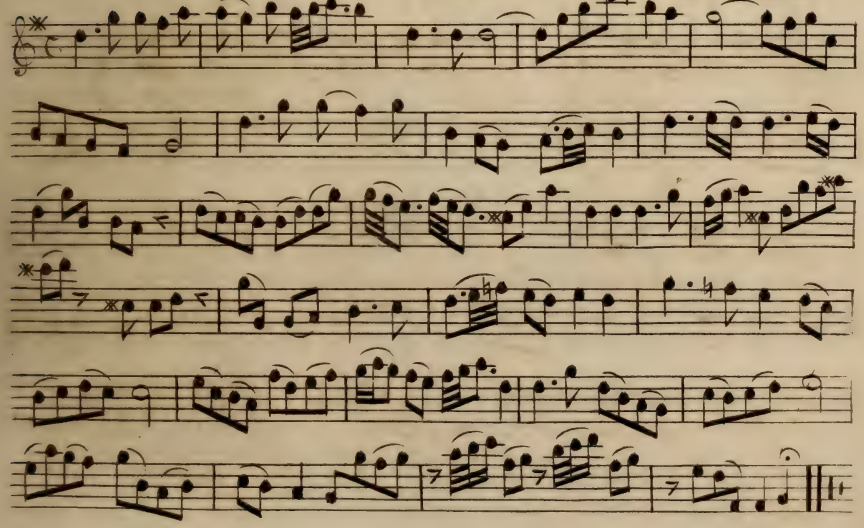
Vanq.... of her aid supplying bids us think it

Set to Musick by Dr. Boyce



Softer than the vernal Breezes,
To the mild Deceitfull strain:
Frowning truth our Sex displeases,
Flatry never sues in Vain;
Soon, too soon, the happy Lover,
Does our tenderest hopes Deceive:
Man was form'd to be a Rover,
Foolish Woman to believe.

For the German Flute



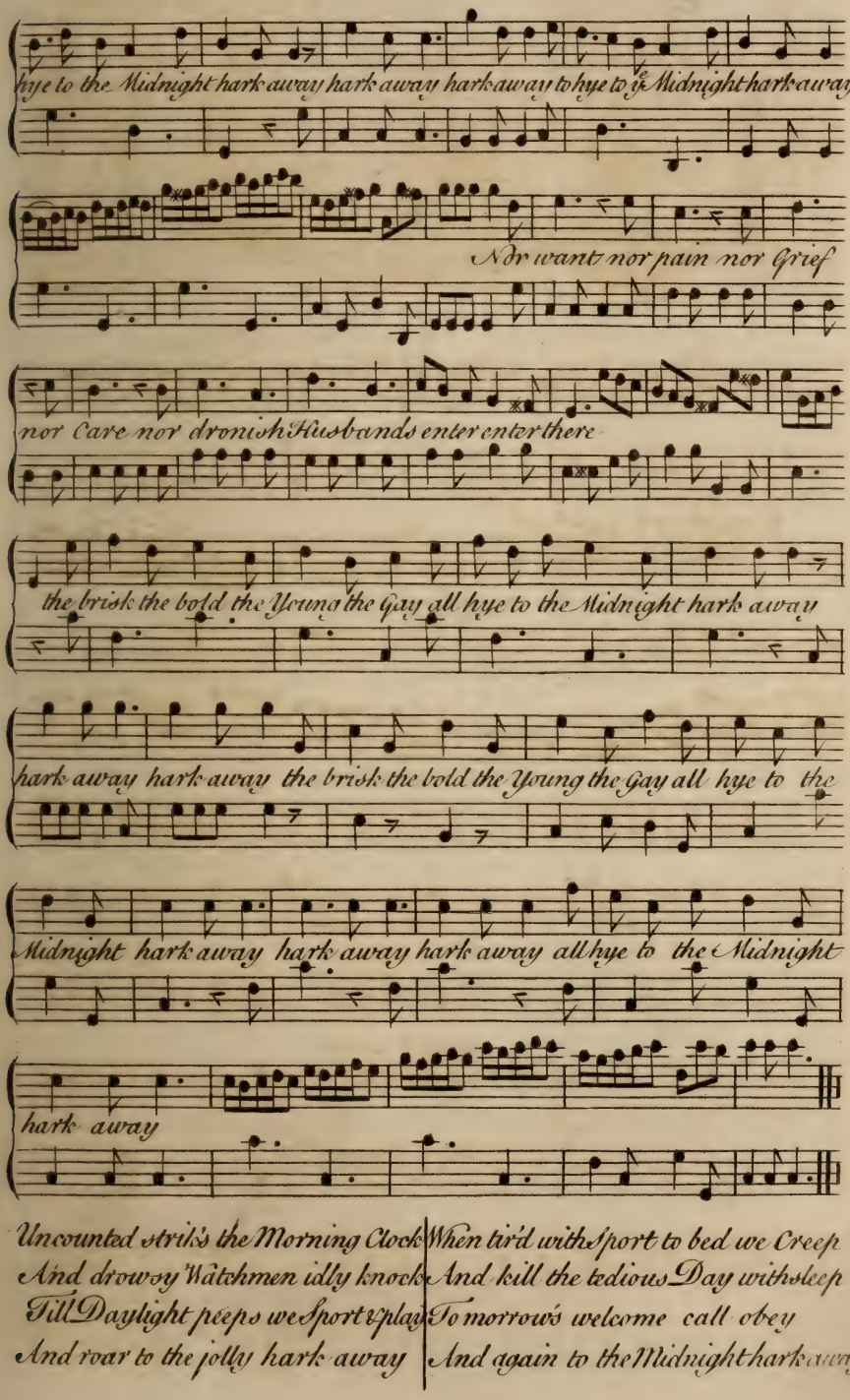
A Favourite Song in Lethe

The Card invites In Crowds we fly To join the jovial rouſful

Cry tho join the jovial rouſful Cry What joy from Cares and

plagues all Day to hye to the Midnight Hark away hark away hark away to

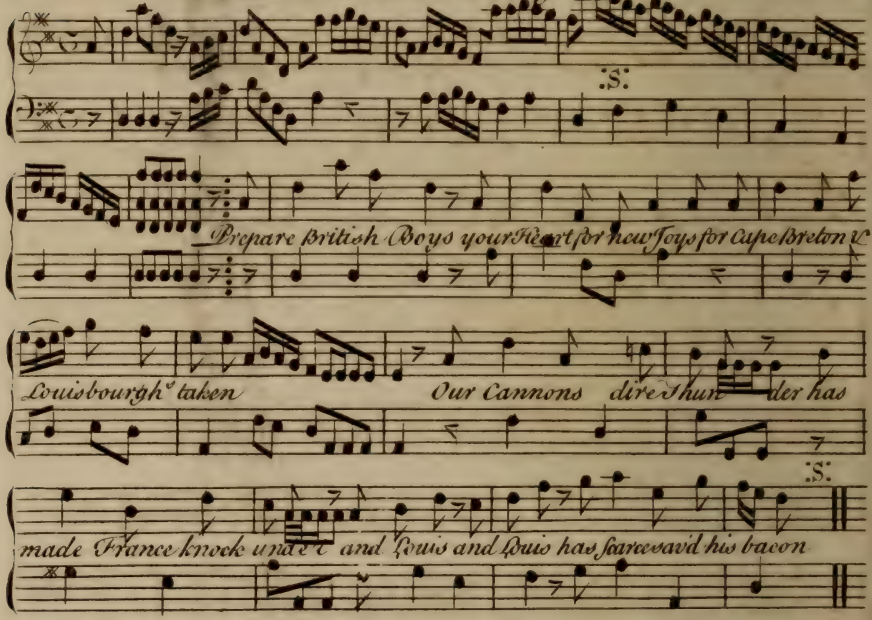
Set to Musick by Dr Arne


hye to the Midnight hark away hark away hark away to hye to ye Midnight hark away
Ndr want nor pain nor Grief
nor Care nor dronish Husbands enter enter there
the brisk the bold the Young the Gay all hye to the Midnight hark away
hark away hark away the brisk the bold the Young the Gay all hye to the
Midnight hark away hark away hark away all hye to the Midnight
hark away

Uncounted strik's the Morning Clock
And drowsy Watchmen idly knock
Till Daylight peeps we Sport & play
And roar to the jolly hark away

When tir'd with Sport to bed we Creep
And kill the tedious Day with sleep
To morrow's welcome call obey
And again to the Midnight hark away

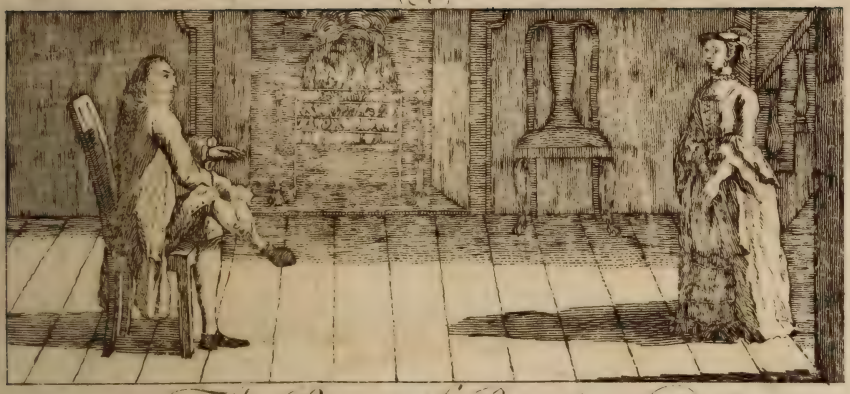
A New Song


Prepare British Boys your Heart for new Joys for Cape Breton &c
Louisbourgh taken
Our Cannons dire Thun der has
made France knock under and Louis and Louis has scarce sav'd his bacon

Nor to Gallia alone
Is our Valour made known
Evrye Nation before us shall fall
Both the Indies can tell
What they know but too well
And Africk and Africk gives up Senegal.

Let the Bullies of France
Now be slow to advance
Since our old British courage revives
When ere wee attack them
Weel hack them well thwack them
They never were never so thwack'd in their Lives.

Then my Jolly Boys sing
To George our great King
To his Council his Army and Navy
Who have humbled the Monsieurs
And prov'd them vain bouncers
And made and made grand Monarch very peccavi



The Power of Beauty

Moderato alla Brisk

As Cloe came in to the Room t'other

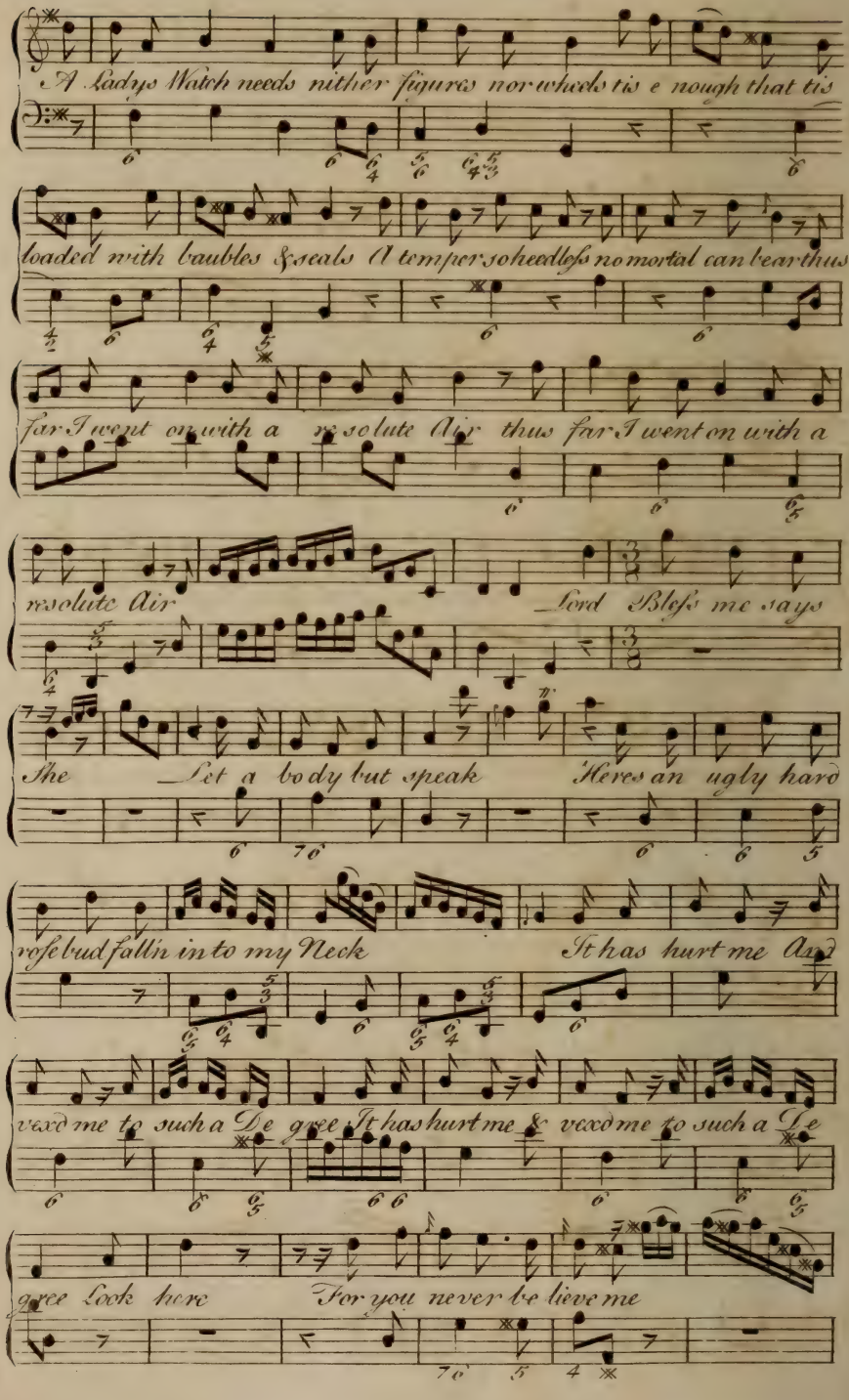
Day I perwish'd to know Where so long you could stay In your

Life time you never regarded your Hour you never you never regarded your

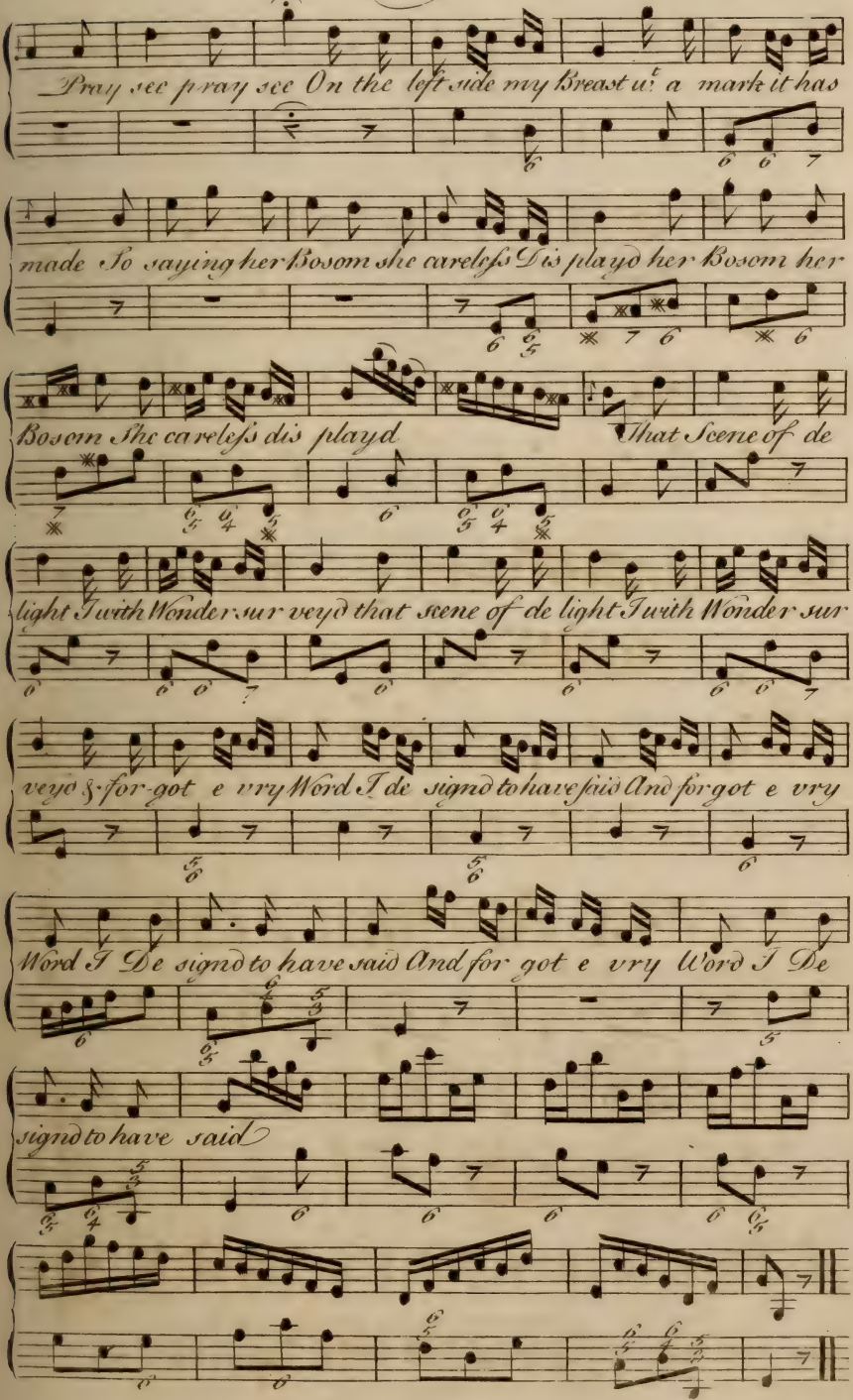
Hour you promis'd at two And look Child 'tis four you promis'd at two 'tis

look Child 'tis four

A Favourite Air.


A Ladys Watch needs nither figures nor wheels tis e nough that tis
loaded with baubles & seals A temper so heedless no mortal can bear thus
far I went on with a resolute Air thus far I went on with a
resolute Air Lord Bless me says
She Let a body but speak Heres an ugly hard
rose bud fallin in to my Neck It has hurt me And
vexd me to such a De gree It has hurt me & vexd me to such a De
gree Look here For you never be lieve me

Set to Musick by D.r Arne.

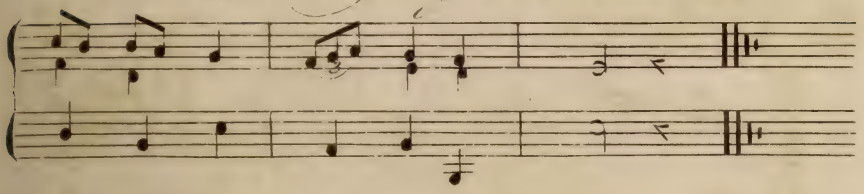

Pray see pray see On the left side my Breast w.t a mark it has
made So saying her Bosom she careless Dis playd her Bosom her
Bosom She careless dis playd That Scene of de
light I with Wonder sur veyd that scene of de light I with Wonder sur
veyd & for got e vry Word I de signd to have said And for got e vry
Word I De signd to have said And for got e vry Word I De
signd to have said

A Favourite Air.

Tenderly

How Welcome my Shepherd how Welcome to me is ev ry ev casion of meeting with thee But when thou art Absent how joyless am I me thinks I con tented could sit down and Die.

Set to Musick by Sig.r Bernardino.



2

The oftner I see you the more I approve,
The Choice I have made & am fixd in my Love
For Merit like yours still brighter is shown
And more must be Vallud the more it is known.

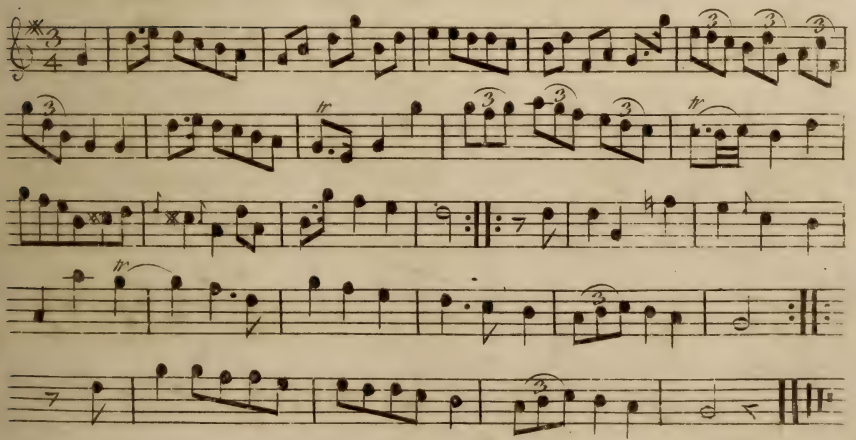
3

To live in a Cottage with thee I would chuse
And Crowns for thy sake I should gladly refuse
Not all the vast Treasure of wealthy Peru
To me would seem precious if ballanced with you.

4

For all my Ambition to the is confind
And nothing could please me if thou wert unkind
Then faithfully Love me & happier Ill be
Than placd on a Throne if to reign without thee.

For the German Flute



A Favourite Song.

Gently

Too late for Re dress and too

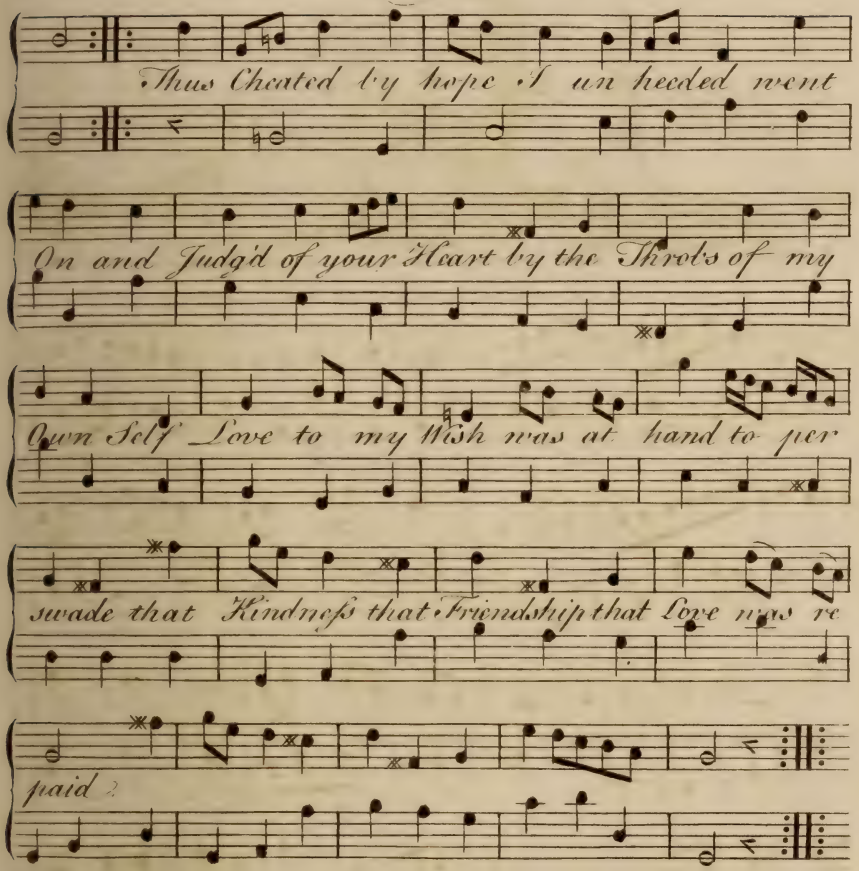
soon for my Ease I saw you and Lov'd you and

wish'd I could please Re flection stood still whilst I

fancied your Eyes read the Language of mine and re

ply'd to my Sighs

Set to Musick by D.r Arne.


Thus Cheated by hope I un heeded went
On and Judg'd of your Heart by the Throbs of my
Own Self Love to my Wish was at hand to per
swade that Kindness that Friendship that Love was re
paid

2

But alas all is chang'd, & with Anguish I find,
Words & looks were but Civil, which once I thought kind,
Idea no longer its Succours will Lend
To form the fond Lover, or fix the firm Friend.
But hush my poor Heart, & no longer complain
Thy Honour; thy Virtue, pronounce it in Vain,
Thy thoughts swell to Crimes, drive this Love from thy Breast,
Perform well thy duty, let Fate do the rest

A Favourite Air, Set by D.r Boyce.

Tenderly

On thy banks gentle Stour when I breath'd y.e soft Flute To Chloes sweet

accents at tention sat mute To her voice th.e what transports I swell'd y.e slow

rain Or re turn'd dying measures in Echoes a gain! Little Cupid best

time & the Graces a round taught th.e even di-visions to vary the

sound taught th.e even di visions to vary the Sound

From my Chloe remov'd when I bid it complain
And warble smooth numbers to sooth love sick pain
How much alter'd it seems as the rising notes flew
And the soft falling Strains how insipidly slow!
I will play then no more – for tis her Voice alone
Must enrapture my Soul to enliven its tone.

A New Song Set by Mr Gates Junr

Tenderly

Thou gentle source of Bliss and Woe Fair

Venus queen of Love From whom both pain and pleasure flow Both

Youth and Age to move From whom both pain and pleasure flow Both

Youth and Age to move Both Youth and Age to move

I feel I feel the potent fire
'Tis you possess my Heart
And kindle up unnam'd desire
But to augment my smart

O let the wonted powerful charm
The Heart of Bettsey move
To wax with soft compassion warm
And ease my painfull Love

A new Favourite Song.

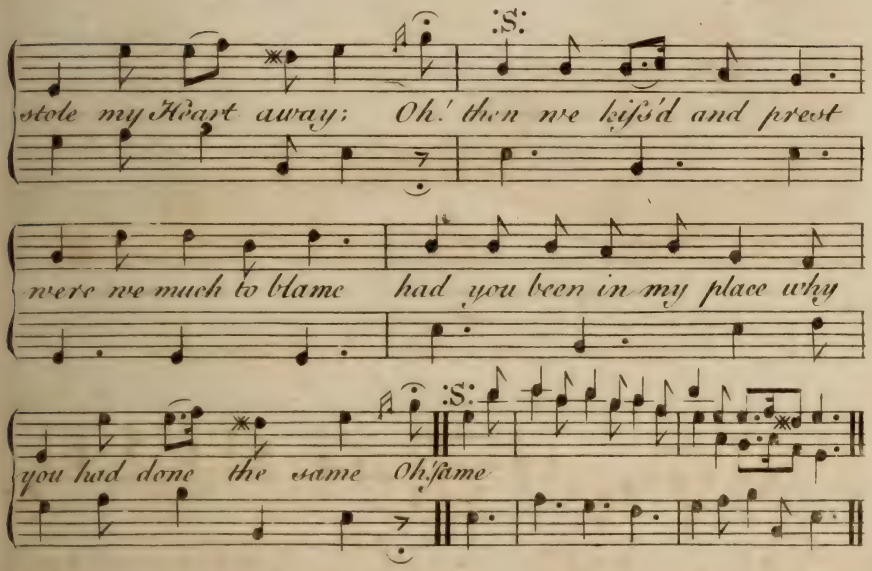
lively

I made love to Kate, long I sigh'd for she,

till I heard of late she'd a mind to me. me. I

met her on the Green, in her best Array so pretty she did seem she

Sung by Mr Beard



As I fonder grew she began to prate;
Quoth she I'll marry you and you shall marry Kate.
But then I laugh'd and swore,
I lov'd her more than so,
Ty'd each to a Rope's end,
Is tugging to and fro.
Again we kiss'd and prest were we much to blame.
Had you been in my place why you had done ỹ same.

Then she sigh'd and said she was wondrous sick,
Dicky Katy led Katy she led Dick,
Long we toy'd and play'd,
Under yonder Oak,
Katy lost the Game,
Tho she play'd in Joke.
For there we did dalfs what I dare not name,
Had you been in my place why you had done the same.

A Favourite Song

Moderately Slow.

The heavy Hours are almost past'd that

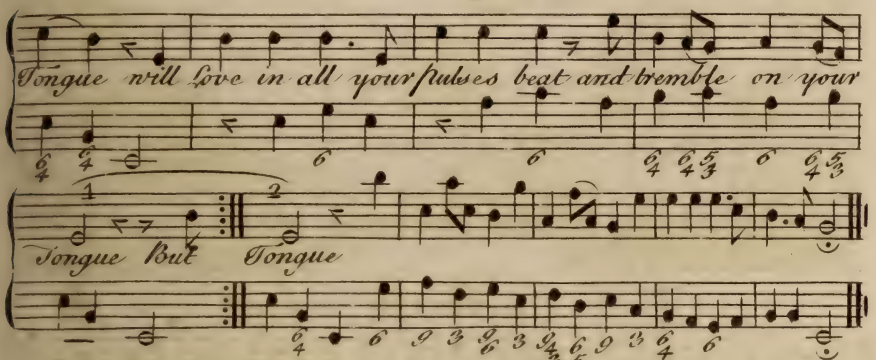
part my Love and me my longing Eyes may hope at

last their only Wish to see The sweet But how my Delia

will you meet the Man you've lost so long will

Love in all your Pulses beat and tremble on your

Set to Musick by Mr Jackson of Exeter



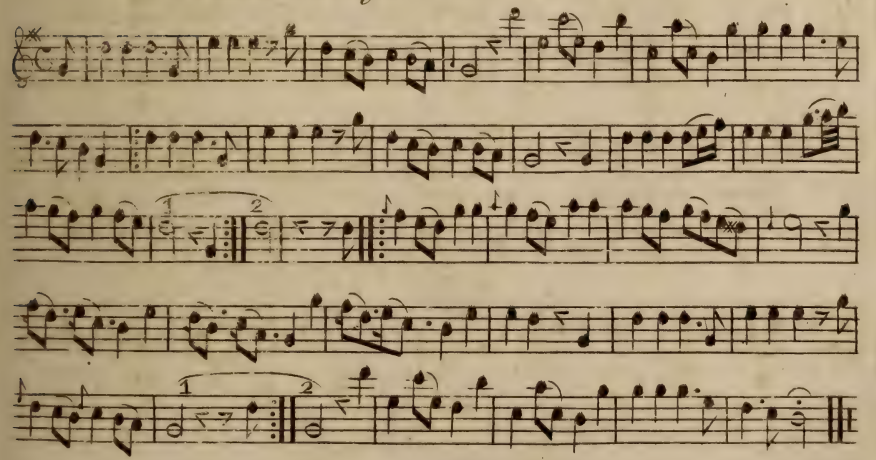
Will you in ev'ry Look declare
Your Heart is still the same
And hear each Pity anxious Care
Our Fears in absence frame

Thus Delia thus I paint the Scene
When we shall shortly meet
And try what yet remains between
Of loiring Time to cheat

But if the Dream that soothes my mind
Shall false and groundless prove

If I am doomd at length to find
You shall forget to love

All I of Venus ask is this
No more to let us join
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss
To die and think you mine



A Favourite Song.

Soft

Moderately brisk.

What Medicine can soften the Bosoms keen smart, what Lethe can banish the

Loud Soft

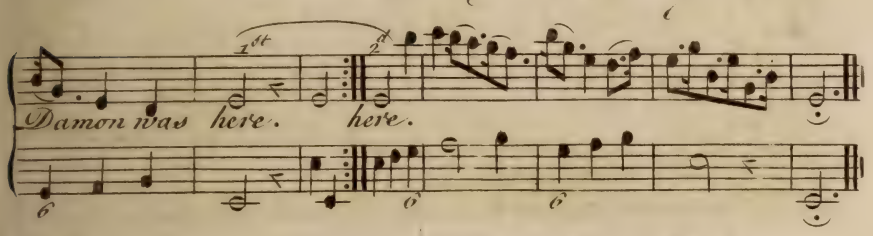
Pain! What cure can be met with to sooth the fond Heart, thats broke

broke by a faithless young Swain! When to the pale Moony soft

Nightingales moan, In accents so piercing and clear: You

Sing not so sweetly, O cry with a Groan, as when, when my dear

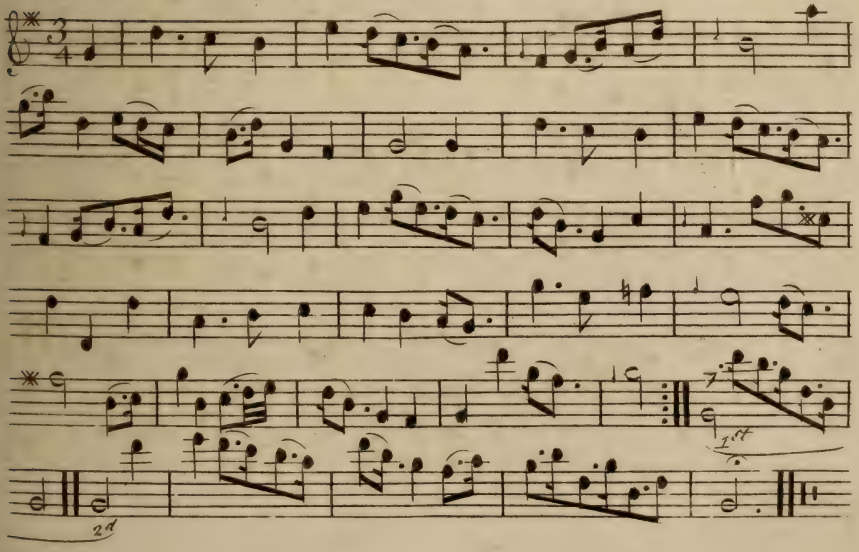
Set to Musick by Dr Boyce



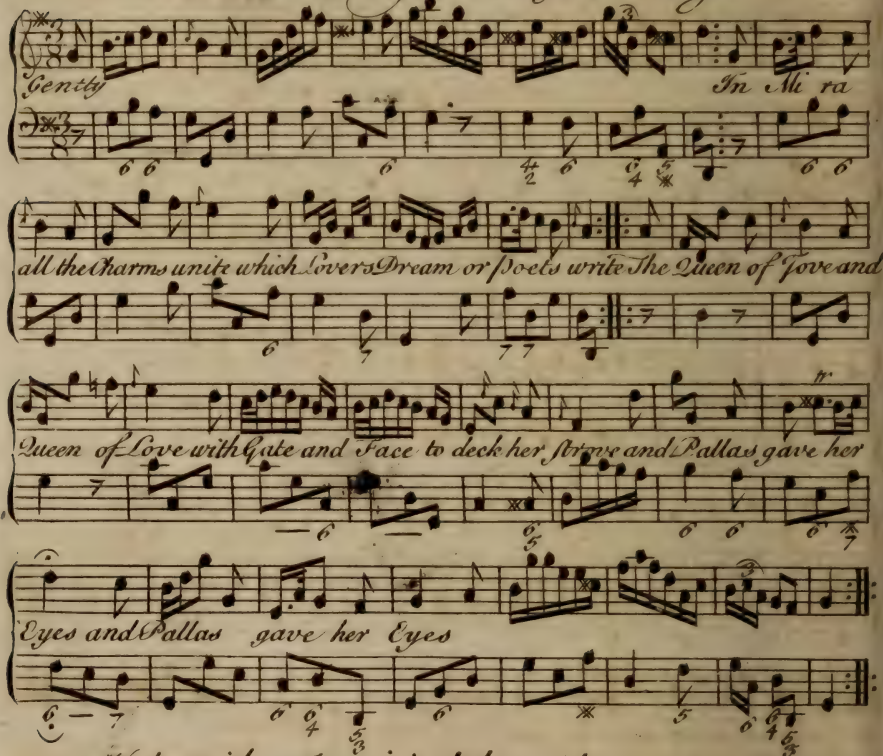
In hopes to forget him how vainly I try.
The Sports of the wake and the Green.
When Colin is dancing I say with a Sigh.
Twas here first my Damon was seen.

A Garland of Willow my Temples shall shade.
And pluck it ye Nymphs from yon Grove;
For there to her Cost was poor Laura betray'd.
And Damon Damon pretended to Love.

For the German Flute



A New Song Set by Mr Moze


Gently
In Mi ra
all the Charms unite which Lovers Dream or Poets write The Queen of Love and
Queen of Love with Gate and Face to deck her Straw and Pallas gave her
Eyes and Pallas gave her Eyes

Hebe with Flora join'd her aid
With Youth and Bloom to grace the Maid
And ev'ry Pow'r some Gift bestow'd
When harrying Jove assenting bow'd
And pity quite left out

The Silent Lover Set by Dr Boyce

Moderately

I lookd and I sighd and I wishd I coud speak and very fain would have ben
at her but when I strove most my great Passion to break still then I said
least of the Matter I swore to myself & resolvd I would
try Some way my poor Heart to recover But that was all vain for I sooner could dye than
live with forbearing to love her Than live with forbearing to love her

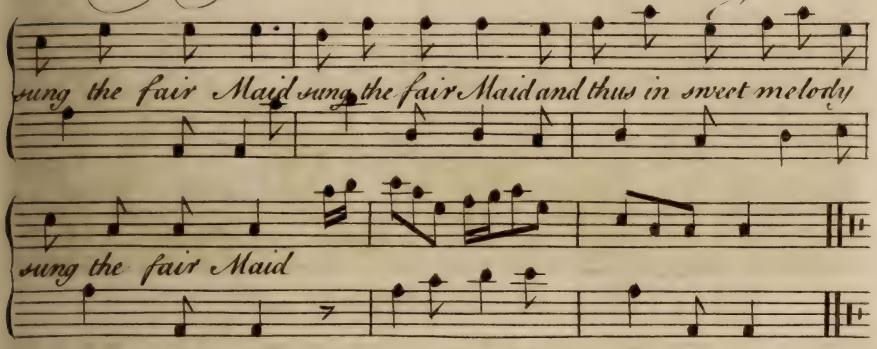
Dear Celia be kind then and since your own Eyes
By looks can command Adoreation
Give mine leave to talk too and do not despise
Those ogelings that tell you my Passion
Well look and well love and tho neither should speak
The pleasure well still be pursuing
And so without Words I dont doubt we may make
A very good end of this wooing

A Favourite Song

Moderately

As Colin rang'd early one
morning in Spring to hear the Woods Choristers warble and Sing
warble and sing warble and sing to hear the Woods Choristers
warble and sing Young Phebe he saw sup
incly was laid and thus in sweet melody sung the fair Maid

Sung by Mr Beard at Ranelagh



Of all my experience how vast the amount
Since fifteen long Winters I fairly can count
Was ever poor Damsel so sadly betrayd
To live to those Years & yet be a Maid

Ye Heroes tryumphant by Land and by Sea
Sworn Votaries to Love yet unmindfull of me
Of Prowess approvd of no Danger affraid
Will you stand by like Dastards and see me a Maid

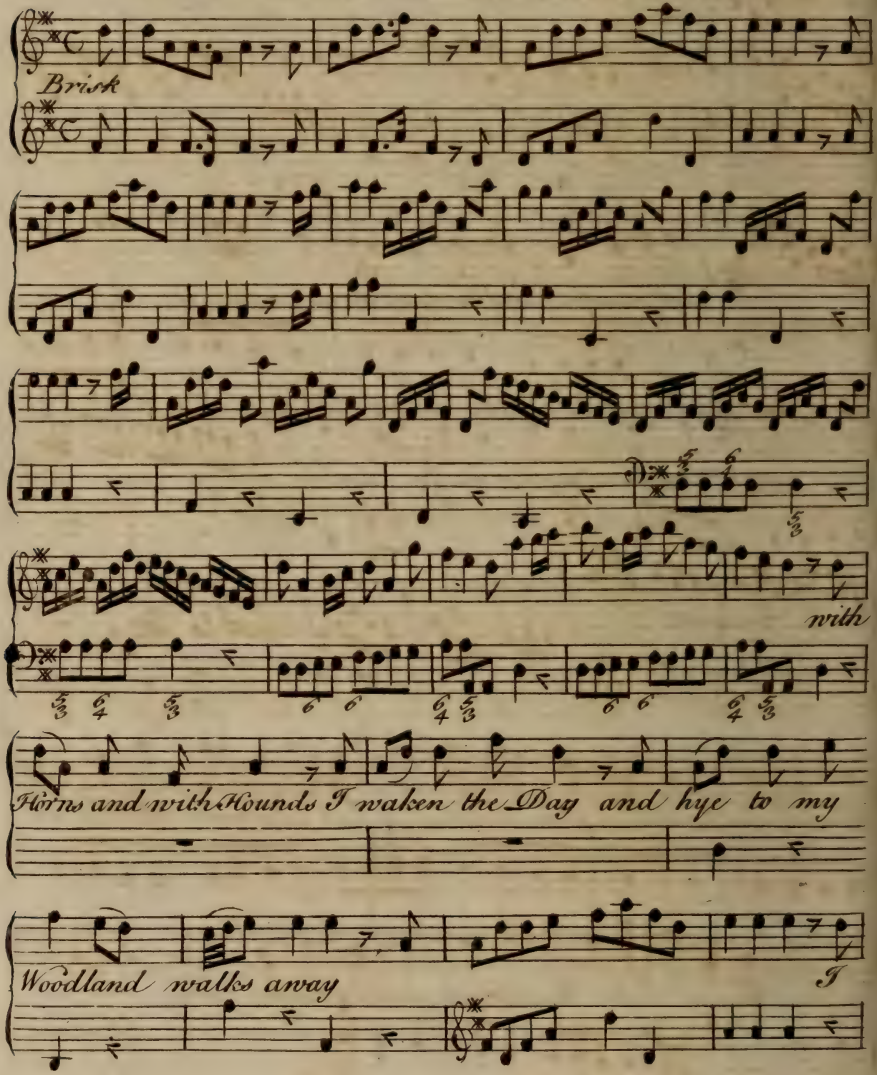
Ye Councellors sage who with eloquent Tongue
Can do what you please both with right and with wrong
Can it by Law or by equity be said
That a charming young Damsel should dye an old Maid

Ye learned Physicians whose excellent Skill
Can save or demolish can heal or can kill
To a poor forlorn Damsel contribute your aid
Whose sick very sick of remaining a Maid

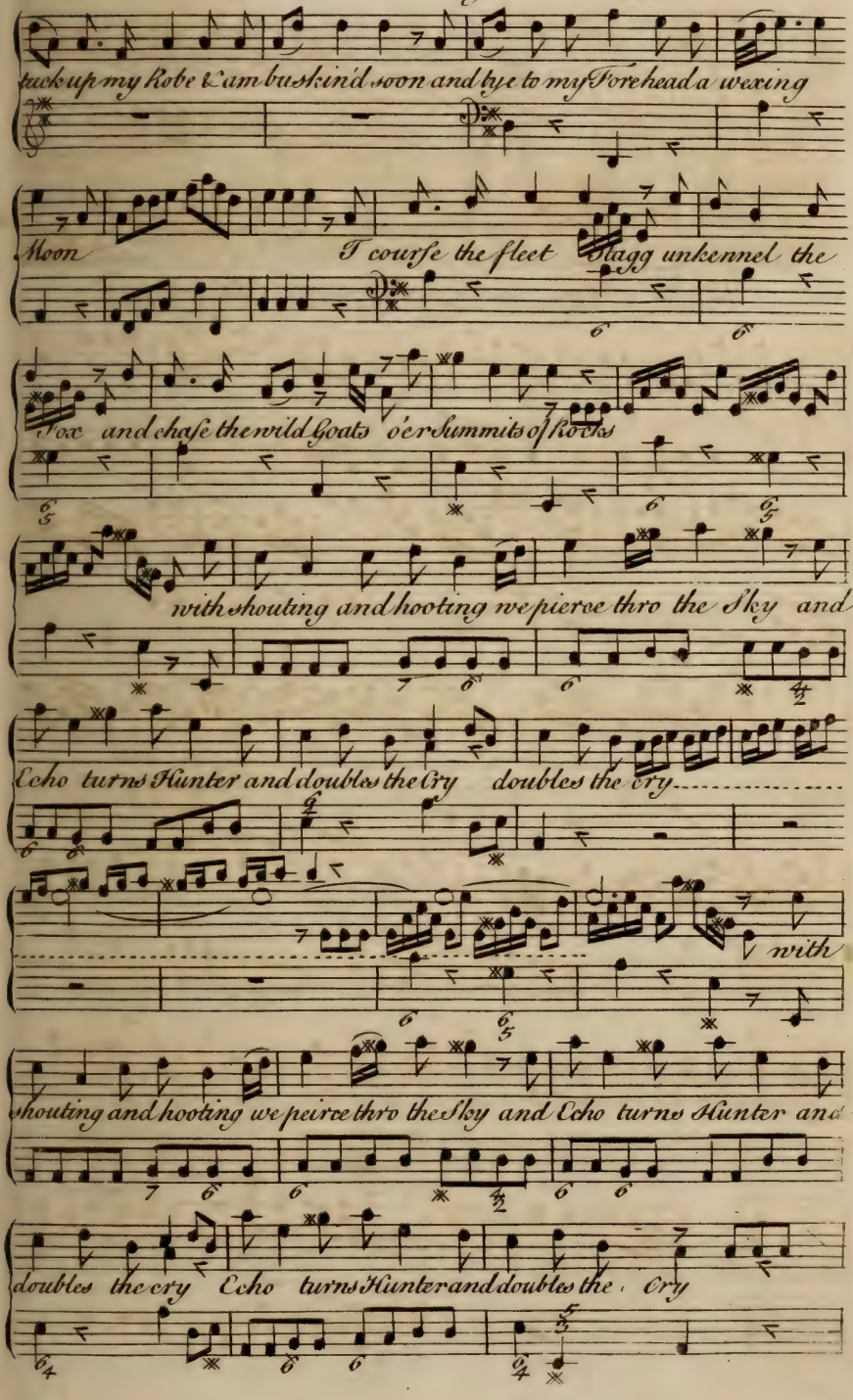
Ye Fops I invoke not to list to my Song
Who answer no end and to no Sex belong
Ye eccho of eccho's and Shadows of shade
For if I had you I might still be a Maid

Poor Colin was melted to hear her complain
Then wisperd content like a kind hearted Swain
And Phebe well pleasd is no longer affraid
Of being neglected and dying a Maid

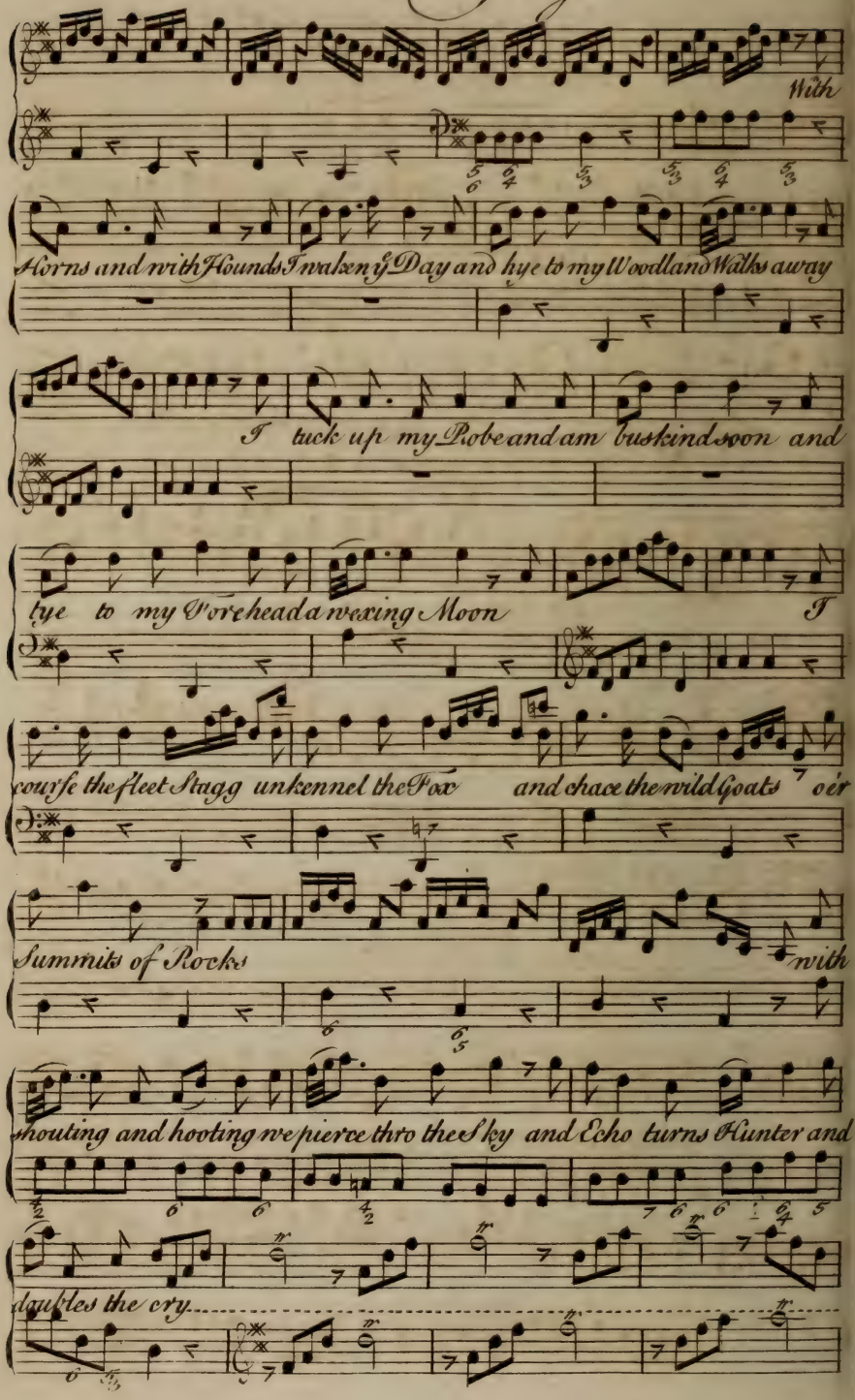
With Horns and with Hounds



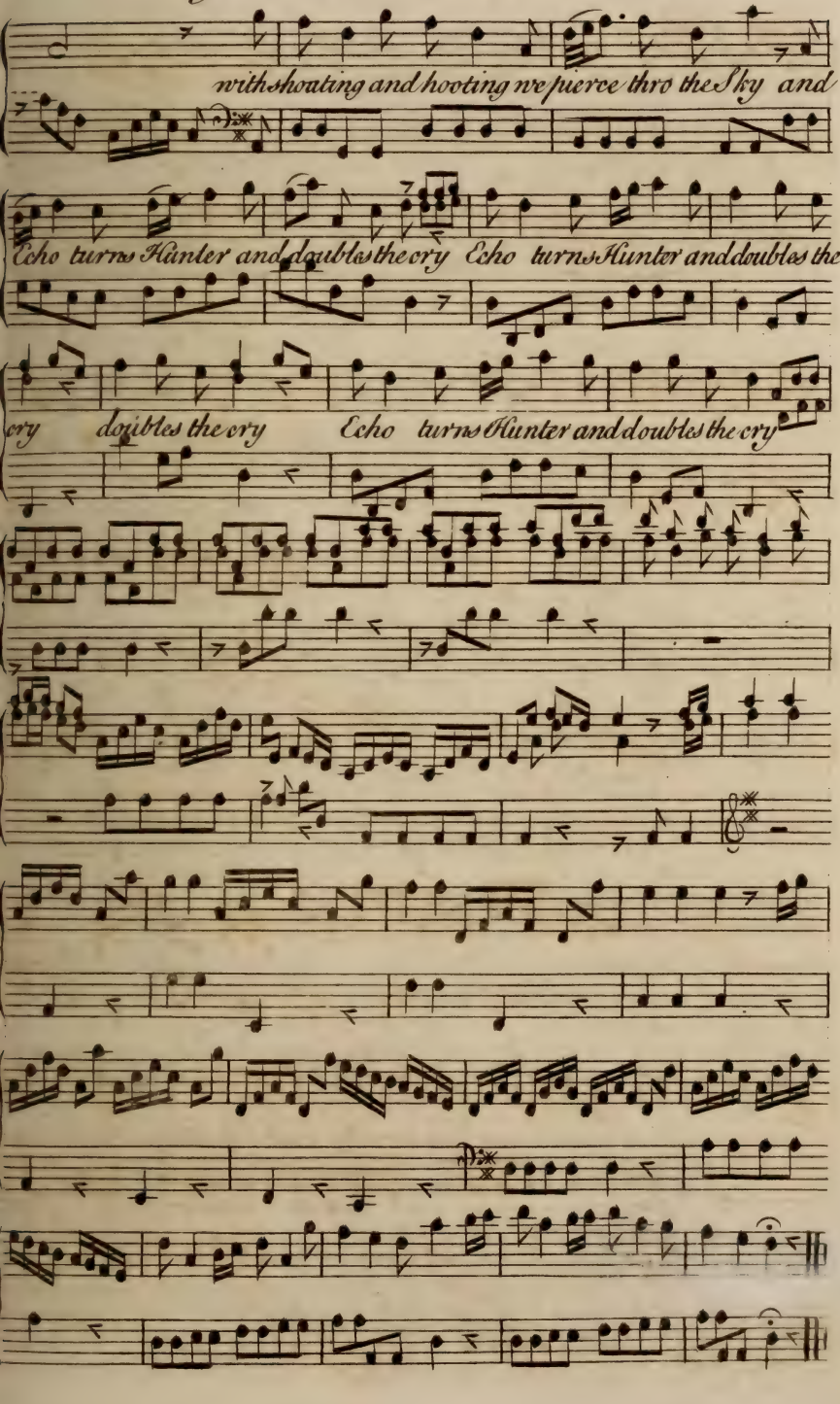
Set to Musick by Dr. Boyce


tuck up my Robe & am buskin'd soon and tye to my Forehead a waxing
Moon I course the fleet Stagg unkennel the
Fox and chase the wild Goats o'er Summits of Rocks
with shouting and hooting we pierce thro the Sky and
Echo turns Hunter and doubles the Cry doubles the cry
with
shouting and hooting we peirce thro the Sky and Echo turns Hunter and
doubles the cry Echo turns Hunter and doubles the Cry

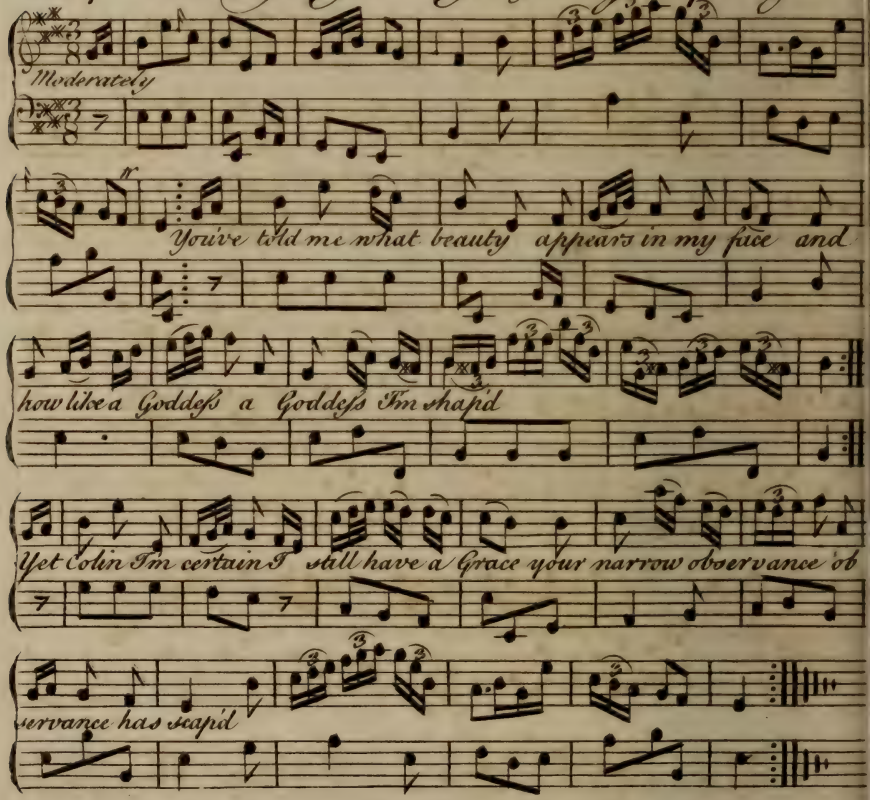
A Favourite Song


With
Horns and with Hounds I waken ye Day and hye to my Woodland Walks away
I tuck up my Robe and am buskind soon and
tye to my Forehead a waxing Moon I
course the fleet Stagg unkennel the Fox and chace the wild Goats o'er
Summits of Rocks with
shouting and hooting we pierce thro the Sky and Echo turns Hunter and
doubles the cry

in Dryden's Secular Masque


with shouting and hooting we pierce thro the Sky and
Echo turns Hunter and doubles the cry Echo turns Hunter and doubles the
cry doubles the cry Echo turns Hunter and doubles the cry

A favourite Song Sung by Miss Young


Moderately
You've told me what beauty appears in my face and
how like a Goddess a Goddess I'm shapid
Yet Colin I'm certain I still have a Grace your narrow observance ob
servance has scapid

'Tis Virtue that shines in the Virgins bright Eyes
And adds to her Mien every charm
'Tis that which attracts the regard of the wise
But never a fool can alarm

Here Virtue and Reason I hope are ally'd
With Passion united to both
And when you can conquer my Guard & my Pride
I'm yours for ever sweet Youth

Oh had I Jubal's Lyre

Brisk

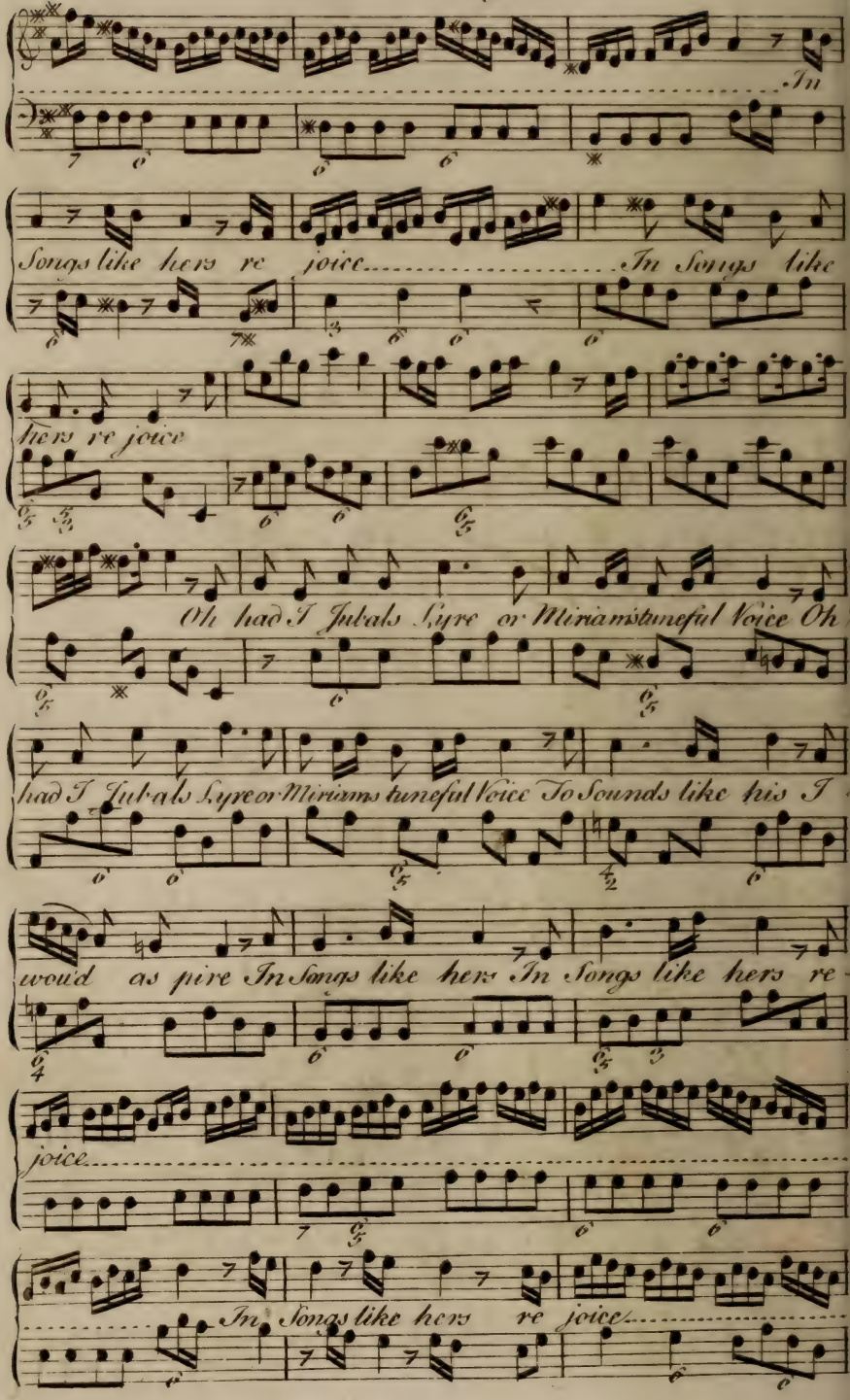
Oh had I Jubal's Lyre or Miriams tuneful Voice Oh

had I Jubal's Lyre or Miriams tuneful Voice To sound like his I

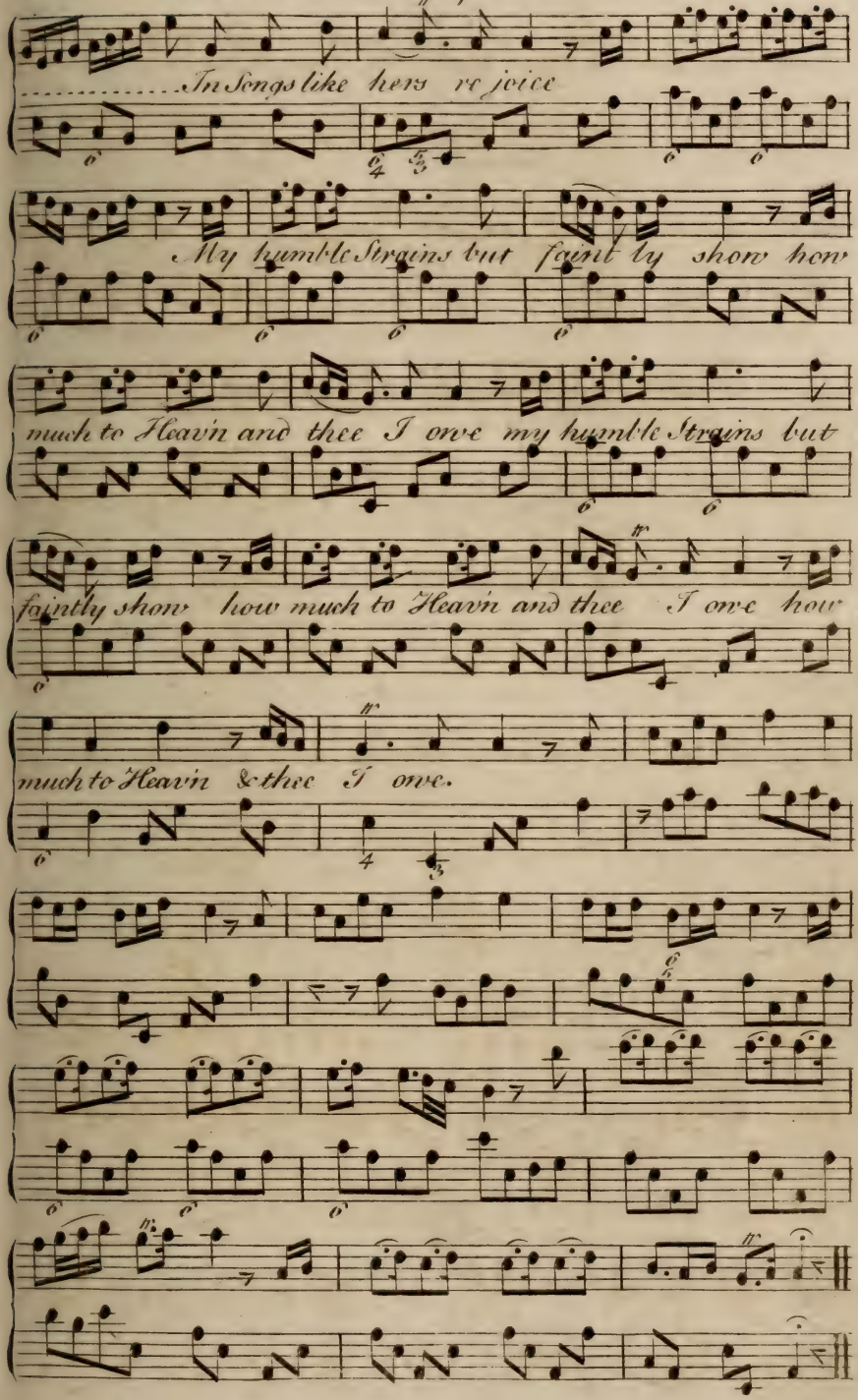
would as pire To sounds like his I would as pire In

Songs like hers In Songs like hers re joice.

A Favourite Air in Joshua.


In
Songs like hers re joice In Songs like
hers re joice
Oh had I Jubals Lyre or Miriams tuneful Voice Oh
had I Jubals Lyre or Miriams tuneful Voice To Sounds like this I
would as pire In Songs like hers In Songs like hers re
joice
In Songs like hers re joice

Set to · Musick by · M.r Handell.


In Songs like hers re joice
My humble Strains but faint by show how
much to Heavn and thee I owe my humble Strains but
faintly show how much to Heavn and thee I owe how
much to Heavn & thee I owe.

A favorite Song in the Shepherds Lottery.

Brisk

:S:

The Drum is unbraced & the Trumpet no more shall rouse ye fierce Soldier to

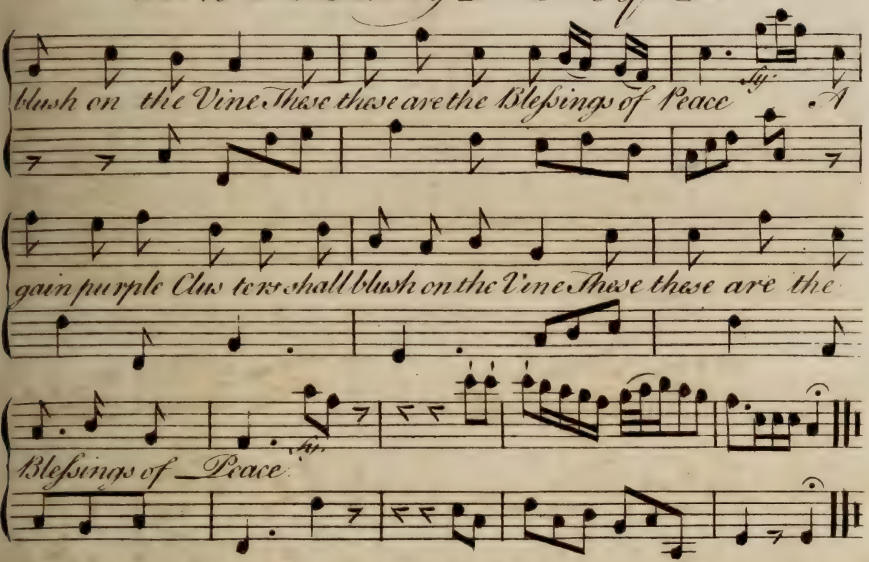
fight fy. Our Meads shall no longer be floated with Gore Nor

Terror disturb the Calm Night fy. Nor Terror disturb the Calm

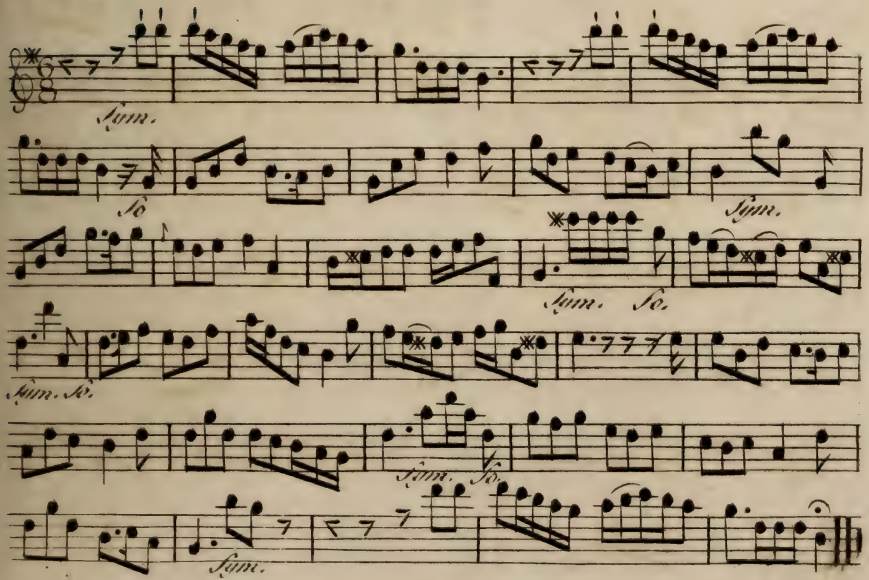
Night Once more o'er the Fields gold en Harvest shall shine The

Olive her Flow'rets in creas A gain purple Cluster shall

Set to Musick by Dr. Boyce.


blush on the Vine. These these are the Blessings of Peace. A
gain purple Clusters shall blush on the Vine. These these are the
Blessings of Peace.

The Shepherd securely now roams thro' the Glade
Or merrily Pipe in the Vale
The Youth in soft Numbers attempts his coy Maid
The Virgins Dance blith in the Dale
The Flowrs with gay Colours embroider the Ground
Unpress'd by an Enemy Feet
The Bleatings of Sheep from ye Hillocks resound
And the Birds their trim Sonnets repeat.



Beneath the Vine or Figtrees.

Not too loud.

:S:

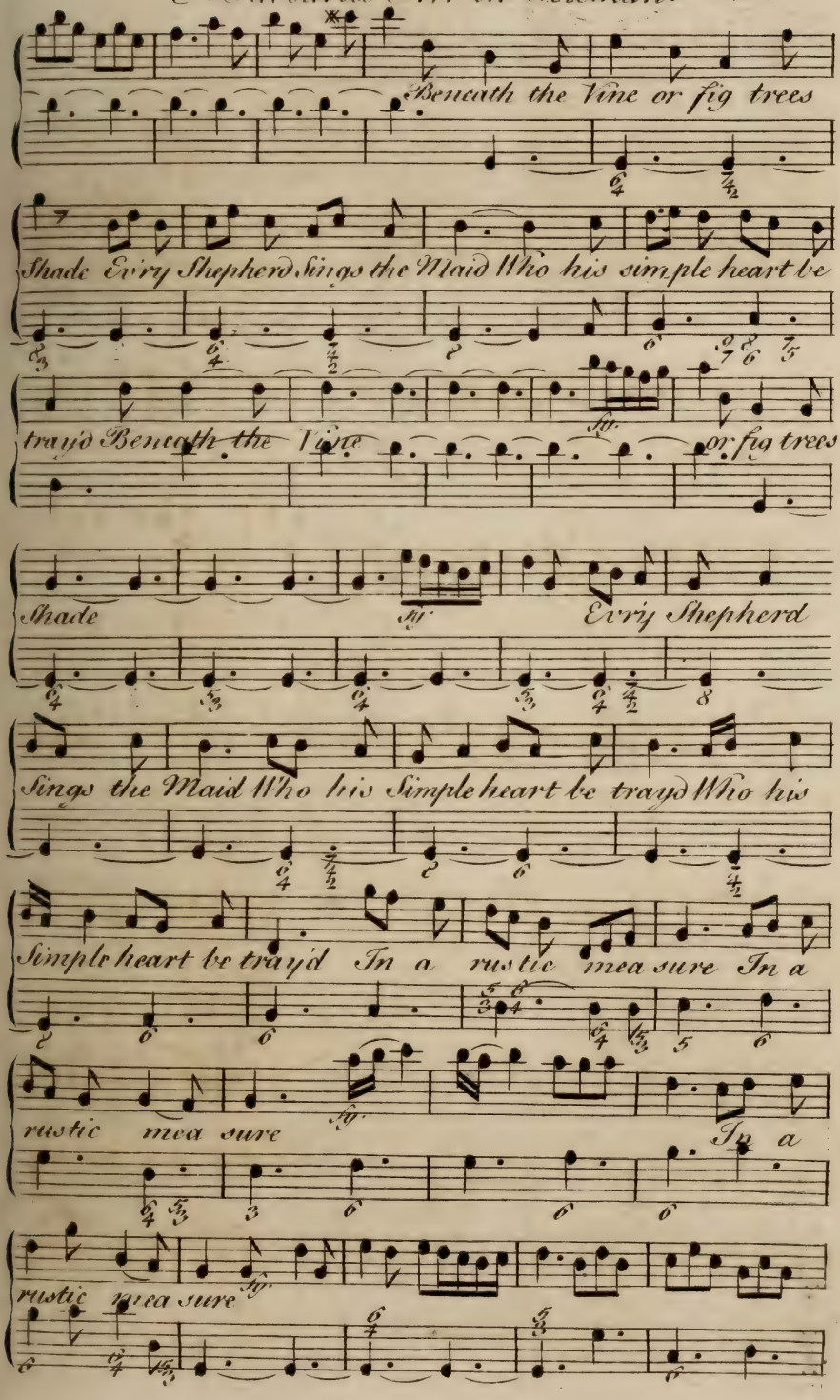
Beneath the Vine or Fig trees

Shade Ev'ry Shepherd Sings the Maid Who his Simple heart be

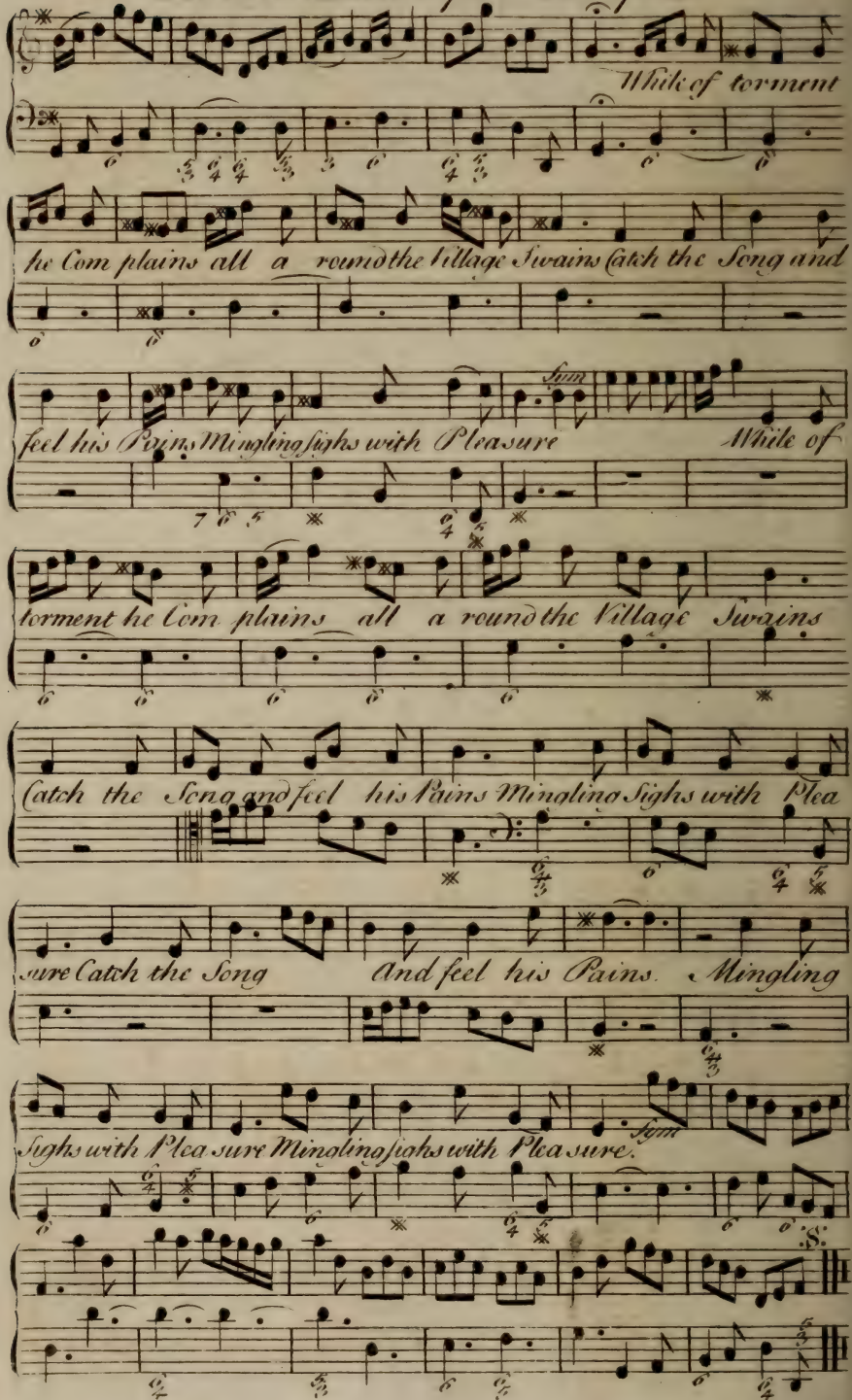
trayd In a rus tic mea sure Ev'ry

Shepherd Sings the Maid In a rustic mea sure Sy.

A Favourite Air in Soloman.


Beneath the Vine or fig trees
Shade Evry Shepherd Sings the Maid Who his simple heart be
trayd Beneath the Vine or fig trees
Shade Evry Shepherd
Sings the Maid Who his Simple heart be trayd Who his
Simple heart be trayd In a rustic mea sure In a
rustic mea sure In a
rustic mea sure

Set to Musick by D.r Boyce 2

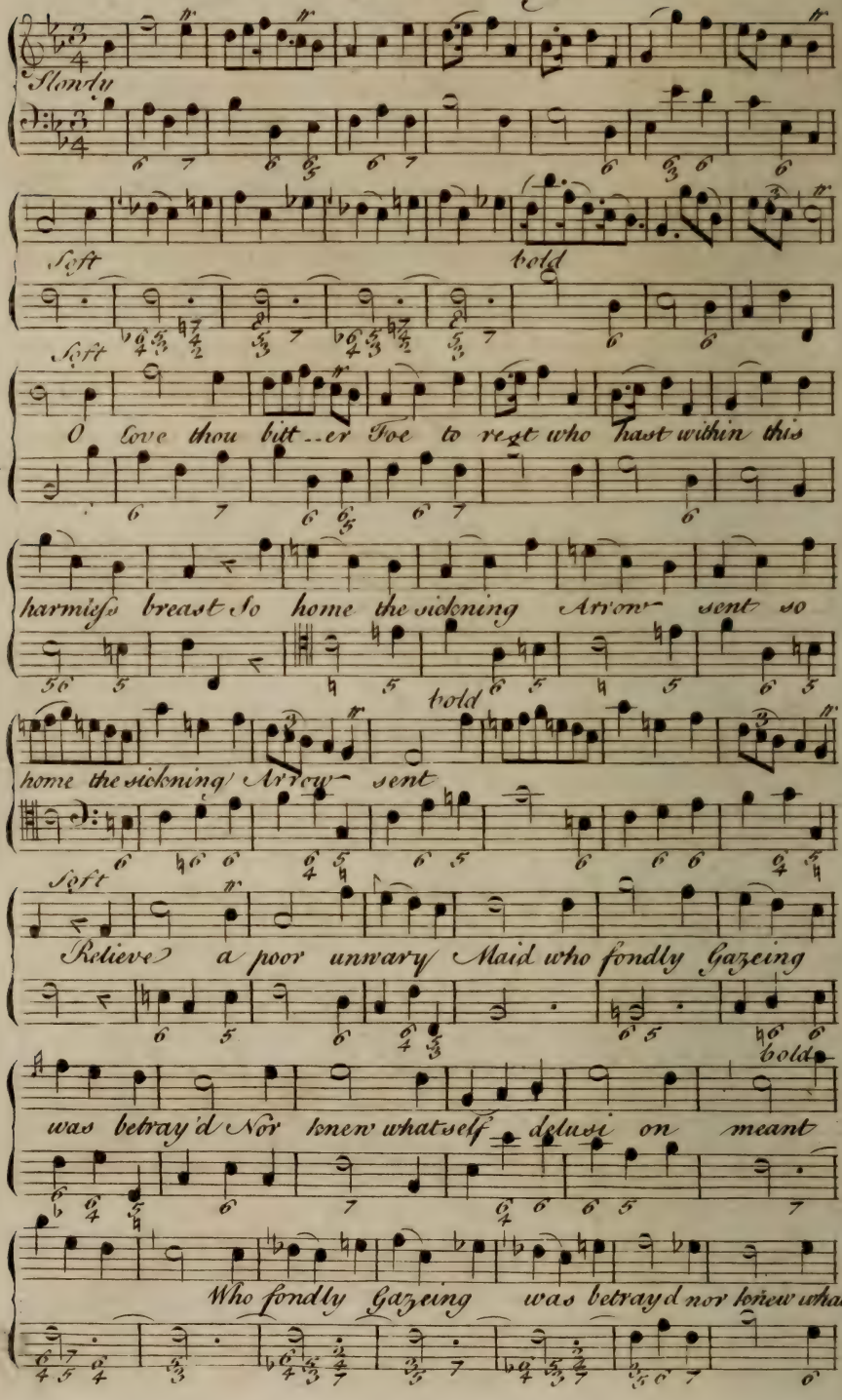

While of torment
he Com plains all a round the Village Swains Catch the Song and
feel his Pains Mingling sighs with Pleasure
Sym
While of
torment he Com plains all a round the Village Swains
Catch the Song and feel his Pains Mingling Sighs with Plea
sure Catch the Song
And feel his Pains. Mingling
Sighs with Pleasure Mingling sighs with Pleasure.
Sym
D.S.

The Lovesick Invocation

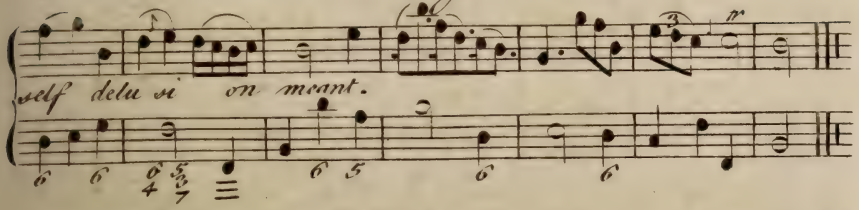
Recitative

As o'er the Flow'ry Meads I pass Where
Nature spreads the Verdant Grass And
Daises intermingled stray If Silvio
chance to cross the plain these fainter Beauties rise in
vain His presence only makes the May

A Favourite Song

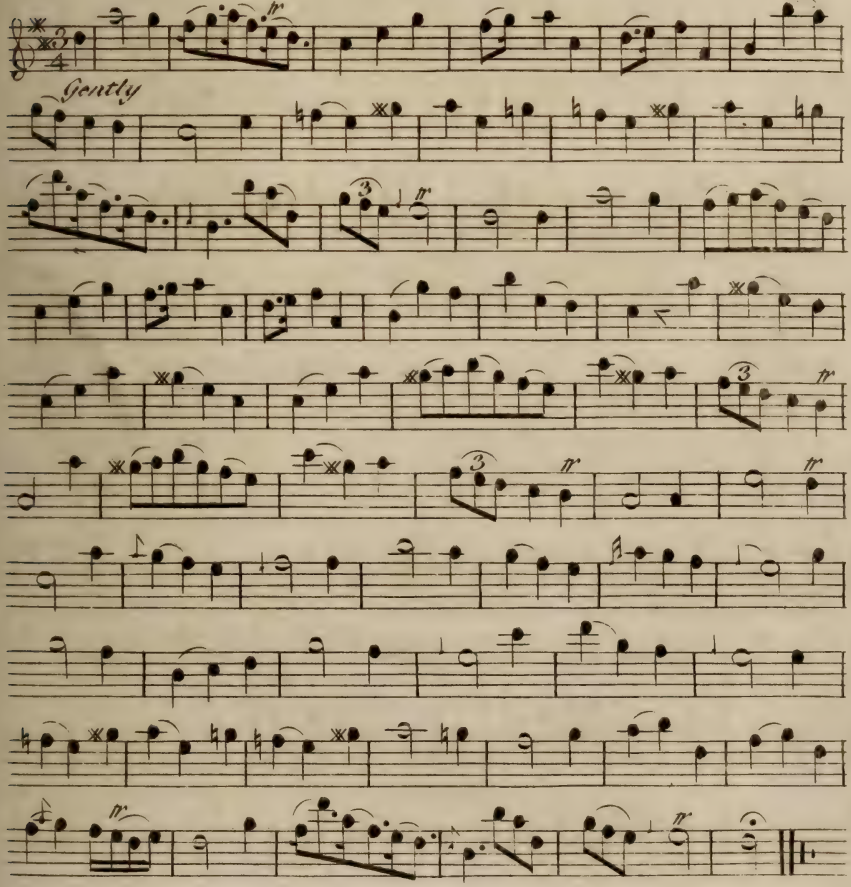

Slowly
Soft
bold
Soft
O Love thou bitt...er Foe to rest who hast within this
harmless breast So home the sickning Arrow sent so
bold
home the sickning Arrow sent
Soft
Relieve a poor unwary Maid who fondly Gazeing
bold
was betray'd Nor knew whatself delusion meant
Who fondly Gazeing was betrayd nor knew what

Set to Musick by Dr Arne



Since Custom cruel to y Fair
Forbids my Passion to declare
Y sist blind God of soft desire
To thy omnipotence I kneel
Let him my secret anguish feel
And burn for me with equal fire

Then if the lovely Youth appear
By turns inclin'd to Hope & fear
And tenderly his Passion move
My Heart shall flutter to his Sighs
With gentle looks I'll meet his Eyes
And never-never cease to love



A Favourite Song in the Chaplet

Moderately brisk.

:S:

Contented all Day I will Sit at your Side Where

Poplars far stretching o'er arch the cool Tide and while the clear

River runs purling a long The Thrush and the Linnet con

tend in their Song The Thrush and the Linnet contend in their

Song. :S:

Set to Musick by Dr Boyce

LAURA

While you are but by me no Danger I fear
Ye Lambs rest in safety my Damon is near
Bound on ye blyth Kids now your Gambols may please
For my Shepherd is kind and my Heart is at Ease
For my &c

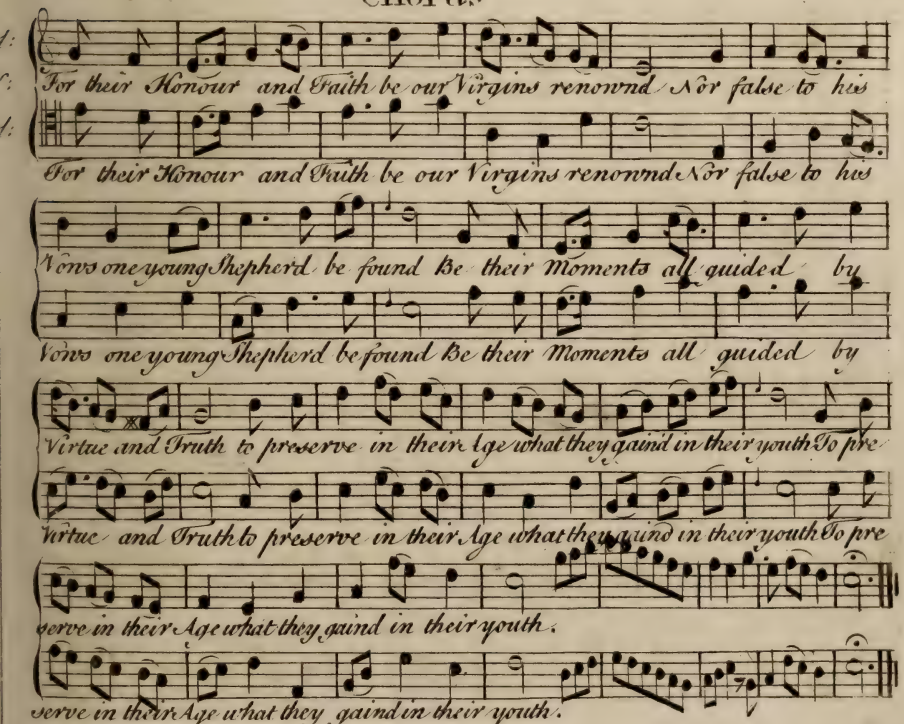
DAMON

Ye Virgins of Britain bright Rivals of Day
The Wish of each Heart and the Theme of each Lay
Neer yield to the Swain till he make you a Wife
For he who loves truly will take you for Life
For he &c

LAURA

Ye Youths who fear nought but the Frowns of the Fair
Tis yours to relieve not to add to their Care
Then scorn to their Ruin Assistance to lend
Nor betray the Sweet Creatures youre born to defend
Nor betray &c

Chorus


For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins renownd Nor false to his
For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins renownd Nor false to his
Vows one young Shepherd be found Be their Moments all guided by
Vows one young Shepherd be found Be their Moments all guided by
Virtue and Truth to preserve in their Age what they gaind in their youth To pre
Virtue and Truth to preserve in their Age what they gaind in their youth To pre
serve in their Age what they gaind in their youth.
serve in their Age what they gaind in their youth.

A Favourite Song

Briskly

In young Astrea's sparkling Eye Resistless Love has

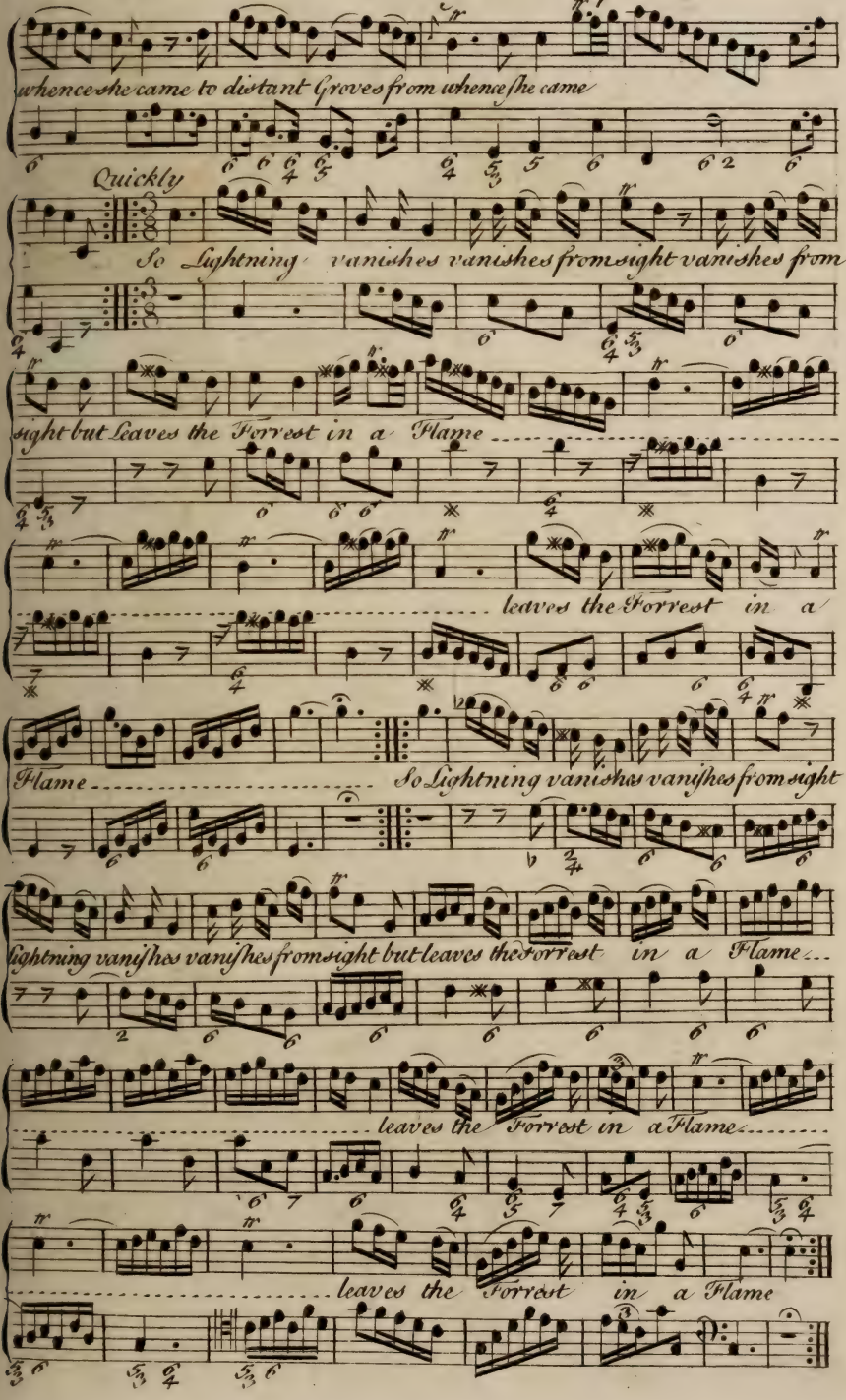
fixd his Throne In young Astrea's sparkling Eye resistless

Love has fix'd his Throne A

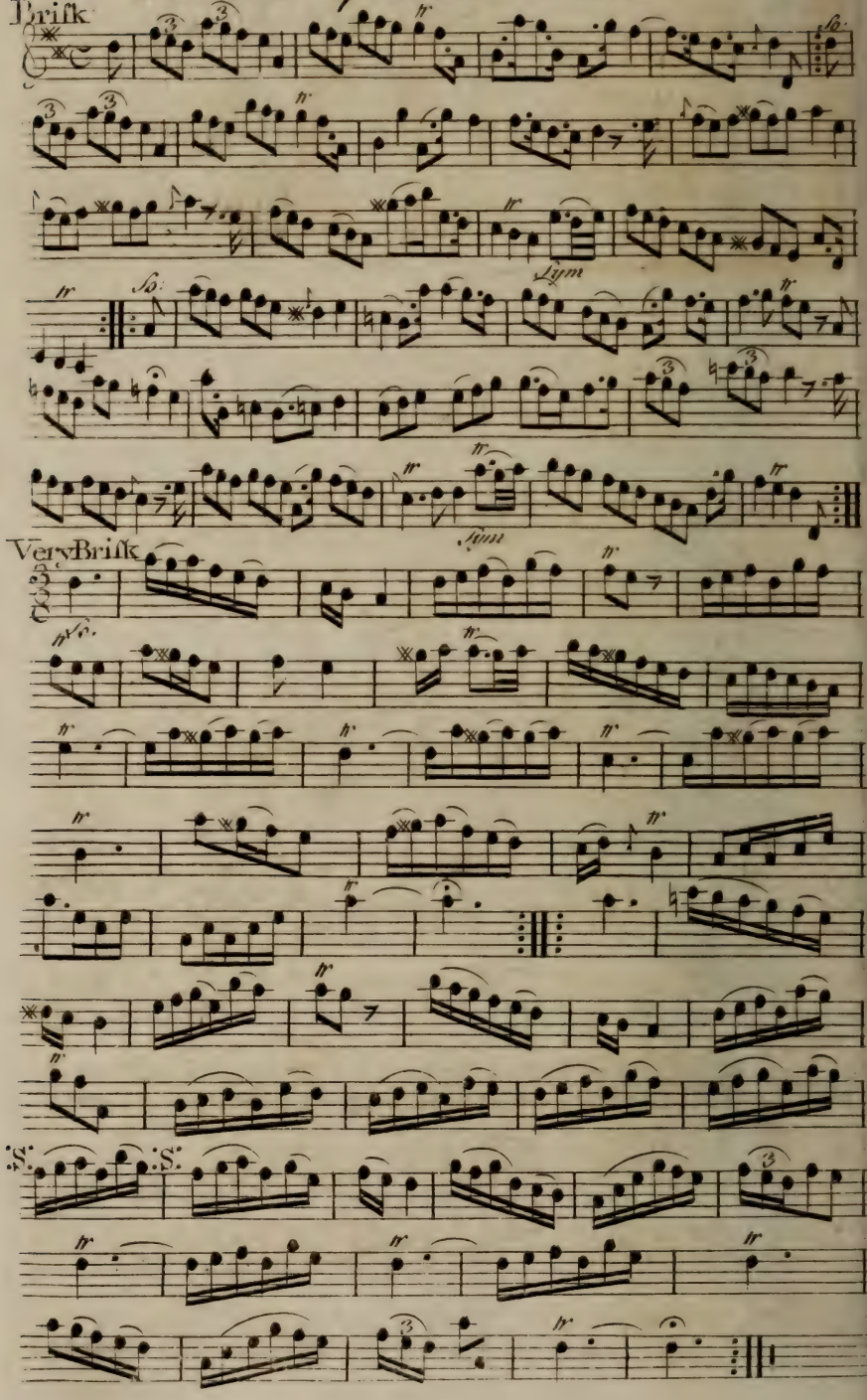
Thousand Lovers bleeding lye For her with wounds they fear to own they

fear to own While the coy Beauty speeds her flight to distant Groves from

Set to Musick by Dr Green

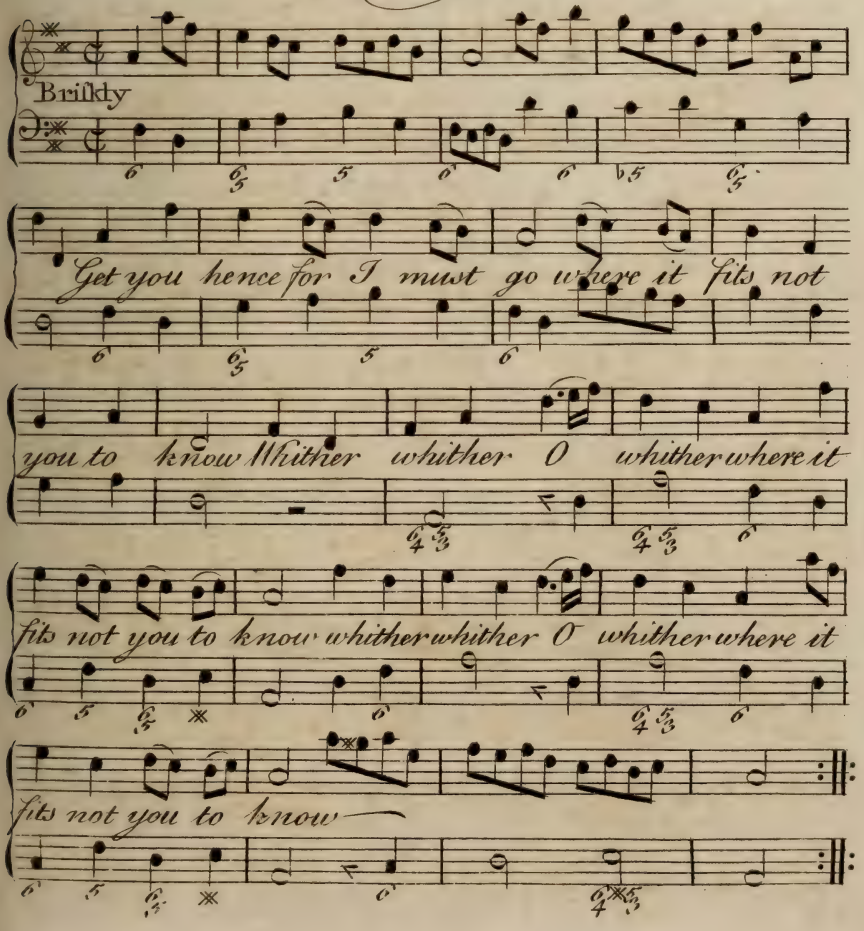

whence she came to distant Groves from whence she came
Quickly
So Lightning vanishes vanishes from sight vanishes from
sight but Leaves the Forrest in a Flame
leaves the Forrest in a
Flame
So Lightning vanishes vanishes from sight
Lightning vanishes vanishes from sight but leaves the Forrest in a Flame
leaves the Forrest in a Flame
leaves the Forrest in a Flame

For the German Flute

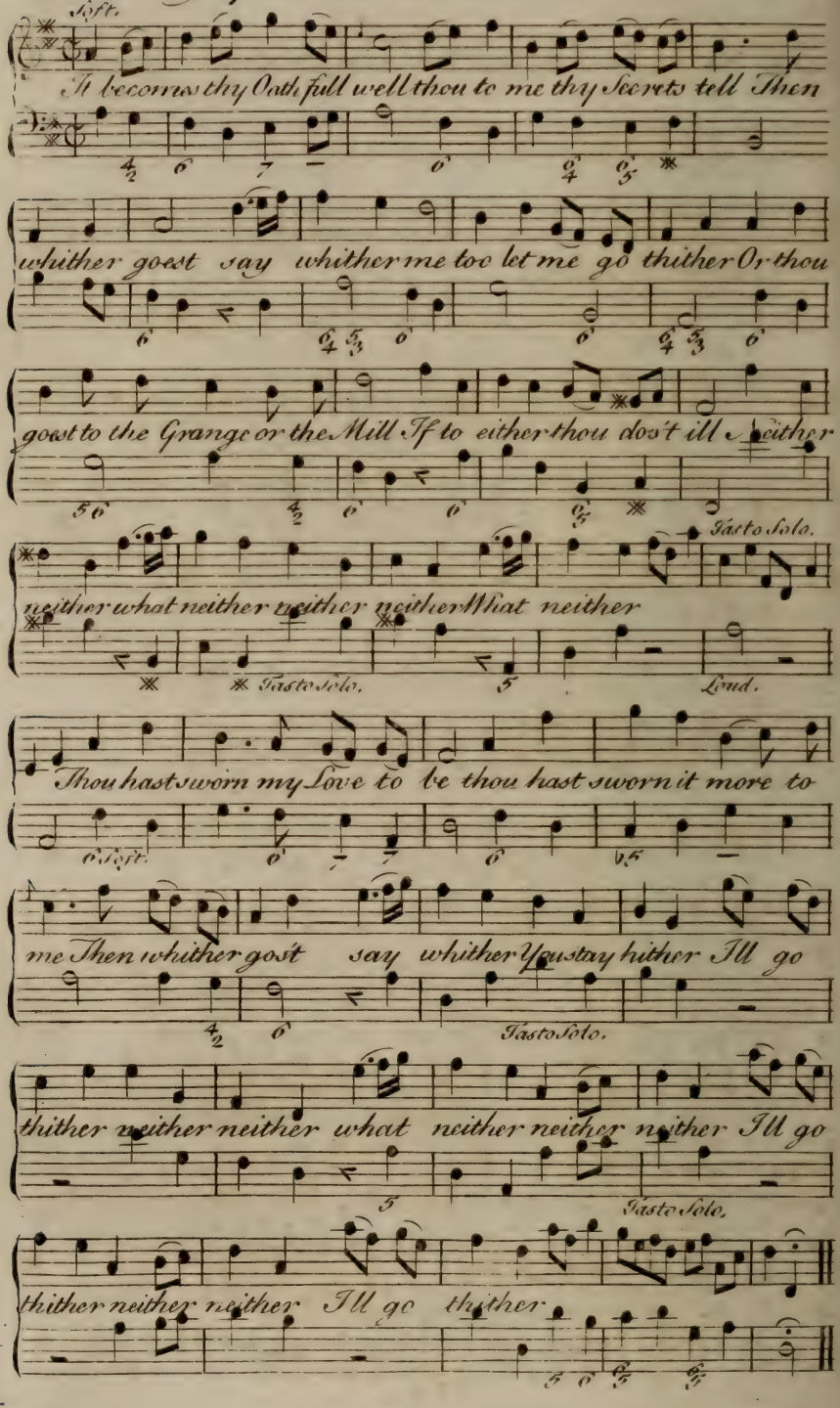


A favourite Air

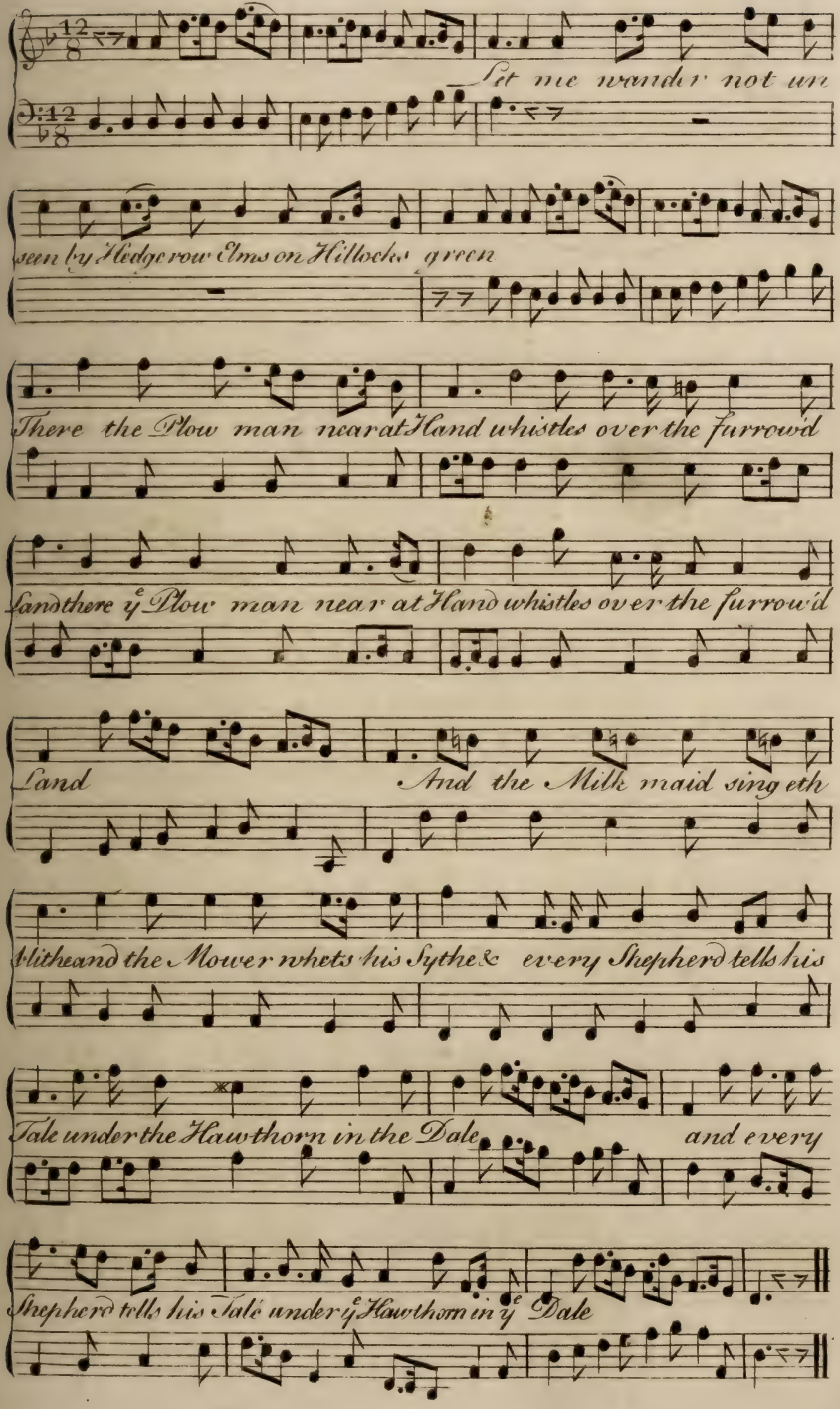
Set to Musick by D.r Arne.


Briskly
Get you hence for I must go where it fits not
you to know Whither whither O whither where it
fits not you to know whither whither O whither where it
fits not you to know

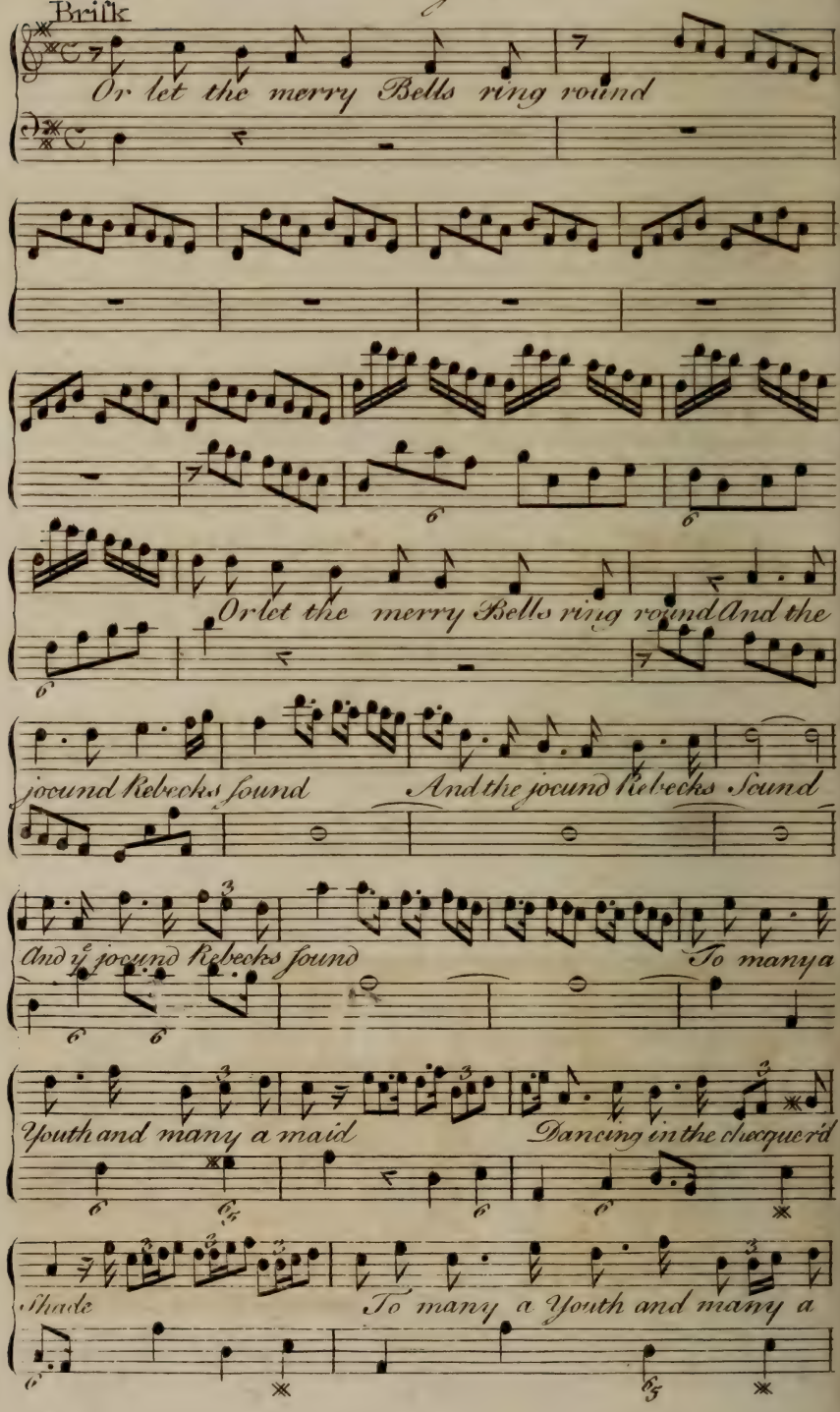
Sung by Mr Beard in the Winter's Tale


Soft.
It becomes thy Oath full well thou to me thy Secrets tell Then
whither goest say whither me too let me go thither Or thou
goest to the Grange or the Mill If to either thou dost ill Neither
Fast to Solo.
neither what neither neither neither What neither
Fast to Solo.
Loud.
Thou hast sworn my Love to be thou hast sworn it more to
Soft.
me Then whither goest say whither You stay hither Ill go
Fast to Solo.
thither neither neither what neither neither neither Ill go
Fast to Solo.
thither neither neither Ill go thither

Two favourite Songs


Let me wander not un
seen by Hedge row Elms on Hillocks green
There the Plow man near at Hand whistles over the furrow'd
land there ye Plow man near at Hand whistles over the furrow'd
land And the Milk maid singeth
blithe and the Mower whets his Scythe & every Shepherd tells his
Tale under the Hawthorn in the Dale and every
Shepherd tells his Tale under ye Hawthorn in ye Dale

Set to Musick by Mr. Handell.


Brisk
Or let the merry Bells ring round
Or let the merry Bells ring round And the
jocund Rebecks sound And the jocund Rebecks Sound
And y jocund Rebecks sound To many a
Youth and many a maid Dancing in the chequer'd
Shade To many a Youth and many a

Sung by Mr. Vincent at Vauxhall.

maid Dancing in the checquerd shade Dancing Dan.....

.....cing Dancing in the checquerd shade

To many a Youth & many a maid Dancing in ỹ checquerd

Shade Dancing Dan.....

...cing Dancing in the checquerd shade!

A Favourite Song.

Rec.

Oft am I by the Women told Poor Anacreon thou growst Old

Poor Anacreon thou growst Old Look look how thy Hairs are falling

all Poor Anacreon Poor Anacreon how they fall

S.

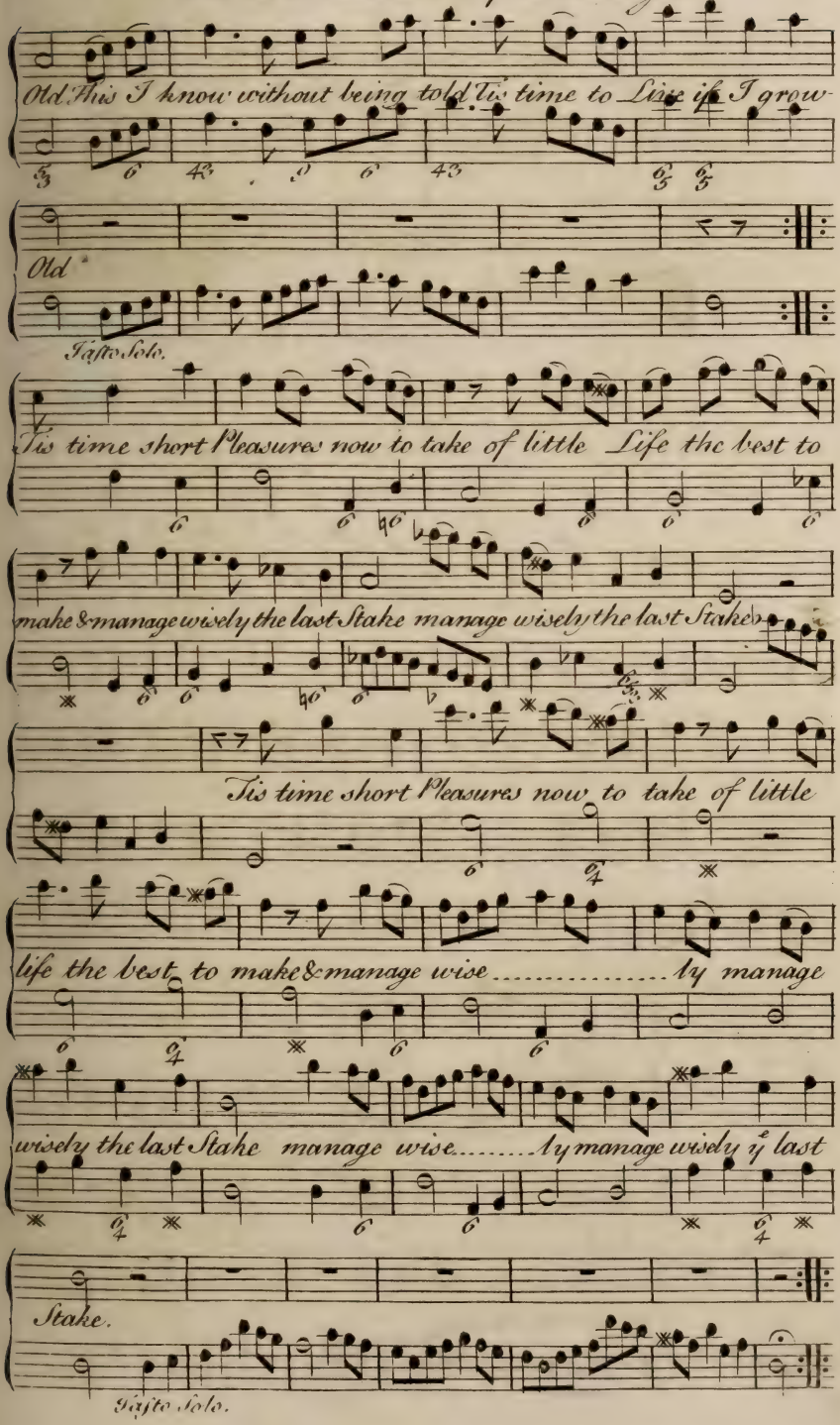
Briskly. Whether

Taste Solo.

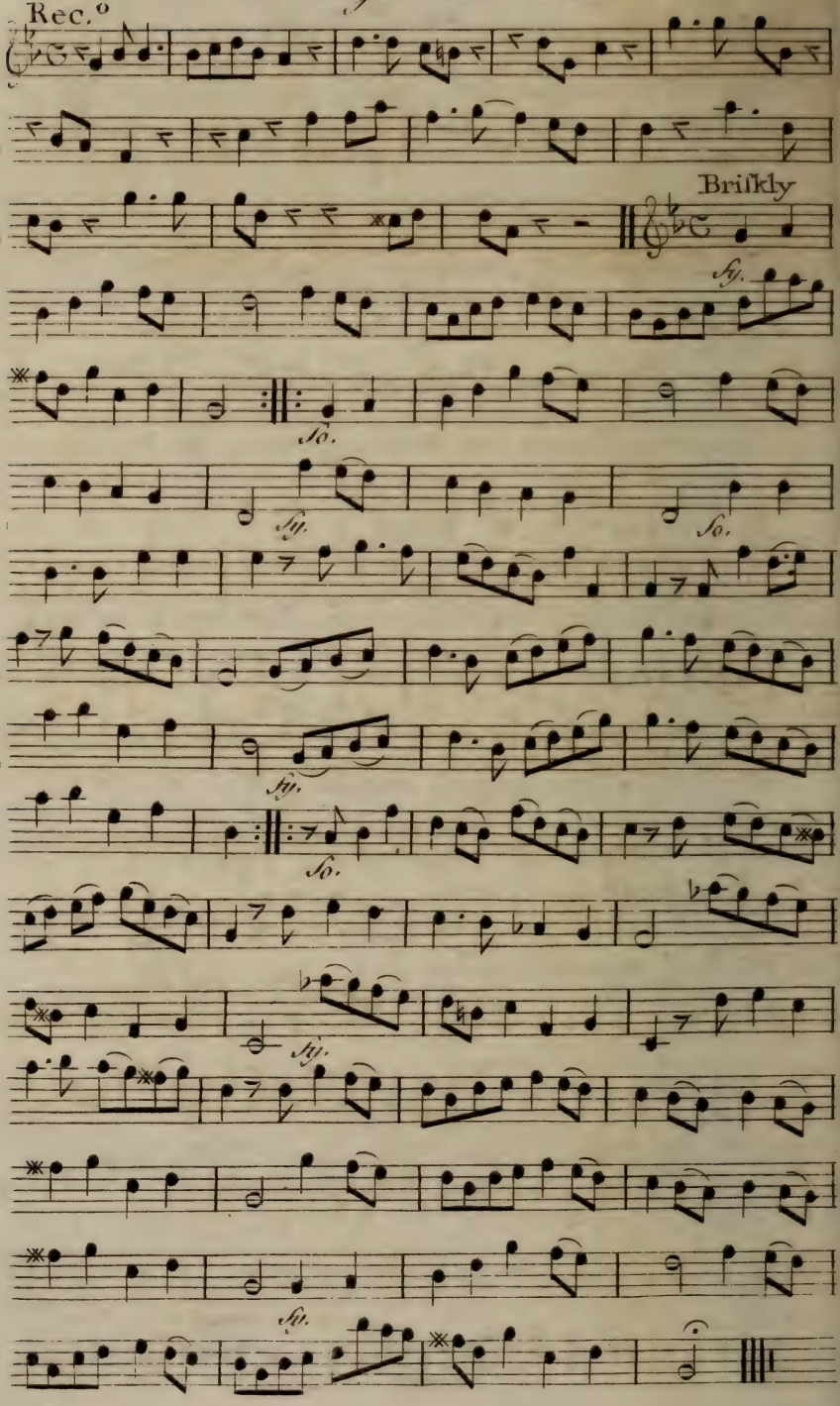
I grow Old or no By th effects I do not know This I

know without being told Tis time to live if I grow old Tis time to live if I grow

Set to Musick by Dr. Boyce.


Old This I know without being told 'Tis time to Live if I grow
Old
Tasto Solo.
'Tis time short Pleasures now to take of little Life the best to
make & manage wisely the last Stake manage wisely the last Stake
'Tis time short Pleasures now to take of little
life the best to make & manage wise ..... ly manage
wisely the last Stake manage wise ..... ly manage wisely ye last
Stake.
Tasto Solo.

For the German Flute 2



Myrtilla. Set by M.r Howard.

Tenderly.

Ye chearful Virgins have ye seen my fair Myrtilla pass the Green Toe Rose or Jess'mine Bow'r toe Rose or Jess'mine bow'r Where does she seek the Woodbine shade For sure ye know the blooming Maid Sweet as the May born Flow'r Sweet Sweet as the May born Flow'r

2

Her Cheeks is like the Mauden Rose
Join'd with the Lilly as it blows
Where each in sweetness vie
Like Dew-drops glistning in y.e Morn
When Phœbus gilds the flowring Thorn
Health sparkles in her Eye

3

Her Song is like the Linnets Lay
That warbles chearful on y.e Spray
To hail the Vernal Beam
Her Heart is blyther than her Song
Her Passions gently move along
Like the smooth gliding Stream

The Generous Distress'd.

Briskly.

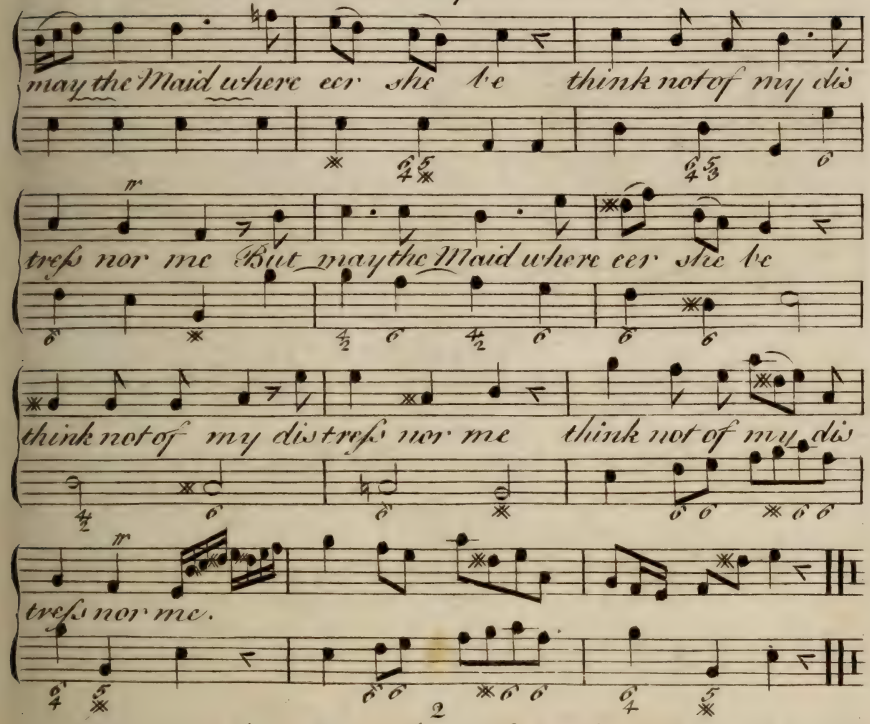
Soft. Loud.

Blow ye Bleak Winds a round my head and sooth my Heart cor

ro ding Care Flash round my Brows ye Lightnings red and

blast the Laurels Plan ted there But

Set to Musick by D.r Arne.


may the Maid where eer she be think not of my dis
tress nor me But may the Maid where eer she be
think not of my distress nor me think not of my dis
tress nor me.

2

May all the Traces of our Love
Be ever blotted from her mind
May from her Breast my Vows remove
And no Remembrance leave behind
But may the Maid where eer she be
Think not of my Distress nor me

3

O! may I neer behold her more
For she has rob'd my Soul of rest
Wisdom's assistance is to poor
To calm the tempest in my Breast
But may the Maid where eer she be
Think not of my Distress nor me.

4

Come Death O! come thou friendly Sleep
And with my Sorrows lay me low
And should the gentle Virgin weep
Nor sharp nor lasting be her woe
But may she think where eer she be
No more of my Distress nor me.

Upon my Honour. *Set by D.r Boyce.*

Brisk.

The flame of Love sin-

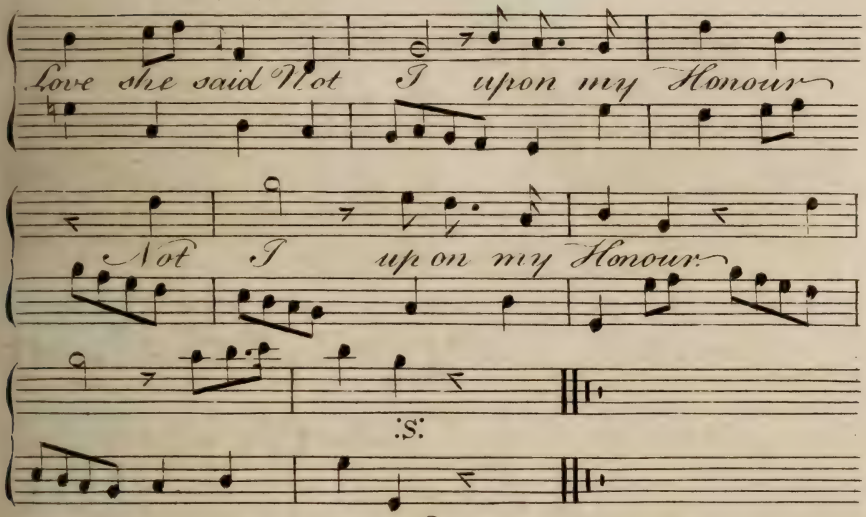
cere I felt And screend the passion long A-

tyrant in my Soul it dwelt But awe suppress my

Tongue At length I told the dearest Maid My

heart was fix'd up on her; But think not I can

Sung by Mr Lowe. Vauxhall.



2

The Heart that once is roving caught
The prudent Nymphs destrust
And must it for a youthful fault
Be ever deemd unjust
So Celia judgd, so sense decreed
And bade me still to shun her
Your suit she said wont here succeed
It wont upon my Honour.

3

To long I cryd I've been to blame
I with a Sigh confess
But thou who canst the Rake reclaim
My new born passion bless
Had ere a Nymph like Celia provd
I could not have undone her
On thee bright Maid thou best beloved
I doat upon my Honour.

4

Awhile the Fair my Suite represt
My Constancy to prove
Then with a blush consent exprest
And blest me with her Love
To Church I led the blooming fair
Enraptur'd that I'd won her
And now Lifes sweetest joys we share
We do upon my Honour.

The Contest.

Gently.

At length two fond dear Creature receive this fond A

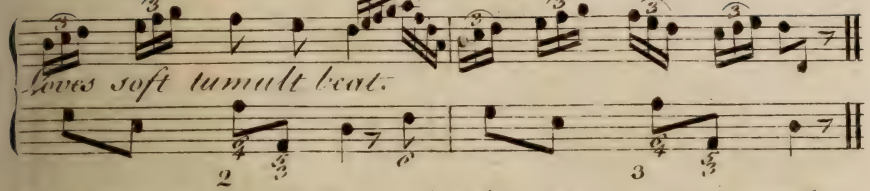
dieu Shy Pains O Love how bitter Shy Joys how short how

few thy Joys how short how few No more those Eyes so killing the

melting glance repeat Nor Bosom gently swelling With

loves soft tumult beat Nor bosom gently swelling With

Set to Musick by D. Arne.



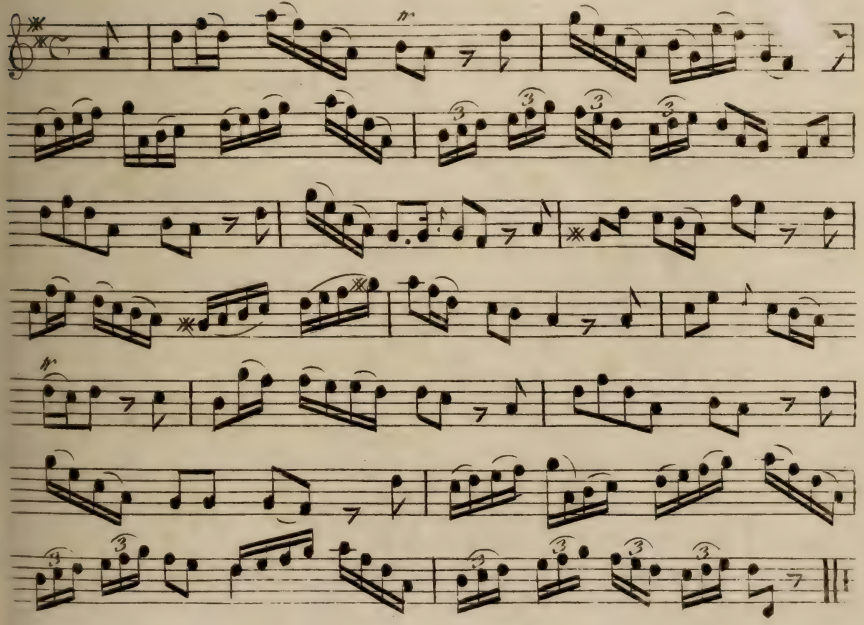
2

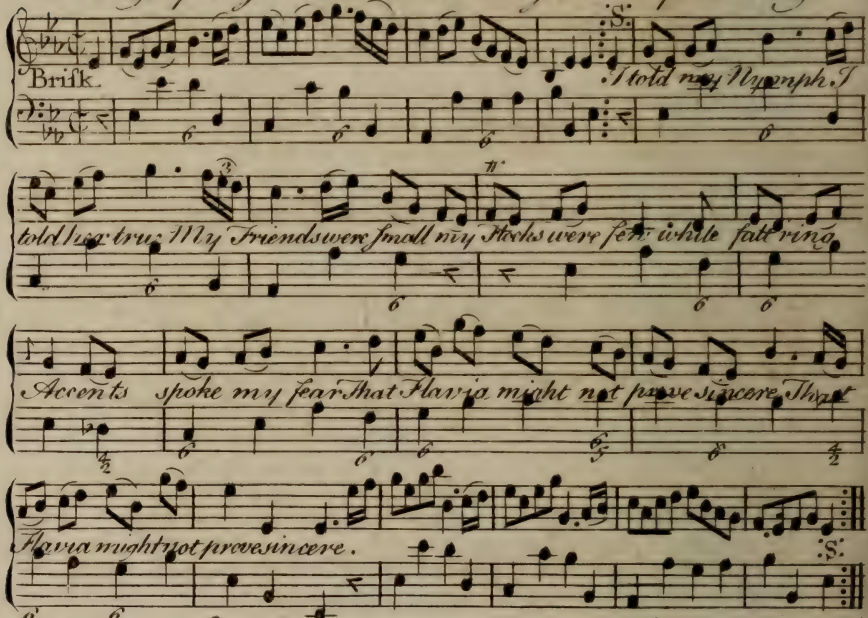
I go where Glory leads me
And points the Dangrous way
Tho coward Love upbraids me
Yet Honour bids obey
But Honours boasting Story
Too plain those tears reprove
And whisper Fame Wealth Glory
Ah what are they to Love.

3

Two passions strongly pleading
My doubtful breast divide
So there my Country Bleeding
And here a weeping Bride
But know thy faithful Lover
Can true to either prove
Fame fires my veins all over
Yet every pulse beats Love.

4

Then thank where ere I wander
The sport of Seas and Wind
No distance Hearts can sunder
Whom mutual truth has joind
Kind Heavn ỹ brave regiuting
Shall safe thy Swain restore
And raptures Crown ỹ meeting
Which Love neer felt before

Sung by Miss Thomas at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Young.


Brisk.
I told my Nymph I
told her true; My Friends were small my Flocks were few while fall'ring
Accents spoke my fear That Flavia might not prove sincere. That
Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of Flocks destroyd by vernal cold
And vagrant Sheep that left my Fold
Of these she heard yet bore to hear
And is not Flavia then sincere

3

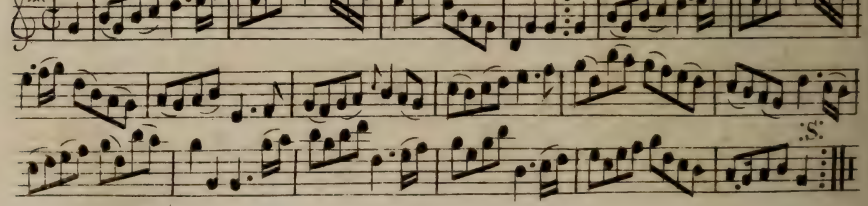
How chang'd by Fortunes fickle wind
The Friend I lov'd became unkind
She heard & shed a generous Tear
And is not Flavia then sincere

4

How if she deign'd my love to bless
My Flavia must not hope for Dress
This too she heard & smil'd to hear
And Flavia sure must be sincere

5

Go shear your Flocks ye joval Swains
Go reap the plenty of your Plains
Despoild of all which you revere
I know my Flavias Love sincere



A favourite Air Set by M.r Handel.

Hon.

May balmy Peace & wreath'd renown

virtu Hero ever Crown virtu Hero ever Crown May bliss e

ternal be his share w.th God & People are his Care may bliss eternal be his share w.th God &

People are his Care. may bliss eternal be his share w.th God & People are his Care

May balmy Peace & wreath'd renown, the virtuous virtu Hero ever Crown, may bliss eternal

bliss eternal be his share w.th God & people are his Care.

The Despairing Shepherd.

Slow

Ah wella Day! must

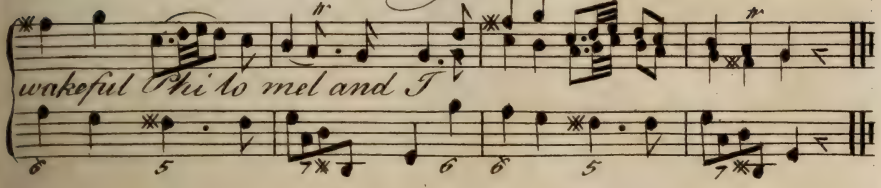
I endure this Pain and who shall work my Cure Fond Love will

never seek Repose No me asure to its Grief is knows The

Winds are hush'd and de wy Sleep With soft embrace has

siez'd my Sleep All wrapt in peaceful Slumber lye But

Set to Musick by D.r Arne.



2

Who better seen in Shepherds Arts
To win the wanton Lasses Hearts
How to my Oaten Pipe so sweet
Wont they to change their nimble feet
And many Tales of Mirth had I
To chace the Sun adown the Sky
Since Lucy wrought her Spight alone
To Woods I pour my fruitless moan

3

Oh quit thy Scorn relentless Fair!
Ere long I perish thro' Despair
Had Rosalind possest my Mind
The Maiden would have been more kind
Oh think! for Beauty will not stay
And Flowrs ungeatherd will decay
The Flowrs returning Seasons bring
But Beauty has no second Spring

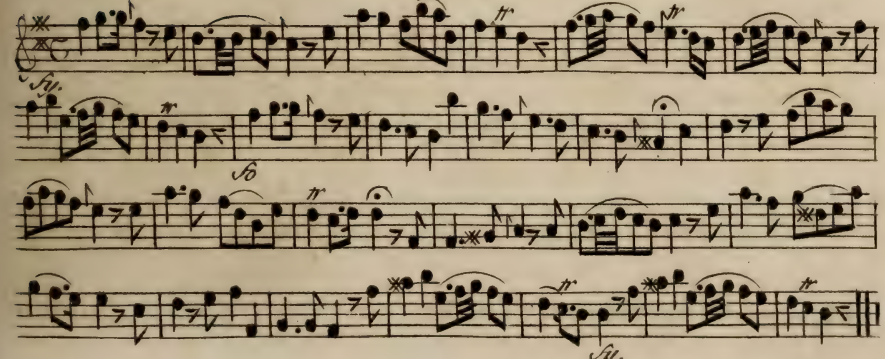
4

Oh could my Gifts but win her heart!
Could I but half I feel impart!
For Plumbs I'd climb y.e knotty Tree
Of Honey rob the thrifty Bee
Fair is my Flock nor coneteſs I
If Fountains flatter not, & why
Should Fountains flatter us yet show
The Flowrs less beauteous than they grow

5

Oh come my Love! nor think it mean
The Dams to milk y.e Lambkins wean
How would y.e Crook beseem thy Hand
How would my Younglings round thee stand
Ah Younglings! gaze not on her Eye
Such Glances are the Cause I die
Sleep sleep my Flock for you may take
Your Rest, tho thus your Master wake

For the German Flute.



A Favourite Song.

Myrtilla de

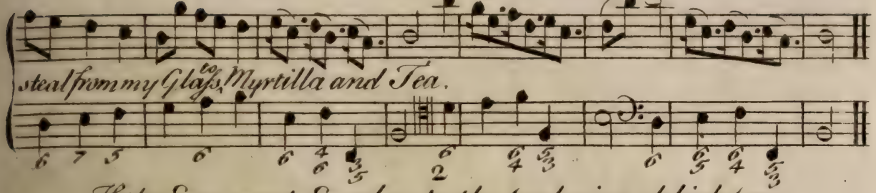
manding the Aid of my Pen To tell what of he'r were the thoughts of the

men Insisted for once I would alter my Tune And write Sa ne

gy ricks as well as Lampoons With Candor de scribing the

woman I see when I steal from my Glass to Myrtil la and Tea when I

Set to Musick by D.r Arne.



If the Eyes sweet Employ to the Soul give delight—
And Beautys an object engaging to Sight—
How kind is my Fair one whose Studies confess
Her Aim is at Natures Amendment in Dress—
Tho oft in the Structure mistaking the Plan
She spoils what she ment should give pleasure to Man

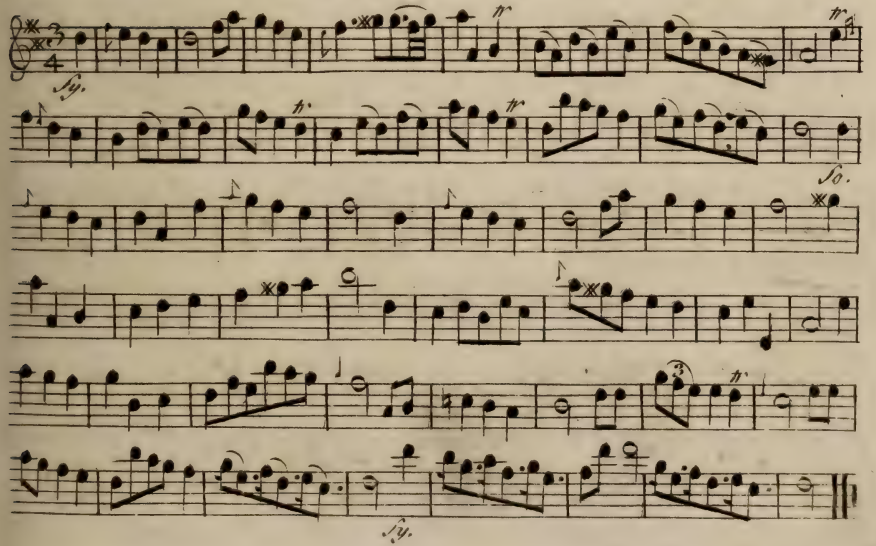
3

When I hear her sweet Voice in its natural Key
Her good humourd Prattle is Musick to me
Her Kiss would soon make the dull Hermit forego
His Cell and high Views for that Heaven below
But when for a Trifle with Anger grown bold—
Her words are but Discord her Kisses are cold

4

Like dew to the Flowrs is love to Mankind
Each Senses enjoyment in Woman we find
Unless Affectation that Bane to the Fair—
Unfetters the Heart they attempt to ensnare
Let Nature the Science of pleasing direct—
A Charm ill displayd soon becomes a Defect

For the German Flute.



A Favourite Air in the Tempest.

Soft. Loud.

No more dams Ill make for

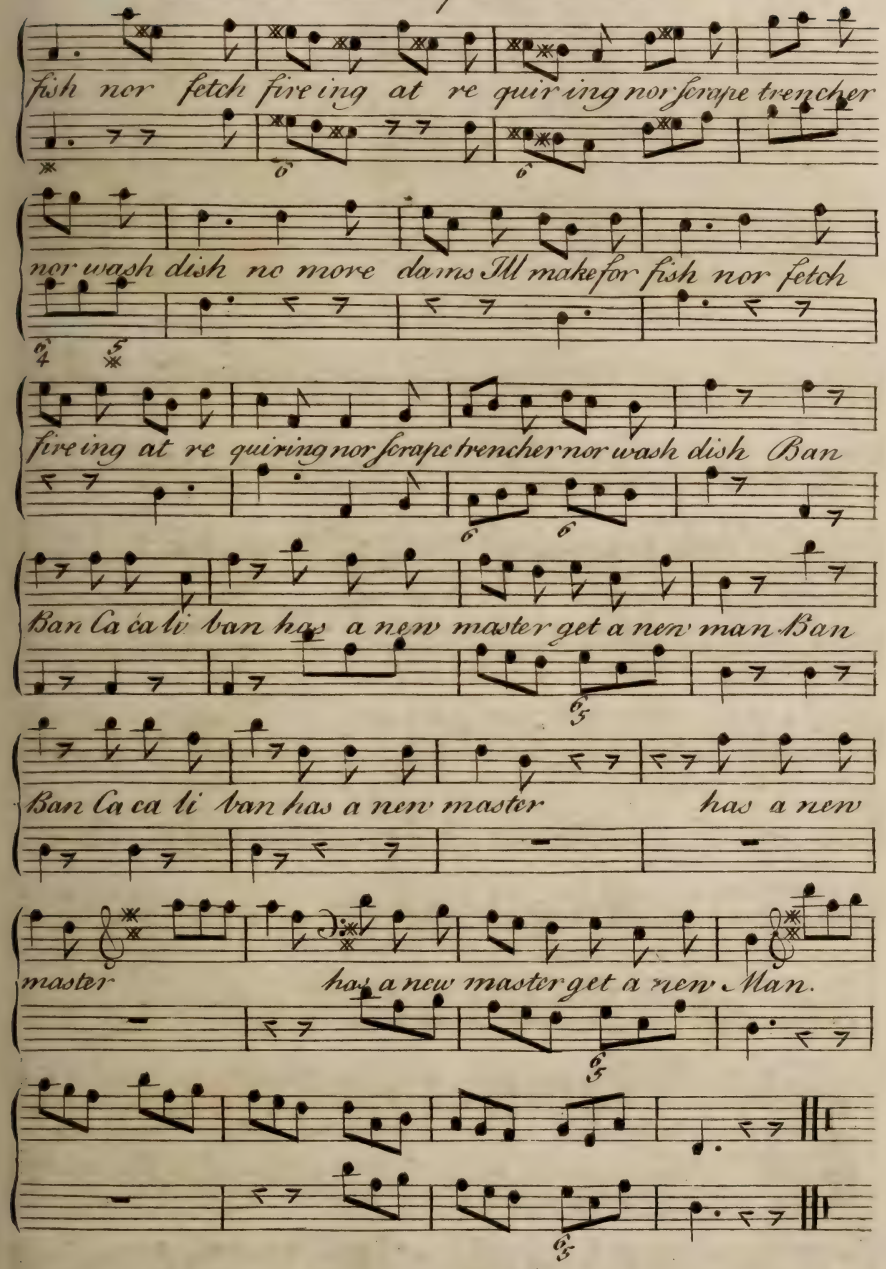
fish nor fetch fire ing at re quiring nor scrape trencher nor wash

dish Ban Ban Ca ca li ban has a new Master

get a new man

No more dams Ill make for fish no more dams Ill make for

Set to Musick by W. Smith.


fish nor fetch fire ing at re quir ing nor scrape trencher
nor wash dish no more dams Ill make for fish nor fetch
fire ing at re quiring nor scrape trencher nor wash dish Ban
Ban Ca ca li ban has a new master get a new man Ban
Ban Ca ca li ban has a new master has a new
master has a new master get a new Man.

A favourite Air Set by M.r Handel.

Very Slow.

Pious Orgies Pious Airs decent Sorrow decent Prayrs will to ij

Lord ascend & move his pity his pity & regain his love Pious Orgies pious Airs decent

Sorrow decent sorrows, decent prayrs will to ij Lord, as cend, & move his pity his pity

& regain his Love Pious Orgies Pious Airs decent sorrow, decent prayrs will to ij Lord, as cend &

move his pity his pity & regain his Love

A Favourite Air

Moderately

Vain is Beautys gau-dy Flowr Pageant of an

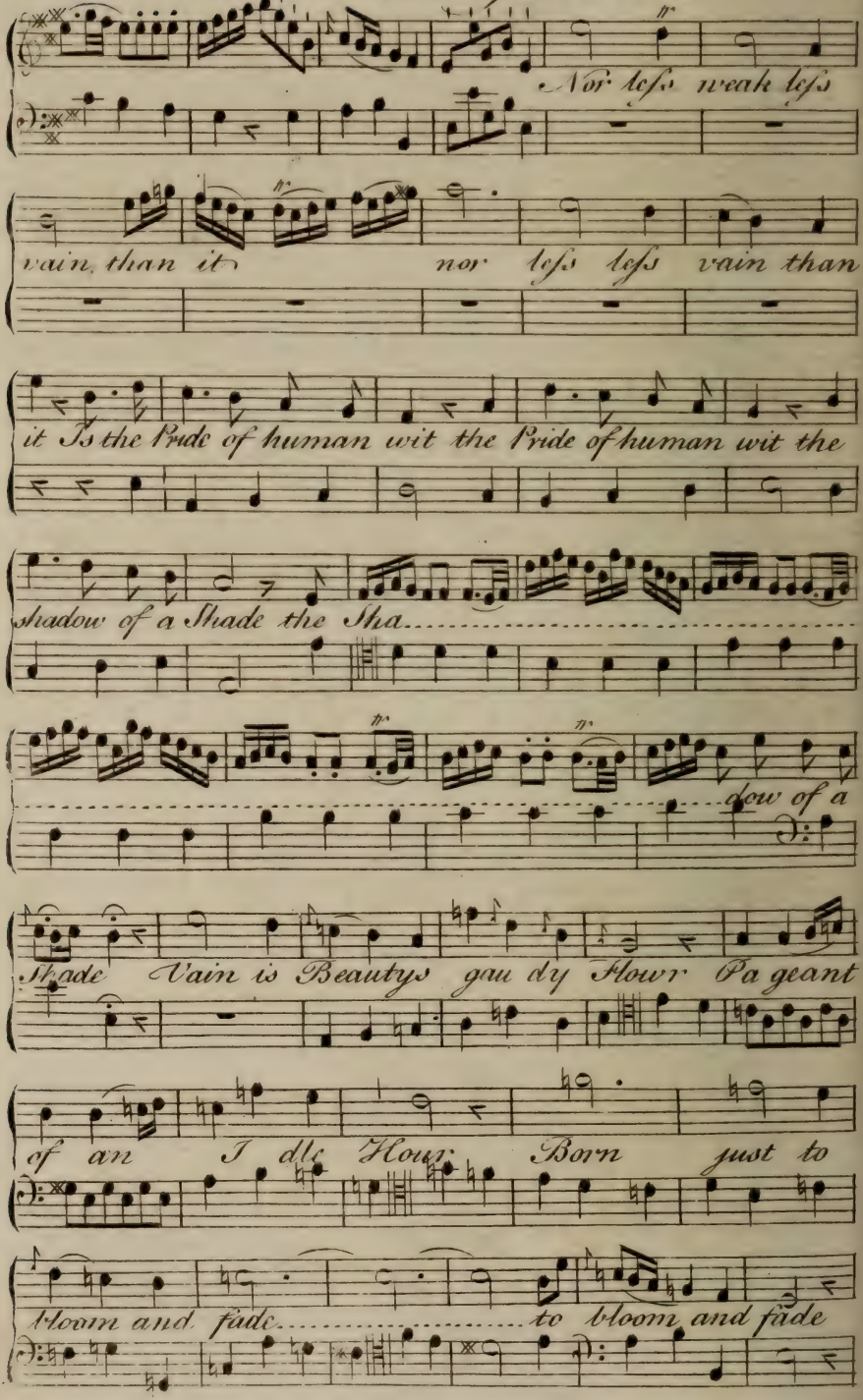
Idle Hour Born just to bloom & fade to

fade

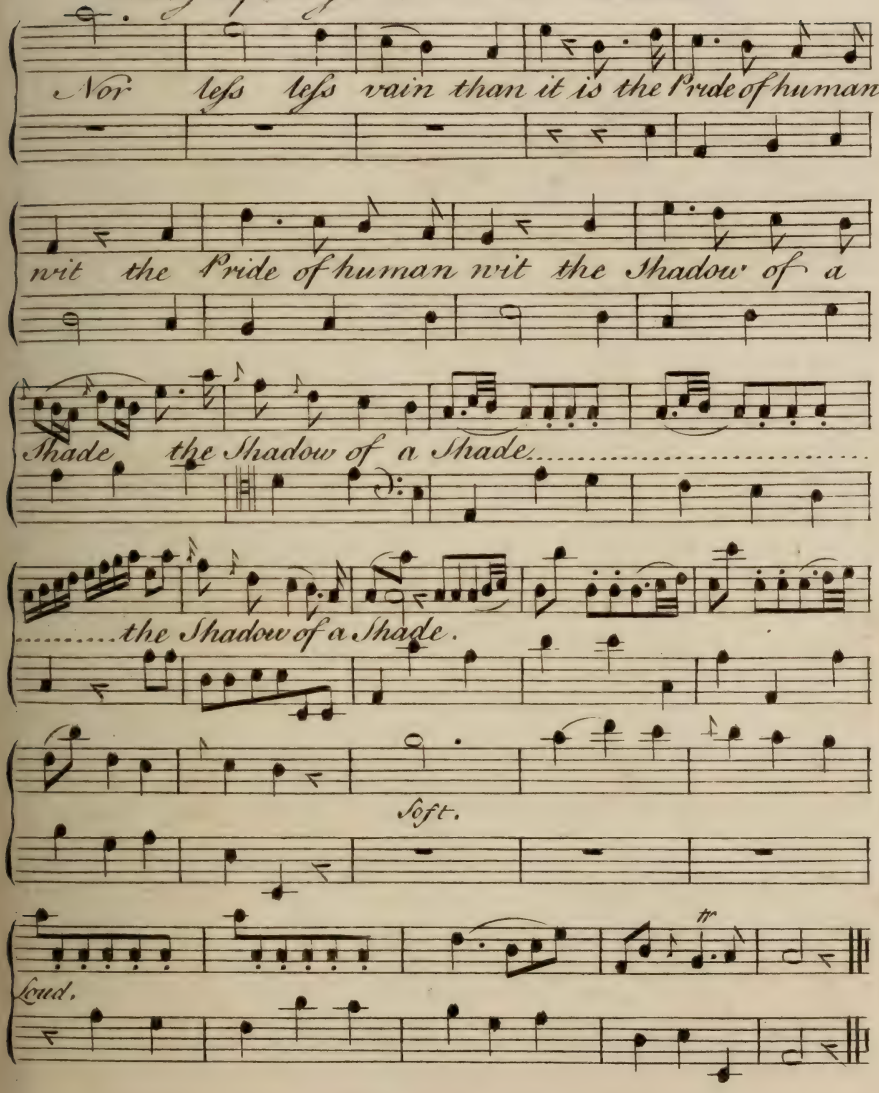
to bloom & fade born just to bloom and

fade to bloom and fade fade

Set to Musick by Dr. Arne


Nor less weak less
vain than it nor less less vain than
it Is the Pride of human wit the Pride of human wit the
shadow of a Shade the Sha
dow of a
Shade Vain is Beautys gau dy Flowr Pa geant
of an I dle Hour Born just to
bloom and fade to bloom and fade

Sung by Miss Brent at Vauxhall.


Nor less less vain than it is the Pride of human
wit the Pride of human wit the Shadow of a
Shade the Shadow of a Shade.....
.....the Shadow of a Shade.
Soft.
tr
Loud.

Well judging Phillis.

Near Thames green Banks a love lorn Nymph re clin'd Thus to'd her Thyrsis
various as the Wind Hast thou perfidious Youth thy Oath for got
And must ty mournful Willow be my Lot. And must the mournful
Willow be my Lot

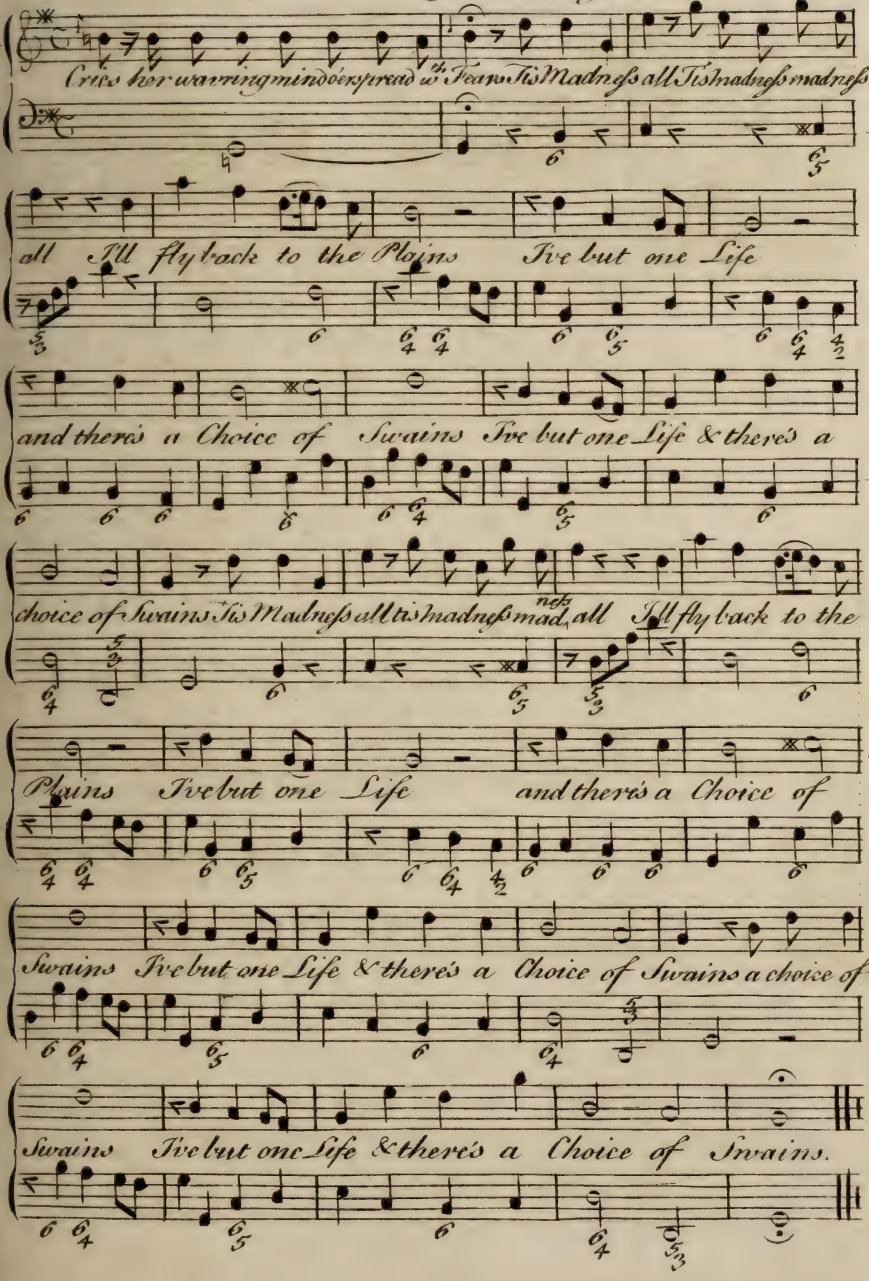
Since thou, contemning Gods, thy Vows hast broke
Thus play'd with Love and made my Fame a Joke
A dire Revenge, on thee I now have chose
For soon these Waves shall end my Life & Woes.

3

Thus said she hasted to the Sounding Flood
And shudd'ring o'er its Flow'ry Margin stood
The tear of Anguish starting in her Eye
Resolv'd to plunge, she wents a dismal sigh.

But in his Terrors whilst grim Death ap pears She

Set to Musick by Dr Boyce.


Cries her wavring mind despread with Fears Tis Madness all Tis madness madness
all I'll fly back to the Plains I've but one Life
and there's a Choice of Swains I've but one Life & there's a
choice of Swains Tis Madness all tis madness mad, all I'll fly back to the
Plains I've but one Life and there's a Choice of
Swains I've but one Life & there's a Choice of Swains a choice of
Swains I've but one Life & there's a Choice of Swains.

A favourite Air in Lethe.

Very brisk.

Come Mortals come come follow me come follow follow-

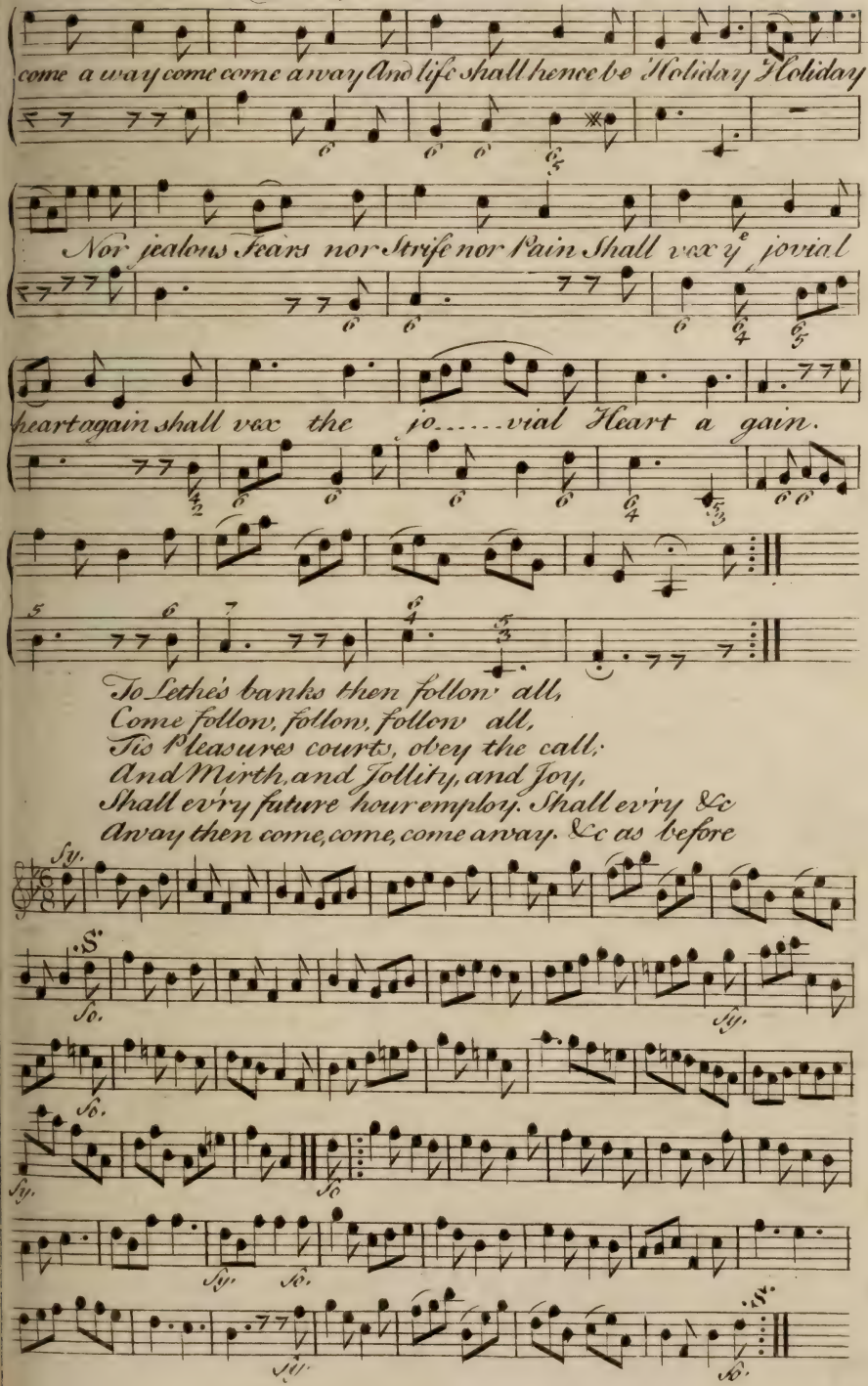
follow me To Mirth & Joy and Jollity Hark

hark y^e call come come & drink And leave your Cares by Lethe's

brink And leave your Cares by Le thes brink

A way then come come come a way come

Sung by Mr. Beard


come away come come away And life shall hence be Holiday Holiday
Nor jealous Fears nor Strife nor Pain Shall vex ye jovial
heart again shall vex the jo.....vial Heart a gain.

To Lethe's banks then follow all,
Come follow, follow, follow all,
Tis Pleasures courts, obey the call:
And Mirth, and Jollity, and Joy,
Shall ev'ry future hour employ. Shall ev'ry &c
Away then come, come, come away. &c as before

To CELIA. Set by M.r Heron.

While some in flowing Strains rehearse the various feats of Arms
I gayly tune my fondest Verse to lovely Celias Charms to
lovely Celias Charms.

2

Her face it is so fair so sweet
My heart can neer repene
To think & bless that happy day
Which makes fair Celia mine.

What the Fool meant.

Brisk

When Jenny the gay I first courted to wed Whole Reams I of
Love to her sent But back she re turn'd them & scornfully
said that she couldn't tell what the Fool meant She couldn't she
couldn't tell what the Fool meant

2

Resolv'd not to give up the matter so tame
I follow'd where ever she went
At y^e Park at y^e Play at y^e Rout 'twas y^e same
But she couldn't tell what y^e fool meant.

3

Her Maid was my Friend & advis'd me to hope
Or else I had quitted the scent
For my Tale it was stopt ere my Mouth I could ope
With, she couldn't tell what y^e fool meant.

4

Then Molly in lieu of a Handful of Gold
In the Chamber of Jenny me pent
Three long hours or more I lay shivering w^th cold
To convince her no harm y^e fool meant.

5

But what are three hours nay three score & three
To be crown'd then at last with content
No longer my Jane prov'd hard hearted to me
When she found 'twas no harm y^e fool meant.

Voi Amante or Rondeau

Tenderly.

Dearest Creature of all Nature Oh! I rage I burn I
Voi Amante che vedete quanto à mormi sia daf
smart Ceace to grieve me soon relieve me Or too sure youll breakmy
fanno Impparate dal tiranno A fug-gir la Cru-del
Heart Ceace to grieve me soon relieve me, Or too sure youll break my
-ta Imppa-ra-te, dal ti-ran-no A fug-gir-la Cru-del-
Heart Or too sure youll break my Heart
ta A fug-gir la Cru-del-ta
Very Loud
Love like War has in its power both a
pria pia-cer promet-te pace, poi ne

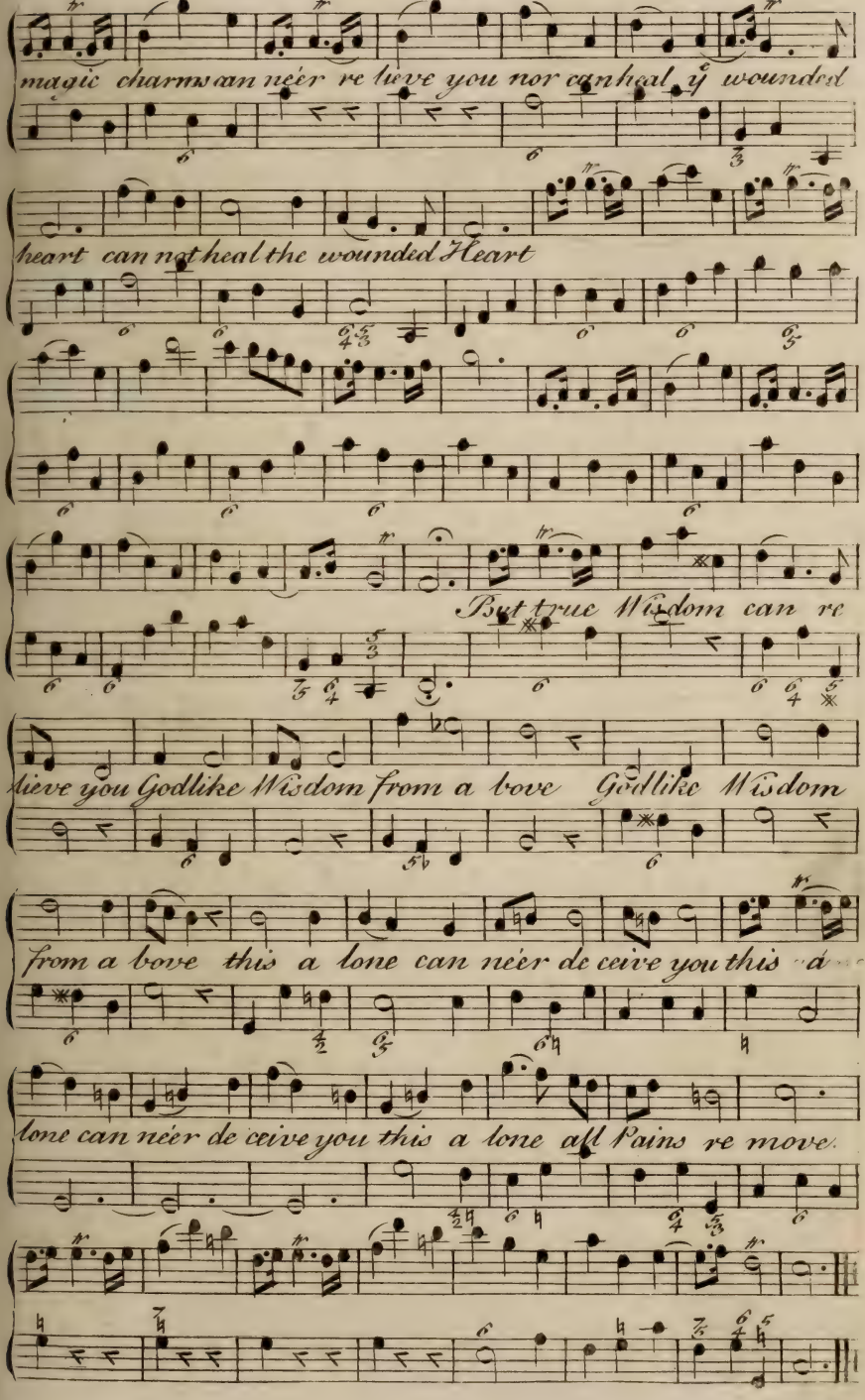
Set to Musick by Sig.r D'Giardini.

kind and fa tal Hour save me then O congring Fair think thy
cin ge di Ca tene E spe rar non ci con viene di tor
Captive worth thy Care save me then O congring Fair think thy
nar in Li ber ta No. No. No. non ci con viene di tor
Captive worth thy Care Dearest Musics charms shall still in
nar in Li ber ta Voi a D.C. priapia cer pro met tée
vite thee Loves alarms will sure delight thee can I part my Dear my
pace. poi ne cin ge di Cate ne E sperar non Ci Con
Treasure All my joy and all my Pleasure No — No — Dearest
viene di tor nar in Li ber ta No — No — voi a

A Favourite Air

Wise men flatt'ring may deceive you
With their vain mysterious Arts With their vain mysterious
Arts magic charms can neer relieve you nor can
heal the wounded Heart No magic charms can neer relieve you

Set to Musick by Mr. Handell.


magic charms can ne'er re lieve you nor can heal ỹ wounded
heart can not heal the wounded Heart
But true Wisdom can re
lieve you Godlike Wisdom from a bove Godlike Wisdom
from a bove this a lone can ne'er de ceive you this a
lone can ne'er de ceive you this a lone all Pains re move.

A Favourite Song

Moderately brisk.

You say you love and

Inventy more have sighd & said the same before And

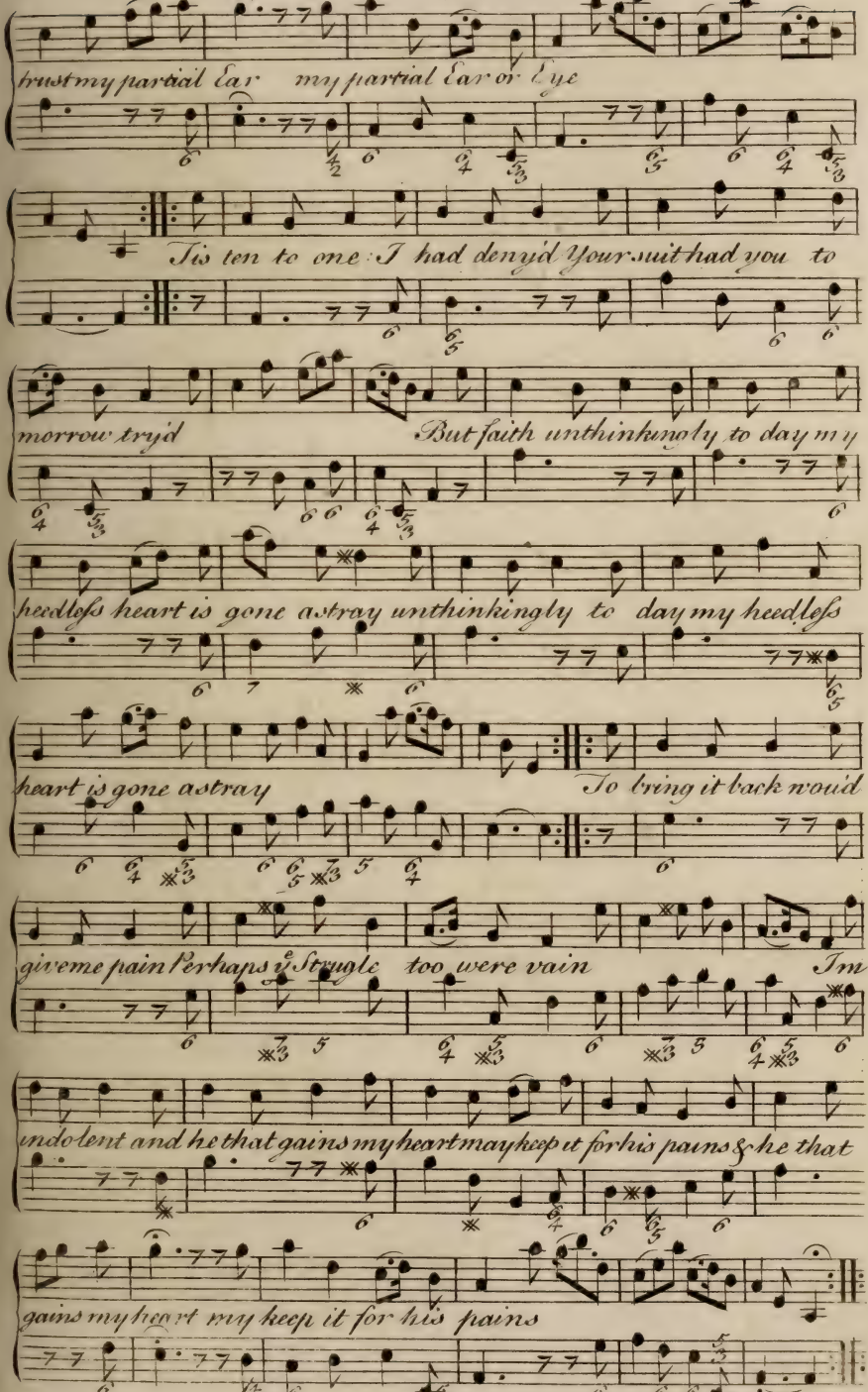
yet I swear I can't tell how I ne'er believ'd a Man till now I swear I

can't tell how I ne'er believ'd a Man till now 'Tis

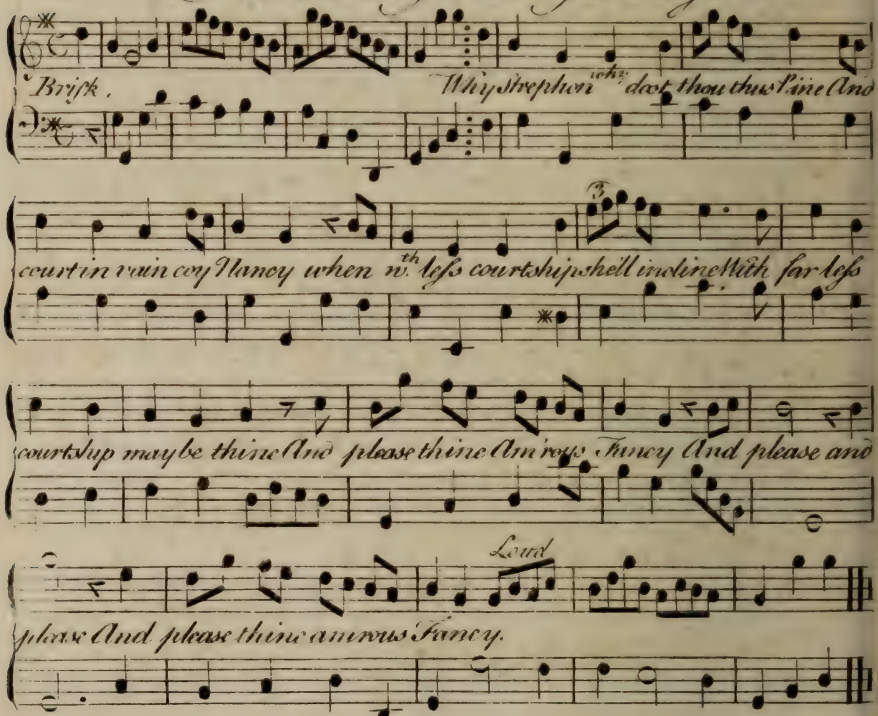
odd that I should credit give To words which know I deceive

I had lay my better judgment by To trust my partial Ear or Eye To

Set to Musick by Dr. Boyce.


trust my partial Ear my partial Ear or Eye
'Tis ten to one I had deny'd Your suit had you to
morrow try'd But faith unthinkingly to day my
heedless heart is gone astray unthinkingly to day my heedless
heart is gone astray To bring it back would
give me pain Perhaps y.e Struggle too were vain Im
indolent and he that gains my heart may keep it for his pains & he that
gains my heart my keep it for his pains

A New Song Set by D. Russel.


Brisk.
Why Strephon why dost thou thus Pine And
court in vain coy Nancy when w.th less courtship shell indine With far less
courtship may be thine And please thine Amorous Fancy And please and
Loud
please And please thine amorous Fancy.

The Lover bold the Maidens love
He pleaseth best the Fancy
Who briskly doth the passion prove
But he thats dull will never move
The Heart of one nor Nancy

Entice her to the Meadow gay
And tickle well her Fancy
Then throw her on a Cock of Hay
And toy & kiss & kiss & play
Youll gain the Heart of Nancy.

A favourite Song Set by D.r Boyce

Brisk.

Boast not mistaken Swain thy Art to please my partial Eyes

Those charms if have subdu'd my heart Another may despise Those charms if have subdu'd my heart Another may despise

For.

2

Thy Face is to my humour made
Another it may fright
Perhaps by some fond whym betray'd
In oddness I delight
Perhaps by &c

3

Vain Youth to your confusion know
'Tis to my Loves excess
You all your fancy'd beauties owe
Which fade as that grows less
You all &c

4

For your own sake if not for mine
You should preserve my fire
Since you my Swain no more will shine
When I no more admire
Since you &c

5

By me indeed you are allow'd
The wonder of your kind
But be not of my Judgment proud
Whom Love has rendered blind
But be not &c

The English Padlock

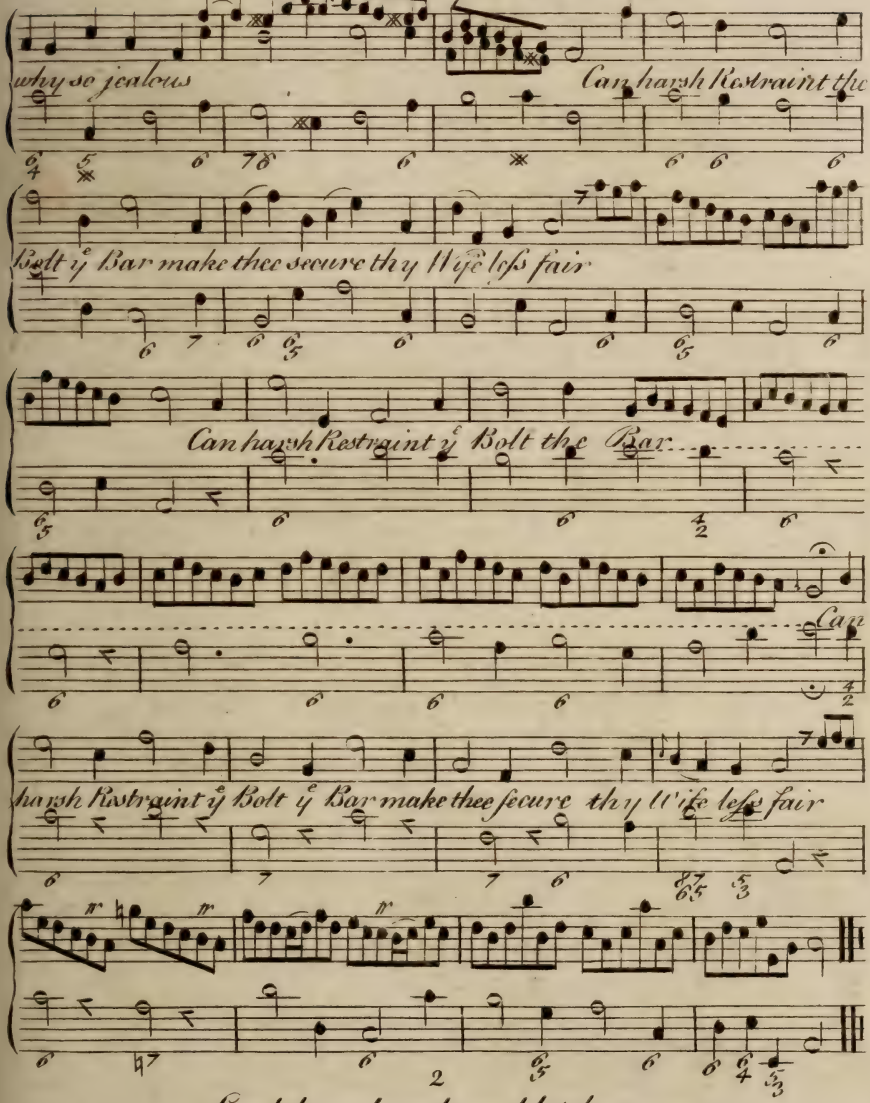
fair & young as Horace has divinely Sung divi-

ndly divinely sung Could not be kept from Joves Embrace by

doors of Steel & Walls of Brass & Walls of

Brass Tell us misterious Husband tell us whyso misterious

Set to Musick by D.r Arne


why so jealous
Can harsh Restraint the
Bolt & Bar make thee secure thy Wife less fair
Can harsh Restraint & Bolt the Bar
Can
harsh Restraint & Bolt & Bar make thee secure thy Wife less fair

Send her abroad and let her see
That all this World of Pageantry
Which she forbidden longs to know
Is Powder Pocket glass and Beau
Be to her Virtues very kind
Be to her faults a little blind
Let all her ways be unconfind
And clap your Padlock on her Mind

A Favourite Song.

Moderately

When the

Nymphs were contending for Beauty and Fame Fair Silvia stood

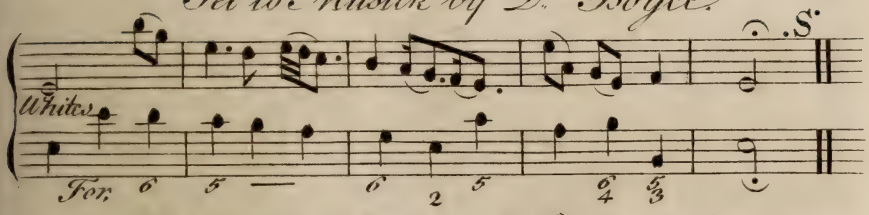
pia.

foremost in right of her claim And to crown the high

transports dear conquest excites At Court she was envy'd and

toasted at Whites At Court she was envy'd and toasted at

Set to Musick by D.r Boyce.



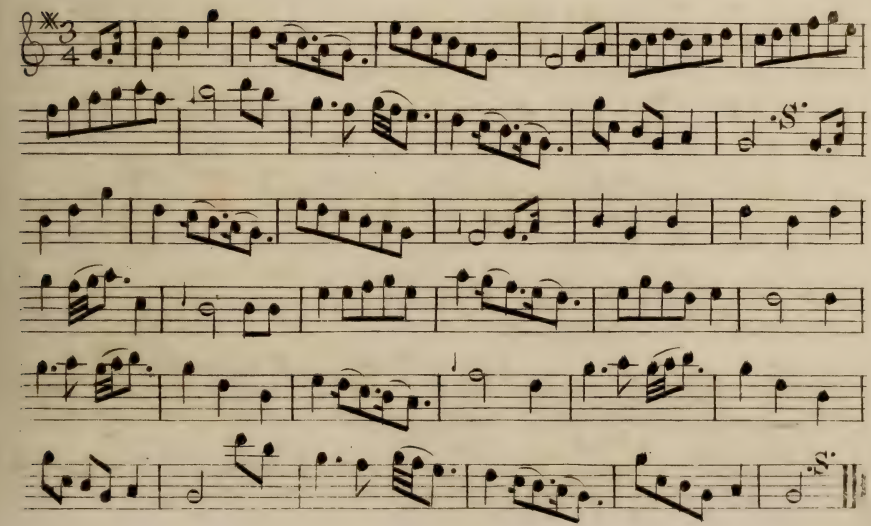
But how shall I whisper this fair ones sad case
A cruel disease has destroy'd her sweet face
Her Vermilion is chang'd to a dul settled red
And all the gay graces of beauty are fled.
And all &c

3

Yet take heed all ye fair least you triumph in vain
For Silvia tho' alter'd from pretty to plain
Is now more engaging since reason took place
Than when she posses'd the perfection of face
Than when &c

4

Convinc'd she no more can coquet it and teaze
Instead of tormenting she studies to please
Makes truth and discretion the guides of her life
And tho' spoil'd for a toast shes well form for a Wife
And tho' &c



A favourite Hunting Song.

For two Horns.

Brisk.

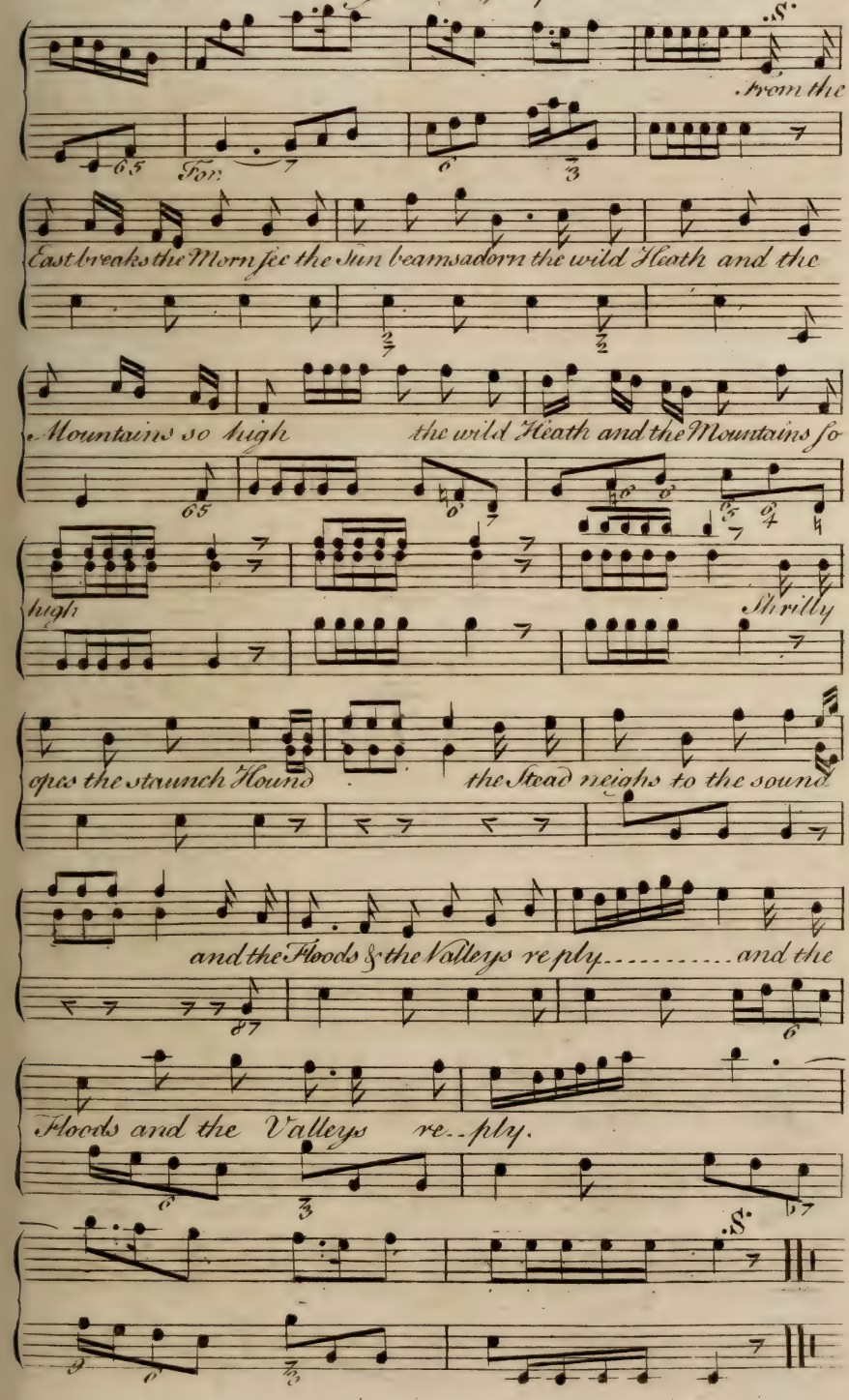
Recitave.

Hark the Horn calls away come the Grave come the Gay wake to

Music that wakens the Skies

Quit the bondage of Sloth

and arise

Set to Musick by Mr. Joseph Baildon

From the
East breaks the Morn see the Sun beams adorn the wild Heath and the
Mountains so high the wild Heath and the Mountains so
high Shrilly
opes the staunch Hound the Steed neighs to the sound
and the Floods & the Valleys reply..... and the
Floods and the Valleys re..ply.

Sung by Mr Lowe at Vauxhall.

2

Our forefathers so good
Proved their greatness of Blood
By encountreng ye Hard & the Boar
Ruddy health bloomd ye face
Age & Youth urgd ye chace
And taught Woodlands & forests to roar

3

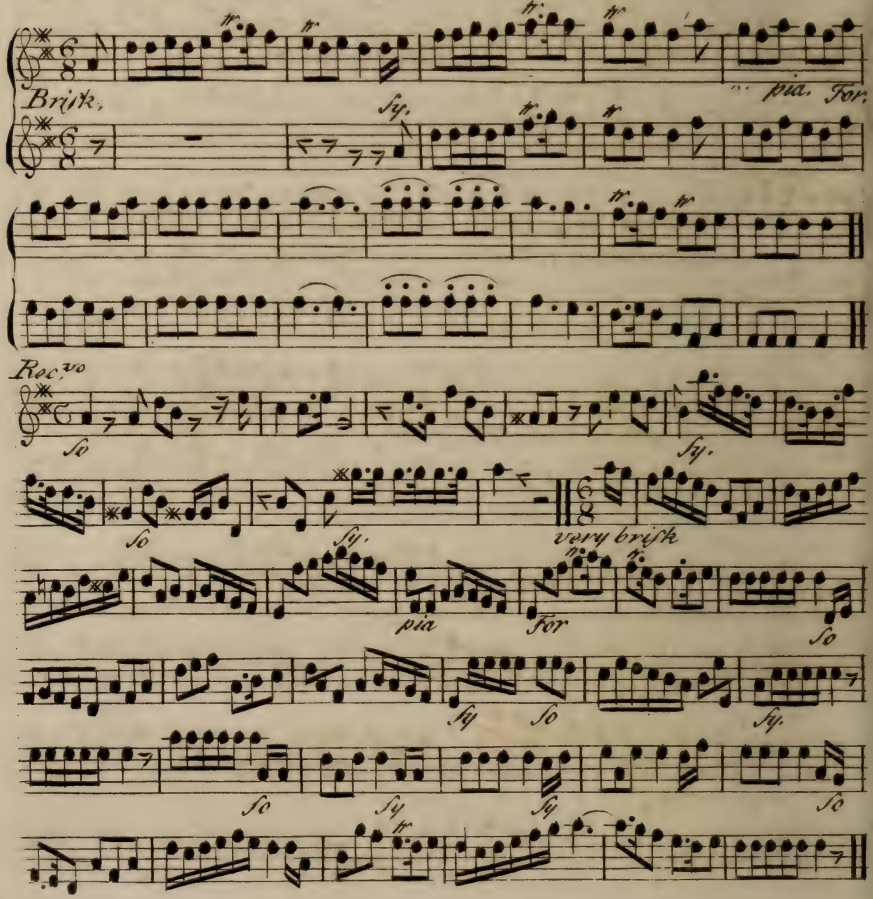
Hence of noble descent
Hills & wilds we frequent
Where ye bosm of Natures unveild
Tho' in Lifes busy Day
Man of Man make a prey
Still let ours be ye prey of ye Field

4

With ye chace in full sight
Gods! how great ye delight
How our mortal Sensations refine
Where is care where is fear
Like the Winds in ye rear
And ye Mans lost in something divine

5

Now to Horse my brave Boys
Lo each pants for the joys
That anon shall enliven ye whole
Then at Eve we'll dismount
Toils & Pleasures recount
And renew ye chace over ye Bowl



IOHNNY (AND) IENNY a favourite Dialogue

Briskly. Soft

Loud Soft Loud

Let Rakes for pleasure range the Town Or Misers doat on

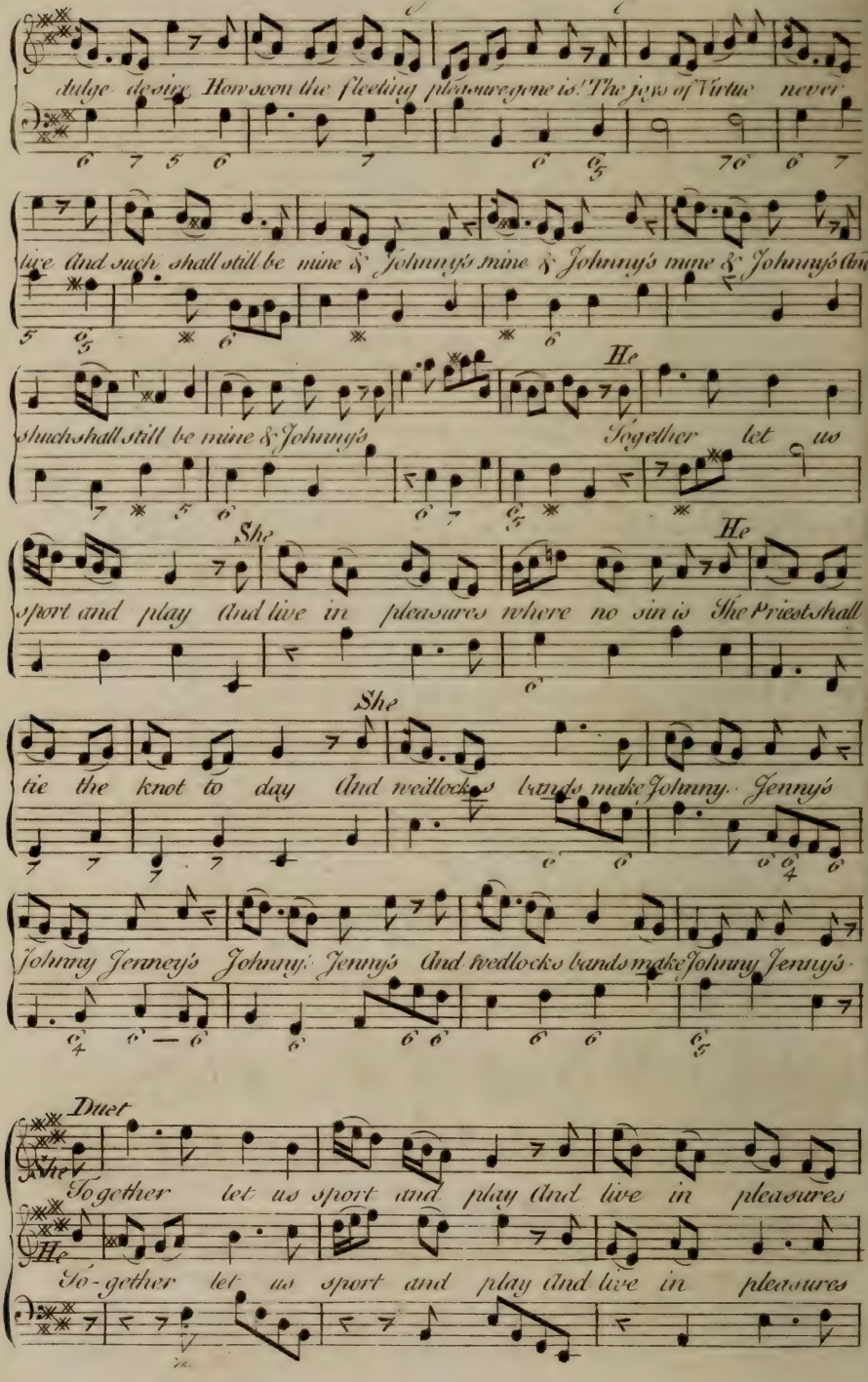
golden guineas Let plenty smile or Fortune frown The sweets of Love are

mine and Jennys mine and Jennys mine and Jennys the sweets of Love are

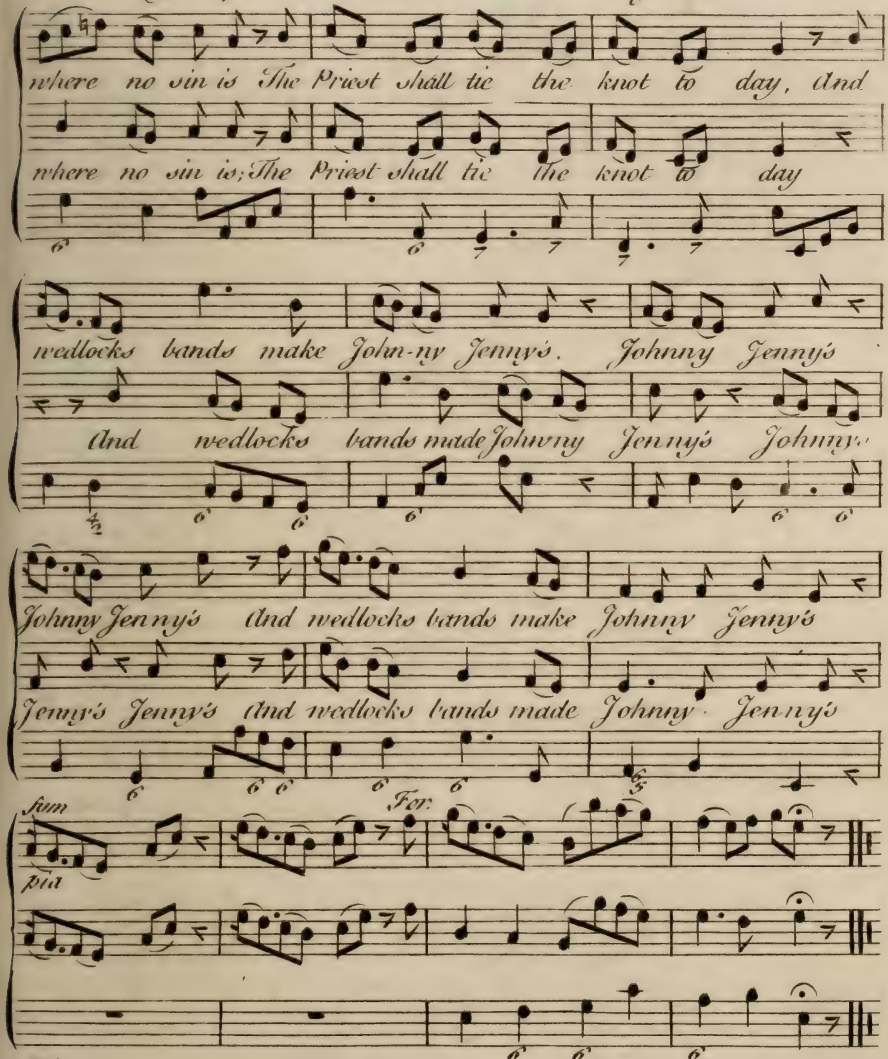
Loud

mine and Jennys Let wanton Maids in

Set to Musick by Dr Boyce


dulge desire How soon the fleeting pleasure gone is! The joys of Virtue never
live And such shall still be mine & Johnny's mine & Johnny's mine & Johnny's And
He
such shall still be mine & Johnny's Together let us
She
He
sport and play And live in pleasures where no sin is The Priest shall
She
tie the knot to day And wedlocks bands make Johnny Jenny's
Johnny Jenney's Johnny Jenny's And wedlocks bands make Johnny Jenny's
Duet
She
Together let us sport and play And live in pleasures
He
To-gether let us sport and play And live in pleasures

Sung by Mr. Beard & Miss Brent


where no sin is The Priest shall tie the knot to day, And
where no sin is; The Priest shall tie the knot to day
wedlocks bands make John-ny Jenny's. Johnny Jenny's
And wedlocks bands made Johnny Jenny's Johnny
Johnny Jenny's And wedlocks bands make Johnny Jenny's
Jenny's Jenny's And wedlocks bands made Johnny Jenny's
For.
fum
pia

He
Let roving Swains young Hearts invade
The pleasure ends in shame & folly
So Willy woo'd and then betray'd
The poor believing simple Molly
She simple Molly
So Lucy lov'd & lightly toy'd
And laugh'd at harmless Maids who marry
But now she finds her Shepherd cloy'd
And chides too late her faithless Harry
He but we'll together sport &c

He
by cooling streams our flocks we'll feed
And leave deceit to Knaves & Cunnies
Or fondley stray where love shall lead
And ev'ry Joy be mine and Jennys
She
Let guilt the faithless bosom fright
The constant Heart is always bonny
Content and Peace and sweet delight
And Love shall live with me & Johnny
He Together then we'll sport &c

THE DUMPS

Tenderly.

A Maidens soft wailings I

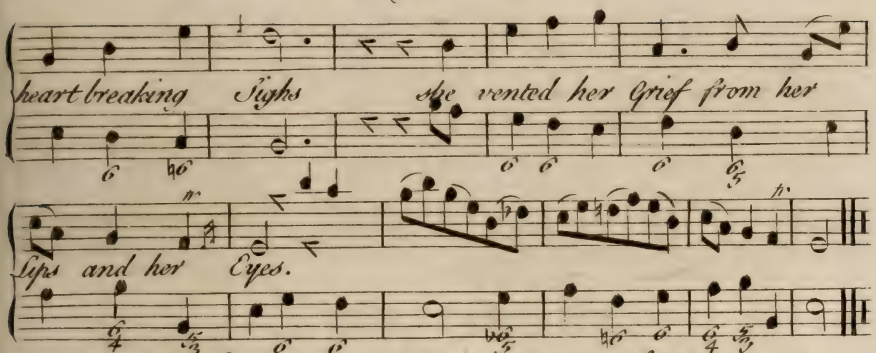
now shall recite Whom Jealousy robbid of each rural delight such strains never

came from the Linnets sweet Throat nor sings ỹ gay Goldfinch so charming a

Note At dusk of the Evining poor Phillis forlorn with Love unre

turnid and hard labour now worn First leand on her Kalce then with

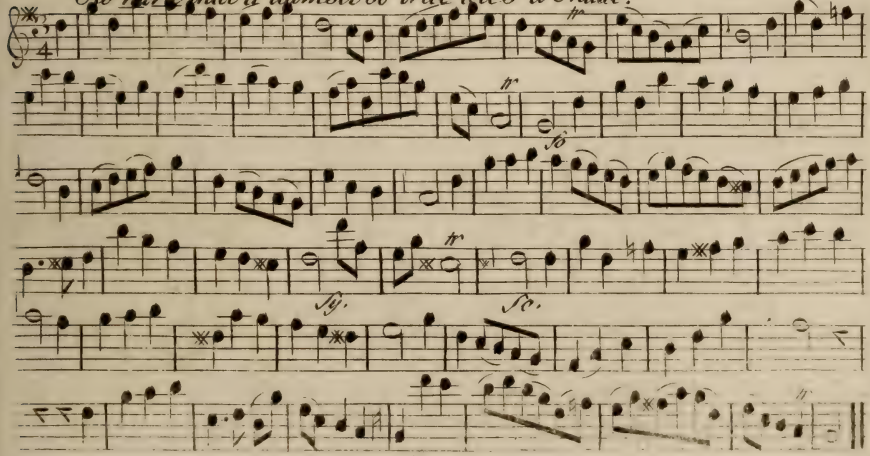
Set to Musick by Doct Arne



Come Night Dark as pitch and Encompass my Head
For Celadon basely from Phillis has fled
The Ribbon his Cudgel undauntedly won
Last Sunday the happier Dorcas put on
Tis sure if he'd Eyes but they say Love has none
That Ribbon at Church might have made me well known
Alack I am shent with cursst Jealousys smart
For with that same Ribbon he gave his false heart.

My Visage I've often observ'd in yon Lake
My Features are not of the homeliest make
Tho Dorcas may boast of a still whiter Dye
The glossy black sloe tarns in my rolling Eye
The fairest of blossoms will drop with each blast
But Beauty that's Brown like the Holly will last
Her Skin much resembles the pale withered Leak
While fine Katherine Pears glow in my ruddy Cheek.

Ah did he but know the attempt I withstood
When the spruce pretty Squire I met in yon wood
A broad Peice of Gold he then put in my Hand
But Vertue could him and his proffers withstand
If Vertue is nothing then Life is my Foe
The murmuring Stream soon shall rid me of Woe
My Flaunt O ye Lasses with this Burthen aud
Tis hard that a damsel so true dies a Maid.


fp
fp
fp

A Favourite Song

Brisk.

My Florio wildest of his Sex / Who sure the veriest Saint would vex / from

fair to fair so ranging From fair to fair is ranging Yet

tho abroad the wanton roam Whenere he deigns to stay at home He's

kinder for his Changing. He's kinder for his changing.

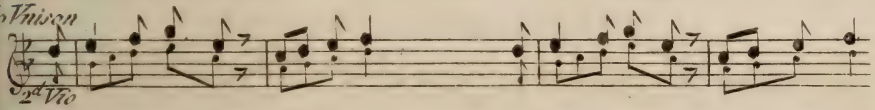
Set to Musick by Dr. Boyce

2

Tho something to each charming She
In thoughtless prodigality
He's granting still and granting
So Phillis that, to Cloe this

3

If happy This will displease
Tempestuous as th'autumnal Seas
He foams and rages ever
But when he ceases from his ire



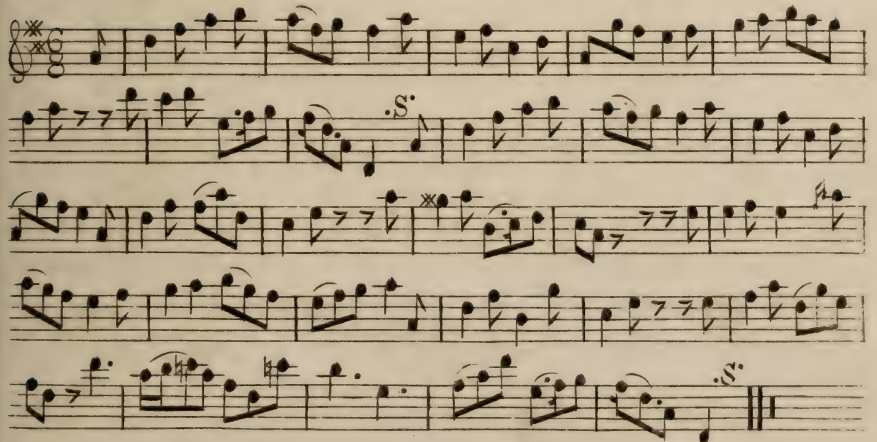
And every Madam, every Miss
Yet I find nothing wanting

I cry such spirit and such fire
So shurely wondress clever

4

I ne'er want reason to complain
But sweet is pleasure after pain
And every joy grows greater
Then trust me damsels whilst I tell
I shou'd not like him half so well
If I could make him better.

For the German Flute.



A favourite Song

While Strephon thus you tize one To say what won my
Heart it cannot sure be treason if I the truth im
part twas not your smile tho charming twas not your Eyes tho
bright twas not your bloom tho warming nor beauties dazling
light

I'twas not your dress tho shining
Nor shape that made me sigh
I'twas not your Tongue combining
For that I knew might Lye

No 'twas your generous nature
Bold soft sincere and gay
It shone in every feature
And stole my Heart away

A Favourite Song Set by Mr. Selby

Mode rately. When from my Sylvia I remove comforts a stranger

to my breast Unless with her whose sight I

love my wearyd soul in vain wou'd rest.

Pining I sit and waste the day,
Sleepless I pass the darksom night
If Sylvia should refuse to stay
To me the Sun affords no light

But when returnd to my fond arms
My Sylvia glads my longing Eyes
Her beautious air and killing charms
Make day amidst ye darkness rise

Then let her Heaven propitious prove
With kindness heal the smarting Wound
May she return me love for love
So shall our Joys each day abound

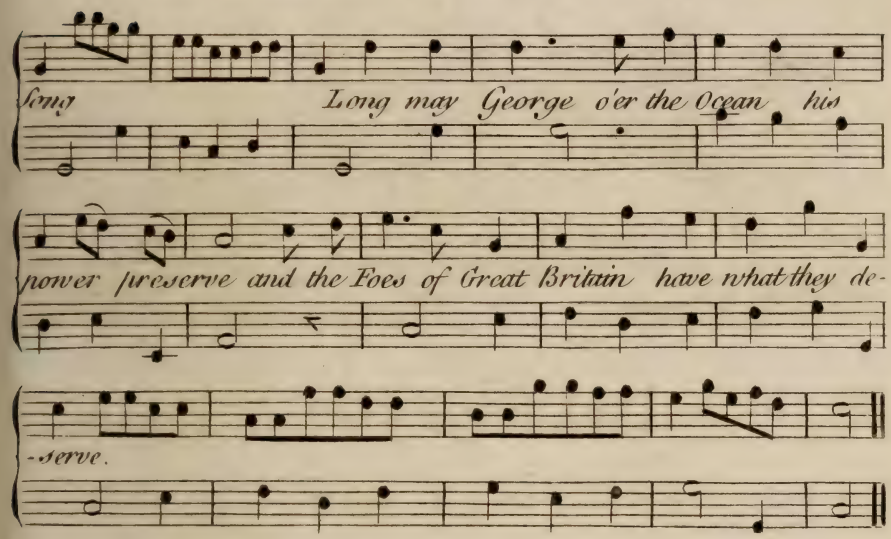
So.

Joy.

A Favourite Song Sung by Mr. Beard

When Glory invites what
Briton so mean not to answer her call now my Boys we have seen our
good King & Queen with their Diadems Crown'd 'tis ours with Laurels to
Chorus
wreath them around. where ever Seas roll, or winds
waft us a long in Storm or in Calm this shall still be our

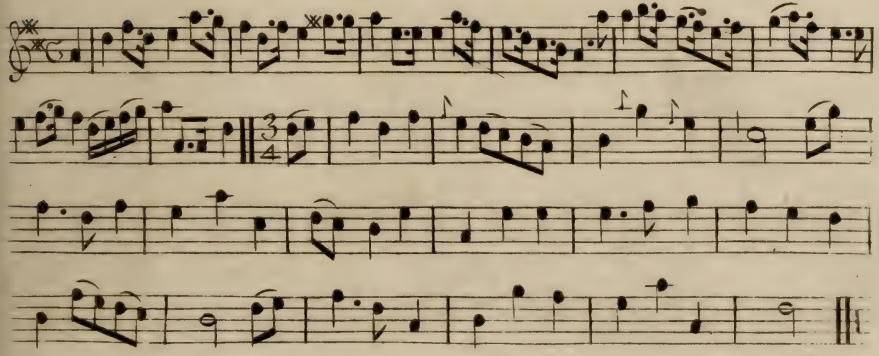
in the Entertainment call'd the Fair



To the Coast of proud France once more let us steer
Brave Hawk be our Herald & then never fear
Our Cannon to reason the Foe soon will bring
And waft you back Peace upon Victorys Wing
Where ever Seas roll &c.

If to Peace our proud Neighbour shoud not be inclin'd
Lets redouble the blow till they alter their mind
Since like Cowards they neither will fight nor give out
Coup de Grace be the Word for France Boys tack about
Where ever Seas roll &c.

To haughty to yield yet too weak to withstand
As we've conquer'd their Seas let us Conquer their Land
Then the Rights of our Monarch again we'll proclaim
Be Great George King of France not only in Name
Where ever Seas roll or &c.



A New Song Addreſs'd to the fair Sex

Where

Virtue encircles the Fair there Lillys and Roſes are

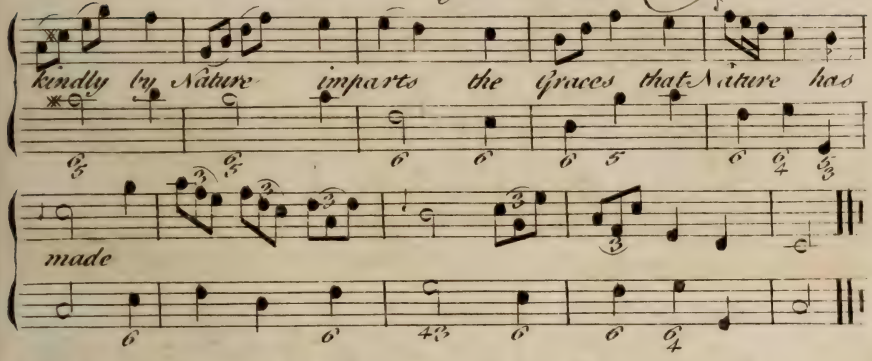
fain Each blossom must droop with dis

pair where Innocence takes up her reign

No gaudy embellishing Arts the Fair one need

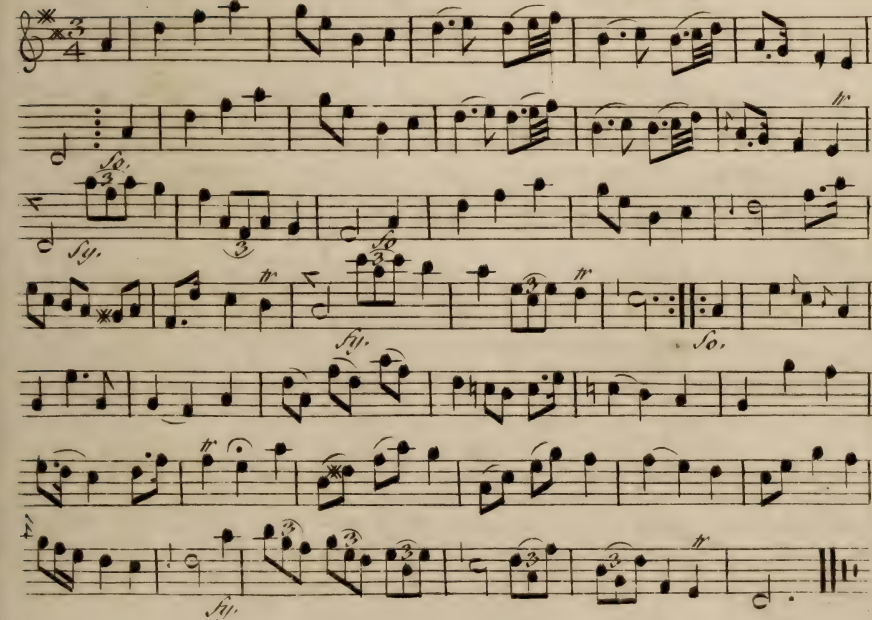
call to her aid the Fair one need call to her Aid Who

Set to Musick by Mr. S. Long



The Swain who has Sence must despise
Each Coquettish art to ensnare
If timely ye'd wish to be Wise
Attend to my Councill ye fair
Let Virgins whom nature has blest
Her Sovereign Dictates Obey
For Beautys by Nature exprest
Are Beautys that never decay

For the German Flute



A New Song -

S.

Wine Wine wet al-low the brisk fountain of Mirth it frights away

Care and gives Jol-li-ty Birth Yet while we thus

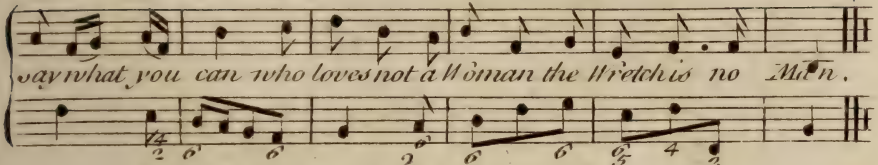
freely great Bacchus approve Lets pay the glad Tribute to Venus and

S.

Love. For do what you will nay or say what you can Who

loves not a Woman the Wretch is no Man For do what you will nay or

Address'd to the Batchelors



To the Charms of that Sex let us chearful resign
Our Youth and our Vigour they'er better than Wine
There's Merit Town in a gay sparkling Glass
But can it compare with a lovely kind Lass
No it cannot compare you may say what you can
Who prefers not a Woman the Wretch is no Man
Cho: No it cannot &c

3

Th'enchantments of Beauty what force can repell
Th'eyes powerful Magic th'Bosoms soft Spell
The Look so endearing the kind melting kiss
Th'enjoyments of Love are all Rapture and Bliss
Then who Woman refuses rejects Natures Plan
He may say what he will but the Wretch is no Man
Cho: Then who Woman &c

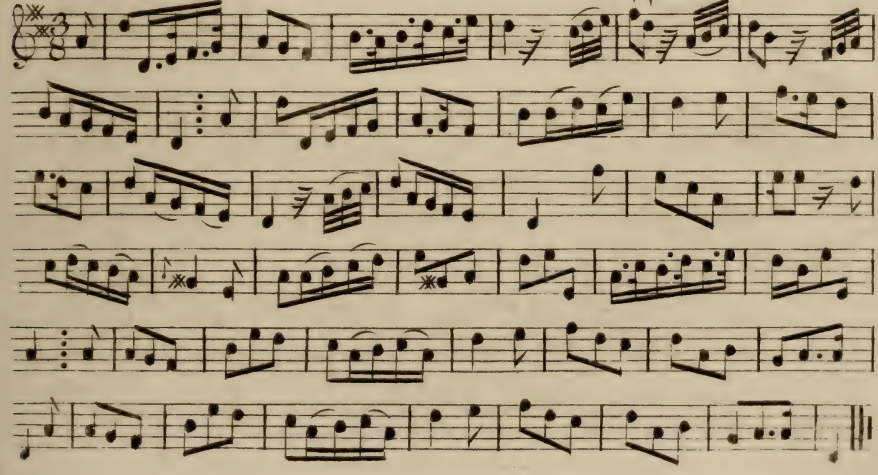
4

May Scandal Misfortune and direful Disgrace
Be the Portion of all th'effeminate Race
Like Britain what Nation on Earth can they find
Whose Nymphs are so fair so inviting and kind
Then who Woman refuse or reject Natures Plan
May they suffer like Brutes nor be pity'd by Man
Cho: Then who Women &c

5

From a striking Example my Moral shall spring
Who'd act like a Man let him copy his King
Like George in his Youth the gay spring tide of Life
Let ev'ry good Fellow now take him a Wife
When by Hymen you're blest rest securely for then
You'll have nothing to do but to prove your selves Men
Cho. When by Hymen &c.

For the German Flute.



A Favourite Song

Moderato.

Young Colin was the bonniest Swain that ever pip'd on flowry Plain Or

danc'd upon the Lee The wanton Kid in gamesom bound that

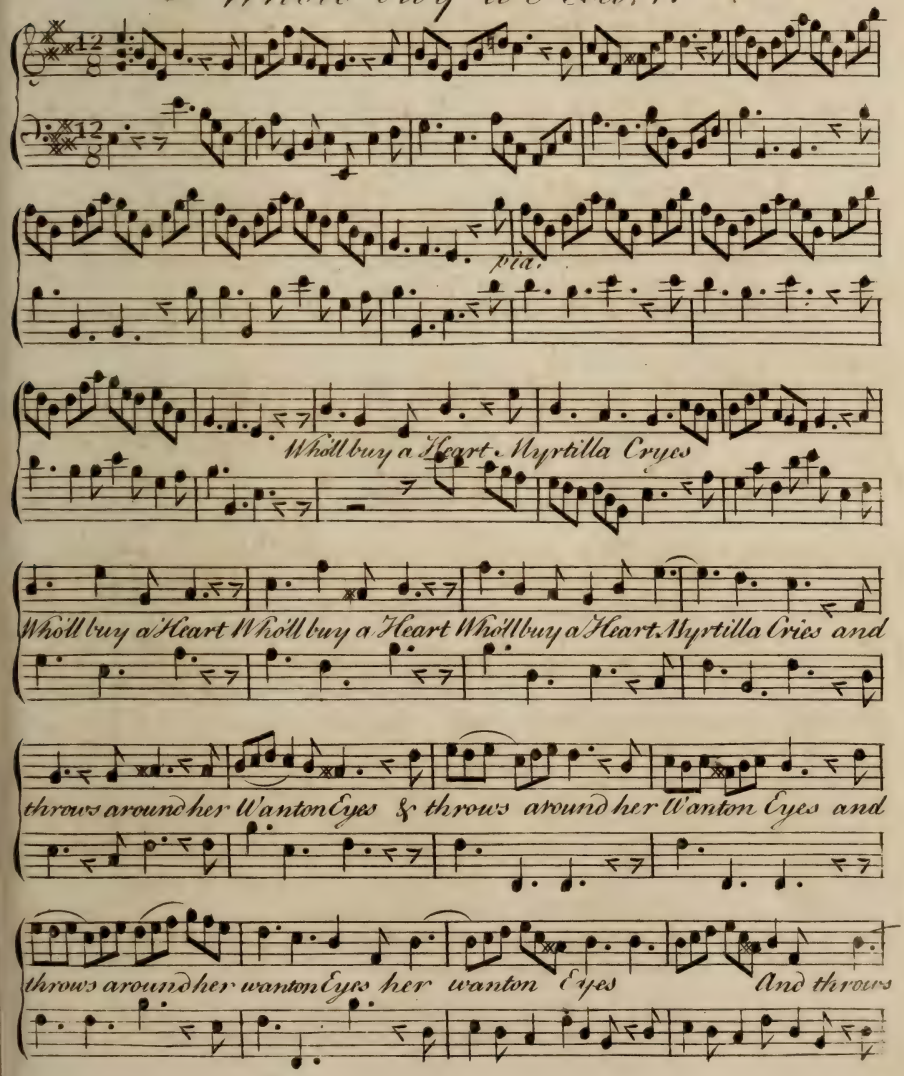
frolicks o'er the tur fy ground was not so blyth as he.

Beneath ỹ Oak in yonder Dale
Youd think you heard ỹ Nightengale
When e'er he rais'd his Voice
But ah! the Youth was all deceit
His Vows his Oaths where all a cheat
And Choice succeeded choice

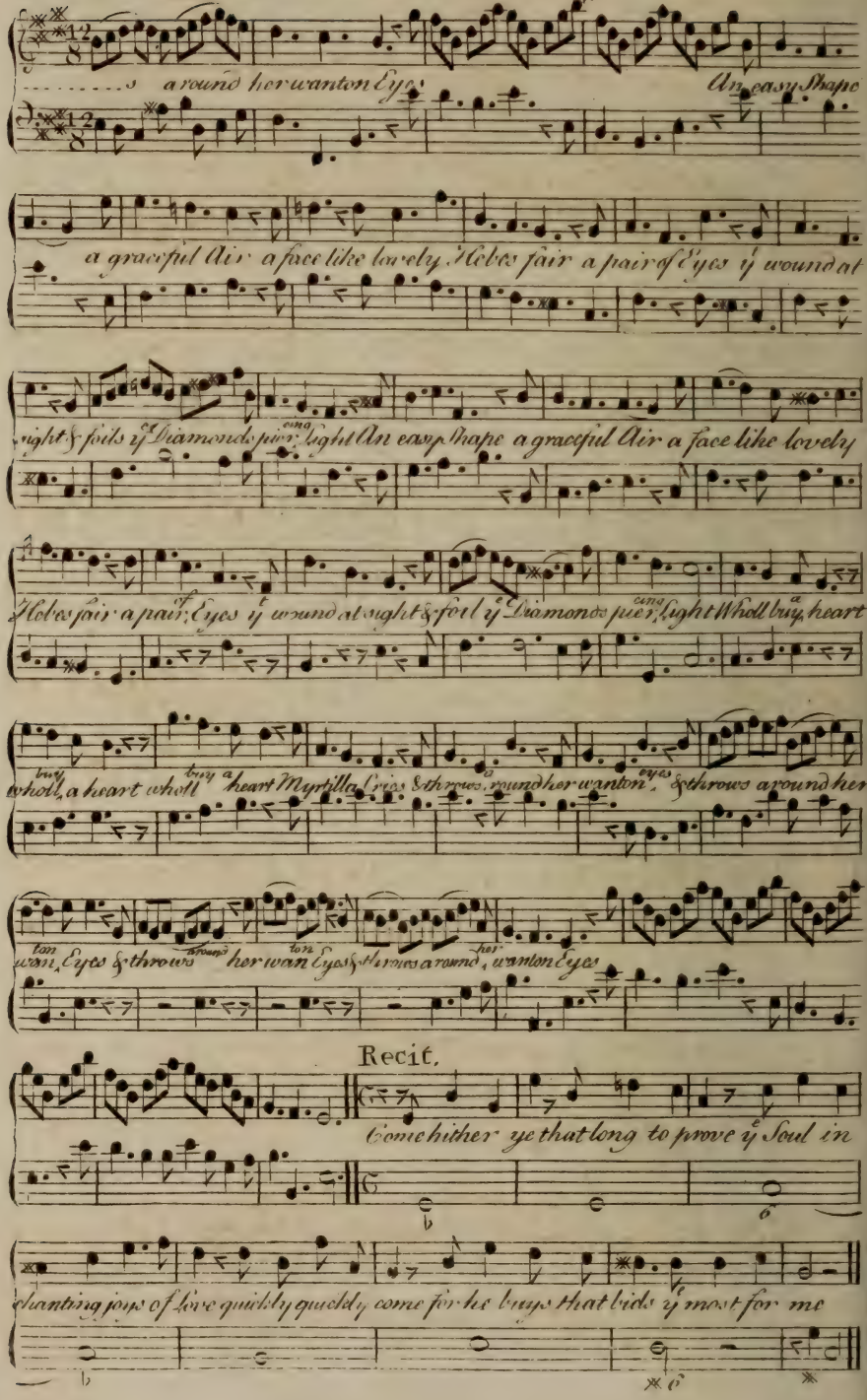
The Maidens sung in Willow Groves
Of Collin's false and perjur'd Loves
Here Jenny told her Woes
And Moggys Tears increas'd ỹ brook
Whose Cheeks like dying lillies look
That once out blush'd the Rose

Unhappy Fair my Words believe
So shall no Swain your hopes deceive
And leave you to dispair
E'er he disclose his fickle Mind
Change first yourselves or else you'll find
False Collins evry where

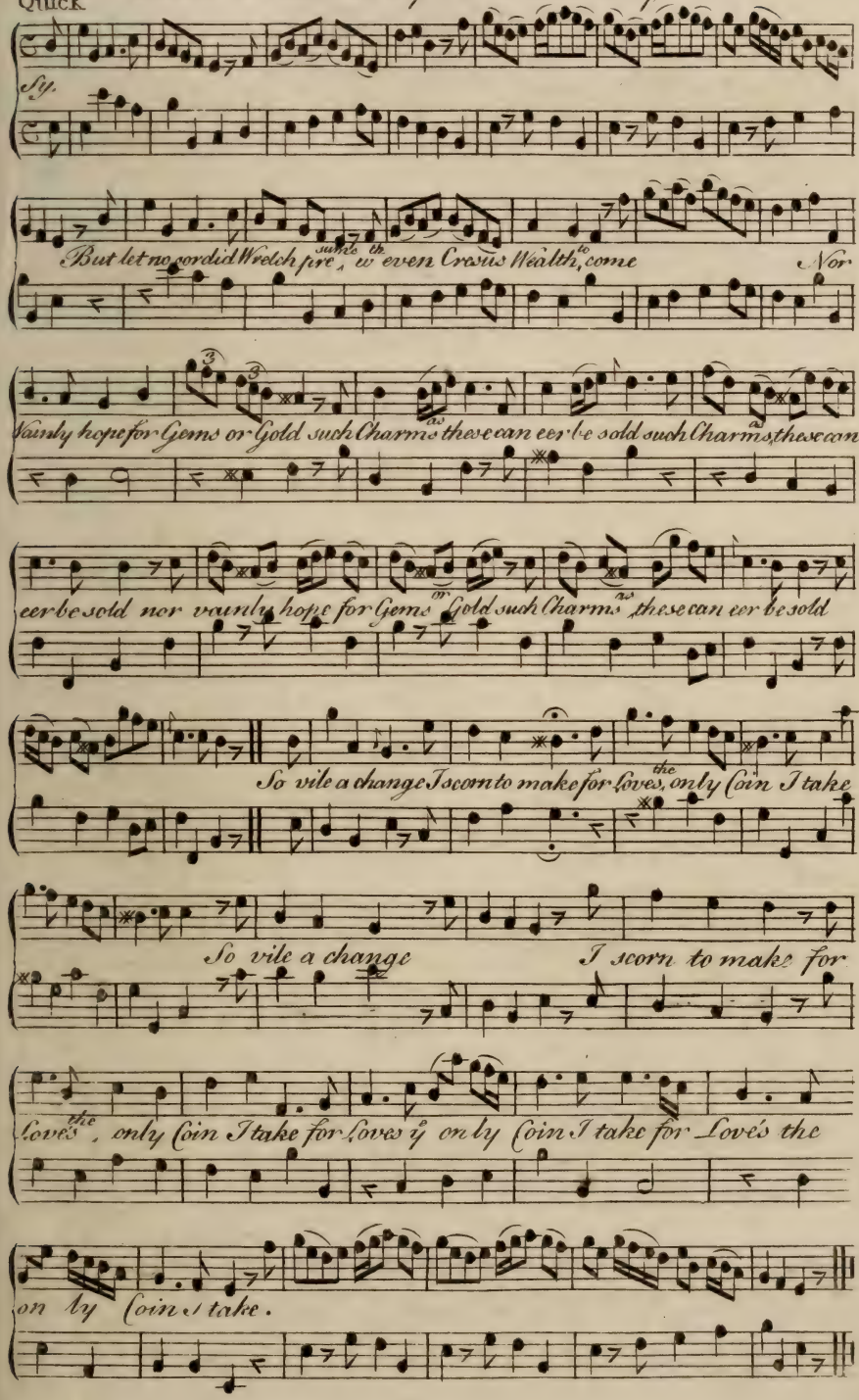
Who'll buy a Heart.


pia.
Who'll buy a Heart Myrtilla Cryes
Who'll buy a Heart Who'll buy a Heart Who'll buy a Heart Myrtilla Cries and
throws around her Wanton Eyes & throws around her Wanton Eyes and
throws around her wanton Eyes her wanton Eyes And throws

A Favourite Song


s a round her wanton Eyes An easy Shape
a graceful Air a face like lovely Hebes fair a pair of Eyes y wound at
sight & foils y Diamonds pierc'd light An easy Shape a graceful Air a face like lovely
Hebes fair a pair of Eyes y wound at sight & foil y Diamonds pierc'd light Wholl buy a heart
Wholl buy a heart wholl buy a heart Myrtilla Cries & throws round her wanton eyes & throws a round her
wan Eyes & throws round her wan Eyes & throws a round her wanton Eyes
Recit.
Come hither ye that long to prove y Soul in
chanting joys of Love quickly quickly come for he buys that bids y most for me

Set to Musick by Mr. Stanley.


Quick
Sy.
But let no sordid Wretch fire, such as with even Crœsus Wealth, to come Nor
vainly hope for Gems or Gold such Charms as these can ever be sold such Charms as these can
ever be sold nor vainly hope for Gems or Gold such Charms as these can ever be sold
So vile a change I scorn to make for Loves, the only Coin I take
So vile a change I scorn to make for
Loves, the only Coin I take for Loves only Coin I take for Loves the
only Coin I take.

An Answer to Who'll buy a Heart.

'Twas in a pensive form Myrtilla sate revolving On the Will of

fate a sprightly Youth devoid of Care advanc'd & thus addrss'd y^e Fair

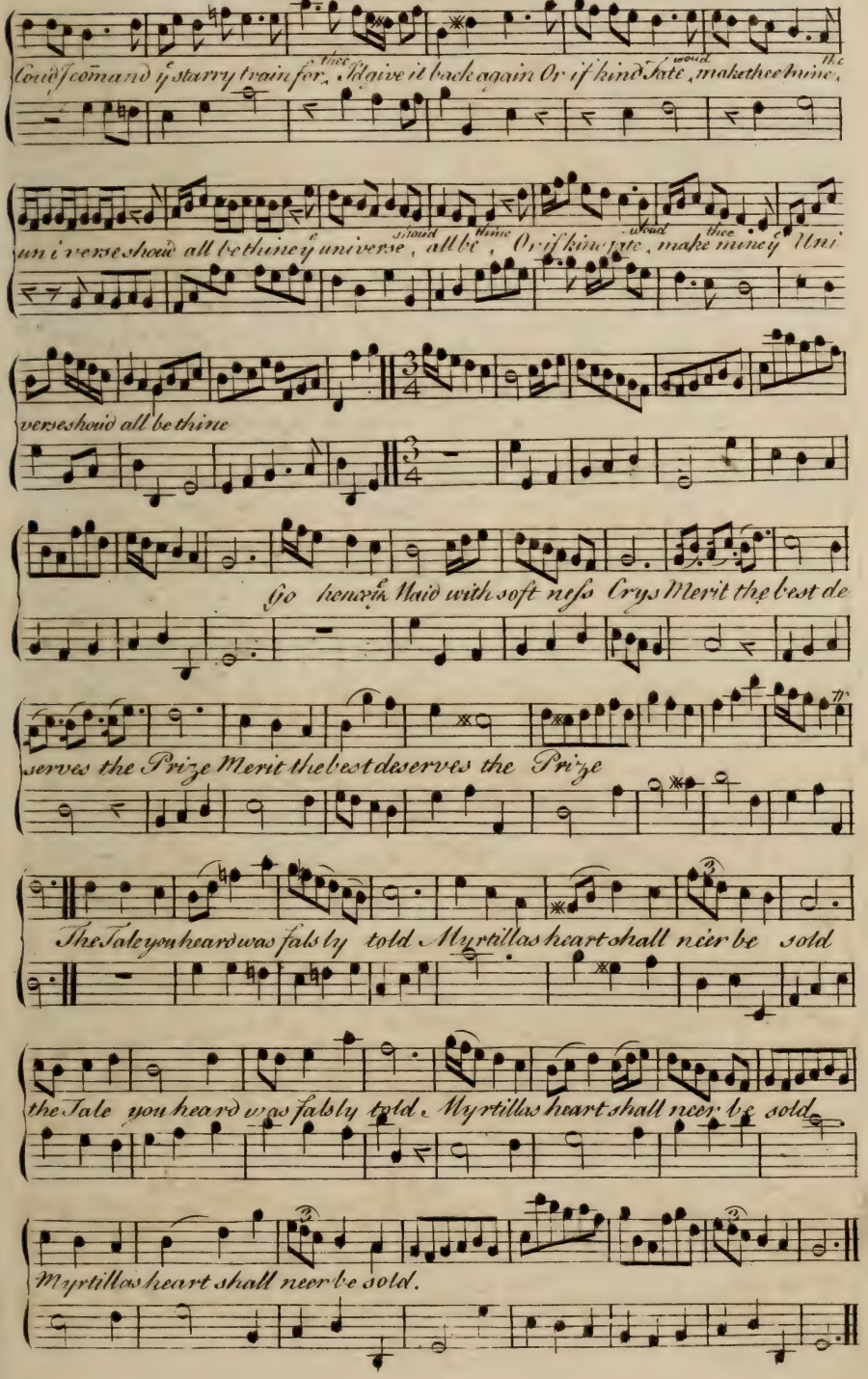
Stow. Thou Vernal form of Beauty's

Plea'sure I'm come to buy a heart of thee With transport I re

ceive'd y^e Tale that such a Gem was up for sale y^e such a Gem was up for sale with

transport I receive'd y^e Tale y^t such a Gem was up for sale

Set to Musick by Mr. Stanley.


Could I command ye starry train for thee I'd give it back again Or if kind Fate would make thee mine the
universe should all be thine ye universe should all be thine Or if kind Fate would make thee mine the Uni
verse should all be thine
Go hence ye Maid with soft nefs Crys Merit the best de
serves the Prize Merit the best deserves the Prize
The Tale you heard was falsly told Myrtillas heart shall never be sold
the Tale you heard was falsly told Myrtillas heart shall never be sold
Myrtillas heart shall never be sold.

Gently *Colin & Phæbe, A Pastoral*

Colin

Be

still O ye Winds & attentive ye Swains 'Tis Phæbe *invites & replies to my*

Strains The Sun never rose on search all ye world thro' A Shepherd so blest or a

fair one so true A Shepherd so blest or a fair one so true.

Phæbe

Glide softly ye Streams O ye Nymphs round me throng
'Tis Colin *commands and enlivens my Song*
Search all the World over you never will find
A Maiden so Blest or a Shepherd so kind

Phæbe *Set to Musick by D.r Arne.*

Colin

Tis Love like the Sun that gives light to the Year The sweetest of

Tis Love like the Sun that gives light to the Year The sweetest of

Tis Love like the Sun that gives light to the Year The sweetest of

Blessings that Life can en dear Our Pleasures it brightens drives

Blessings that Life can en dear Our Pleasures it brightens drives

Blessings that Life can en dear Our Pleasures it brightens drives

Sorrow a way gives Joy to the Night & en livens the Day gives

Sorrow a way gives Joy to the Night & en livens the Day gives

Sorrow a way gives Joy to the Night & en livens the Day gives

Joy to the Night and en livens the Day.

Joy to the Night and en livens the Day.

Joy to the Night and en livens the Day.

Colin 4

With Phœbe *beside me, the Season how gay!*
And Winters bleak Months, are as pleasant as May;
The Summer's gay Verdure still springs as she treads,
And Linnets, and Nightingales sings thro' the Meads.

Phœbe 5

When Colin *is absent, tis Winter all round,*
How faint is the Sunshine, how barren the Ground!
Instead of the Linnets and Nightingales Song,
I hear the hoarse Raven croak all the Day long.

Both

Tis Love, &c.

Colin 6

Oer Hill, Dale, and Valley, my Phœbe *and I*
Together will wander; and Love shall be by;
Her Colin *shall guard her safe all the long Day,*
And Phœbe *at Night, all his pains shall repay*

Phœbe 7

By Moonlight, when Shadows glide over the Plain,
His Kisses shall chear me, his Arms shall sustain;
The dark haunted Grove I can trace without Fear;
And sleep in a Church Yard if Colin *is near.*

Both

Tis Love, &c.

Colin 8

Ye Shepherds, that wanton it over the Plain,
How fleeting your Transports, how lasting your Pain
Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind she,
And learn to be happy, from Phœbe *and me.*

Phœbe 9

Ye Nymphs, who the pleasures of Love never tryd,
Attend to my strains, and take me for your guide;
Your Hearts keep from Pride, & Inconstancy free,
And learn to be happy, from Colin *and me.*

Chorus

Tis Love, like the Sun, that gives light to the Year;
The sweetest of Blessings, that Life can endear;
Our Pleasures it brightens drives Sorrow away,
Gives Joy to the Night, and enlivens the Day.

The End of the Third Volume

A Table of the Songs in this Volume.

As Cloe on Flower's ..... 6 ... 7
A Term full as long ..... 14 ... 15
As when the Dove ..... 22 ... 23 ... 24
Attend all ye fair ..... 82 ... 83
As Cloe came into the Room ..... 89 ... 90 ... 91
As Colin rang'd early one morning ..... 106 ... 107
As o'er the Flowry meads ..... 121 ... 122 ... 123
At length to soon ..... 142 ... 143
Ah Well a Day must I endure ..... 146 ... 147
A maidens soft wailings ..... 180 ... 181
As in a pensive form Myrtilla sate ..... 196 ... 197

Beneath the Vine or Figg trees ..... 118 ... 119 ... 120
Blow ye bleek winds ..... 138 ... 139
Boast not mistaken Swain 169
Be still o'ye Winds ..... 198 ... 199 ... 200

Come Myra Idol of the ..... 34 ... 35
Charming Cloe shines 40
Come ever smiling Liberty ..... 44 ... 45 ... 46
Come all ye Brave Britains ..... 58 ... 59
Come cheer up my lads ..... 66 ... 67
Contented all day I will sit ..... 124 ... 125
Come Mortals ..... 158 ... 159

Declare my pretty maid 33
Dearest Creature of all nature ..... 162 ... 163

From flower to flower 47
Farewell my pastora 56

Go gentle Gales go ..... 1 ... 2
Gentle youth O tell me why ..... 20 ... 21
Get you hence ..... 129 ... 130

How welcome my Shepherd ..... 92 ... 93
Hear me gallant Sailor ..... 50 ... 51
Hark the Horn calls away ..... 174 ... 175 ... 176
Hold my Nymph 144

In vain 72
I have Rambled Town 81
I made love to Kate ..... 98 ... 99
In Mira all the Charms 104
I look'd and I sigh'd 105
In young Astrea's ..... 126 ... 127 ... 128

Long had I borne of Love 9
Lately on yonder 64
Let the Tempest of war 65
Let Rakes for pleasure Range the Town ..... 177 ... 178 ... 179
Let me wander not unseen 131
My Roving heart has ..... 28 ... 29
My Faith & Truth ..... 68 ... 69 ... 70 ... 71
May bal my peace 145
Myrtilla demanding the Aid ..... 148 ... 149
Miss Danae when ..... 170 ... 171
My Florio wildest of his ..... 182 ... 183

Now the Happy Knot is tyed 8
Now Phœbus sinketh ..... 38 ... 39
No more Damae ..... 150 ... 151
Near Thames green ..... 156 ... 157

On thy Banks gentle Stour 96
Oh had I Jubals Lure ..... 113 ... 114 ... 115
Oft am I by the Women told ..... 134 ... 135 ... 136
Or let the merry bells ring ..... 132 ... 133
Push about the Brisk Bowl ..... 52 ... 53
Preach not to me ..... 54 ... 55
Prepare British boys 88
Pious Orgies pious Airs 152

Rail no more ye ..... 76 ... 77

Tho Cloe is out of fashion ..... 18 ... 19
Tis wine us love 25
The lillies of France ..... 26 ... 27
The Lark's shrill notes ..... 30 ... 31 ... 32
Tis Liberty dear Liberty ..... 36 ... 37
The Sun declining 41
The Warbling Linnet 48
Three Godesses 57
Tis not the Liquid ..... 60 ... 61
The Smiling Dawn ..... 73 ... 74 ... 75
The Merchant ..... 78 ... 79 ... 80
The Cards invites ..... 86 ... 87
To late for Redress ..... 94 ... 95
Thou gentle source of Bliss 97
The heavy hours are ..... 100 ... 101
The Drum is unbraced ..... 116 ... 117
The flame of Love sincere ..... 140 ... 141

Vain is every fond endeavour ..... 84 ... 85
Vain is Beauty ..... 153 ... 154 ... 155

Wert thou yet fair ... 10 ... 11
Who'd know the sweets of Liberty ... 12 ... 13
When Cloe Shines ... 42 ... 43
When Strephen to Cloe ... 49
When faires once ... 62 ... 63
What Medecine can ... 102 ... 103
With Horns and with Hounds ... 108 ... 109 ... 110
While some in floving strains ... 160
When Jenny the Gay ... 161
Wise men flattering ... 164 ... 165
Why Strephon why ... 168
When the Nymphs ware contending ... 172 ... 173
While Strephon thus you teize one ... 184
When from Silvia ... 185
When glory invites ... 186 ... 187
Where virtue encircles the fair ... 188 ... 189
Wine wine we allow the Brisk ... 190 ... 191
Who'll by a heart Myrtilla Cries ... 193 ... 194 ... 195

You twice ten Thousand Deities ... 3 ... 4 ... 5
Yes I am in love ... 16
You say at your feet ... 17
You've told me what beauty ... 112
Ye chearfull Virgins ... 137
You say you love and twenty more ... 166 ... 167
Young Colin was the Boniest Swain ... 192

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